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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUST.
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PRICE



The slot car craze
MARY QUANT FASHIONS
Hayley Mills' film wedding

"Here Come the Brides"
ENCHANTING NEW SERIAL
Set in a bridal fashion boutique

16-page lift-out
CHRISTMAS COOK BOOK
Poultry, ham, stuffings, sauces

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DECEMBER 14, 1966

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OUR COVER

● Persian kittens York Timothy (left) and York Mignonne pose prettily with a friend, 10-year-old Shaunna O'Grady, of Avalon, N.S.W. Cover picture by Anne Scollan.

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● Singer Sandy Scott shows TV personality Brian Henderson some of the points of slot-car racing at Sandy's home unit at Kirribilli, Sydney. He has about 11 cars, and prefers to assemble his own. Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

IN THE

Slot-car racing has become a top pop hobby

By JACQUELINE LEE LEWES

THE two drivers couldn't have been more than 14 years old. Yet they handled their cars—a white Lotus and a red Mercedes—with the skill of veterans.

Round and round the track the cars sped until one, the Mercedes, hit a curve too quickly and somersaulted into the guard-rail.

Its young driver laughed ruefully. He picked up his 1-24th-scale model car and, after checking it for damage, replaced it on the track, all set for another race.

Slot-car racing, that big Australian craze, has thrills and spills like the real thing but none of the dangers—and there's no age limit.

Pre-teens and grandfathers get together at the track for a "burn."

Operation of the cars looks simple if you are a bystander. But once you try to work them yourself you find that steady nerves and lightning reflexes are needed unless you want your car to spend most of its time upside-down.

The driver operates his model with a hand-held device—pressing a button to accelerate, releasing it to decelerate.

Slot-car racing takes its name from the slot or groove in the centre of each lane through which the cars make contact with the power.

The idea originated in England, but the United States was the first to commercialise the hobby.

Although the sport has been active in Australia since 1959, the boom began 18 months ago when the first commercial centre was built.

Today there are 50 to 60 private clubs in New South Wales, and about 160 commercial centres in Sydney alone. Victoria has perhaps even more private clubs, together with 25 commercial centres in country towns and 70 in Melbourne, many of them converted from squash courts and bowling centres.

"Slot-car racing has become tremendous business," said Mr. John Denner, assistant

secretary of the Victorian Slot Car Association.

"I saw an order recently placed by a hobby-shop proprietor for \$260,000 worth of the one line of slot cars.

"Most private clubs in Melbourne have a membership of at least 60 people, aged from nine to 90."

Home-model units have helped to popularise the hobby.

Slot-car racing gained a lot of publicity when pop stars such as Normie Rowe, Sandy Scott, Judy Stone and her husband, Leo De Kroo, and Ray Brown became avid fans.

Melbourne slot-car enthusiasts include TV personalities Jimmy Hannan, Frank Wilson, Bob Walters, and Hal Todd, disc jockey and singer Lionel Yorke, and racing-car drivers Lou Molina, Bob Jane, and Peter Manton.

Some tracks fill the spare room

World racing-car champion Jack Brabham is a keen slot-car racer, too, and will donate a perpetual trophy for a national slot-car event in Melbourne next February at the Yarraville Club.

Where horse racing has been called the sport of kings, slot-car racing, it seems, has become the sport of the pop idol.

Sandy Scott, in Sydney, became an enthusiast six months ago and now has his own set.

"Actually, slot-car racing is the first hobby I have ever had, and it's how I spend most of my spare time now," he said.

Sandy prefers to assemble his own cars—"I get more of a kick out of making them than racing them.

"I have about 11 cars, though I really couldn't be certain—so many of them are in various stages of assembly."

Petite blonde Judy Stone became interested when her husband took up the hobby.

"I bought Leo a set last Christmas and I've become a fan myself. I love it—and I think I am pretty good for a woman driver!" she said, laughing.

"Our set takes up practically the whole room and we usually leave it there."

An important aspect of any sport is its cost. And slot-car racing can be expensive for conscientious racers.

But for the average player, whose interest is more for pleasure than competitive, cars can be kept down.

Most people prefer to build their own cars from assembly kits and then modify them to their own liking.

The prices range from \$2.95 to \$21. As the cars used on domestic sets are less powerful than those on the commercial tracks, the lower-priced cars are usually unsuitable for competitive racing.

Custom-built cars vary from \$18 (though they can be cheaper) to \$31.

The really keen racer can spend close to \$30 building his car from the best parts of different kits and other spare parts.

The price of a domestic track set ranges from \$17.95 to \$138. However, this does not include the transformer, which costs another \$10 to \$15.

Slot-car racing has become a recognised sport, and most States now have their own associations. Last August a national body, the Council of Australian Slot Car Racing Associations, was formed in Adelaide.

Competition secretary of the New South Wales Model Road Racing Association, Mr. Barry Beckman, said it was hoped that next year the winner of the national sports-car championships would be sent to the United States for 14 days to compete in national titles in Chicago.

"There are already four Australian slot-car magazines in circulation. This indicates that the craze is settling down into a saner existence—it's here to stay, there's no doubt about that," he said.

● Singer Judy Stone and her singing band, Leo De Kroo, spend an evening with the little cars at their home at Granville.

GROOVE

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

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Hayley's first grown-up film

—She loses childish image in adult "problem" comedy

HAYLEY MILLS, the symbol of English girlhood, is married at last—but only on screen.

In her latest film, based on the hit play by Bill Naughton, "Wedlocked or All In Time," Hayley, now 19, has the most difficult role of her film career.

She plays the delicate role of Jenny Fitton, a North Country girl, seen first on wedding day and followed through some agonised scenes of living with her in-

firm, like the play, the story of young Arthur, who is so obsessed by his father's vulgarities and so seduced by the proximity of family and friends that he cannot begin to be a hus-

band (played by Hywel Bennett in his first film role). Jenny plan to go to America for their honeymoon—in spite of the fact that Blackpool "was good" for his parents.

As they are about to leave, they hear that the agent has absconded with their fares. Instead, they spend their honeymoon in a crowded Fitton house with its paper-thin walls and noisy-parkers.

Arthur's plight becomes more desperate as a result of his situation and neighbors start to gossip.

Jenny's parents come to "take it out" with Arthur's father, the discussion reveals intimate secrets of Arthur's father's early life.

Sheep interest in the film has been created by the fact that Hayley has passed the barrier between her earlier childish roles of the five years and stepped into womanhood.

Hayley is more than conscious of the step. At Shepherd Studios I met her on the day she was due to take her bath in front of the camera, a very prim affair. She bathed in the kitchen. Nevertheless, she was as

Wedding group (from left) Arthur's parents, and Lucy Fitton (Hayley Mills and Marjorie (Lesley Daine), best man, Arthur's brother, Geoffrey (Pip), Arthur (Hywel Bennett), Jenny, bridesmaid, Jenny (Lesley Daine), Arthur's parents, Liz and John Piper (Avril Angers and John Comer).

nervous as a kitten and not too shy to admit it.

But worse than the bath, she told me, was the idea of getting married in a movie.

"I'm awfully superstitious. Just as bad as Mummy."

"I've always believed it was the most awfully bad luck to put a ring, any ring, on your wedding finger. It may sound mad, but I was much more worried about that than the North Country accent or whether I could play Jenny."

"I fussed about it for weeks. Even asked director Roy Boulting if we couldn't

ceremony with him?" I asked.

"Well, yes, I suppose it does in a way. Not in a soppy way, of course. But I respect him very much as an actor and, after all, at this point we have been through rather a lot together."

Hayley is one of the least affected and most straightforward young women in the business.

With her cherubic face, long, golden hair, and big, blue innocent eyes, directors have been inclined to cast her well below her age.

Even in her first film, "Tiger Bay," when she played a loyal tot of about seven, she was 12.

"I started late," says Hayley seriously. "But it was good in a way. I didn't miss any of my childhood as some young stars did. Childhood is really over by the time you're 12. I put my last doll away on the day I started filming 'Tiger Bay'."

Hayley's film "retardation" of age was maintained by Walt Disney, who knew that box-office receipts rose in an exact ratio to the long, golden curls of her "Pollyanna" look.

At 17, with Burl Ives in "Summer Magic," she made another hit, but she still looked and sounded between 14 and 15 and her biggest worry was that she was forgetting the French she had learnt at her Swiss finishing school.

Then came her 18th birthday, and with it the shooting of her first screen kiss, from 23-year-old Peter McEnery in "The Moon-spinners."



For the first time in her life Hayley was thrown.

"I was dreading it for months and months," she said. "Everybody seemed to be talking about it. They seemed to think it was so terribly important."

"I got awful feelings of responsibility. Yet when it happened it was so innocuous I couldn't help wondering what all the fuss was about."

At 19, she was shooting "Sky West and Crooked." As Brydie, she was in fact

19, but an accident when she was ten had so shocked her that she still saw the world through the eyes of a child. It was an incredibly moving performance.

"I suppose you could say that Jenny Fitton is the first really grown-up role I've had," she said. "Although I don't really think of things in that light. She appeals to me as a person. She is a challenge. And it is marvelous working with the Boultings."

The famous brother team

● Married on the screen, Hayley Mills, in her first grown-up role, is kissed by shy husband Arthur (actor Hywel Bennett).

of Roy and John Boulting has been responsible for some of the most daring films to come out of Britain since World War II. They believe in shocking their audiences.

In "Wedlocked or All In Time" Hayley will no doubt be shocking some of her fans, too.

The Boulting brothers know they are taking Hayley Mills to a brand-new audience. In England they expect an X certificate, which bans the under-16.

Hayley knows it, too, and is grateful for the change.

"But I'm still dreading that bath scene," she told me as I left the studios. "Silly, isn't it? At my age I should know better. But it is the first time."

What other "firsts" are left for Hayley now?

"Well, I really feel that it's about time I made the break and took a flat of my own," she said reluctantly. "The trouble with liking your own family as much as I do is that you never really want to live without them because it's so much fun."

"I think what I'll have to do is take a year off, go to Paris, make myself study French again, and be so busy keeping house for myself that I won't get homesick."

Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, take a bow!



— December 14, 1966

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LONGINES

Since 1867 the world's most honoured watch.

Australia was indifferent, but Europe shouts "Yes" to Suzy



SUZY CUTHBERT, 21, of Melbourne, wears (above) one of the trouser suits in which she is having a London bonanza as a high-fashion model; left, in false hair with sexy black. Below, all legs in a striped Australian dress that made an instant impact in Europe.

Pictures by ALEC MURRAY

AUSTRALIAN girls are the best models in the world. It is not just their looks — there are plenty of good-looking girls in England. But they work harder and have the same professional attitude that studio photographers and directors want. It was Suzy Cuthbert talking, the latest Australian model to rocket to an assured \$600 a week.

"Isn't it fantastic?" said Suzy. "I had to count every penny when I came. Now I never have to count the cost." Suzy Cuthbert, of Melbourne, was a success almost from the moment she arrived in Europe.

"Let me go from job to job at home," she said. "I was getting started, after a most dispiriting beginning, when I decided to chuck it all and come to Europe. I had little money and no thought of breaking into the Big Time."

She sailed for Naples, paying part of her passage money for fashion work. Then the fun started. "Those awful photographers on the Via Veneto in Rome, hanging about nightclubs and harassing film stars, caught me by my mini-skirt (it was only 10in. above my knee) and they chased me."

"I ran. They followed. I was terrified. Then I sat at a table, put my head under my arm and cried for shame. A journalist saw me, spoke kindly and comforted me, only to tell me I would allow his magazine to feature my mini-skirt."

"We did a lot of pictures in my mini-skirt against well-known backgrounds in Rome. It made me feel confident, and I decided to go straight to Paris, en route to London."

"But not in that mini-skirt. I had learned my lesson that the Continent the mini-skirt is not worn nearly as short, and they are fewer, and they have too much novelty value. I always liked trouser suits and decided that from then on I would wear nothing else."

"In her trouser suit Suzy went to Paris to an agency, and after a few weeks had not only appeared in 'Harpers' but was booked up."

"She came to London fully booked from Paris and continued working for the glossy magazines, travelling to Jerusalem, Madrid, Geneva, Tunisia."

"Her agent, Lucy Clayton, introduced her to Sue Murray, who long tipped to take Jean Shrimpton's place."

"She was moving out of her apartment which she shared with a writer and asked me if I would like to move in."

"I have proved another happy chance meeting."

Suzy writes poetry. She has been writing since a schoolgirl at Preston Technical College. But she had never thought of having it published, or, in fact, any kind of literary career.

Sharmini Tiruchelvam, with whom she has made her home, is a 28-year-old beauty who has been painted by Annigoni. She is also a power in the world of color supplements in the Sunday papers, and she introduced Suzy to her world.

"Suzy is so sensitive, intelligent, and determined to make a good life for herself in the right way that I feel certain she can develop as a writer," said Sharmini.

Suzy has already been offered yet another career. She was asked to take a film test after doing a TV film and a French documentary on fashion. "But it might have been only a con," she said. "Anyway, I don't want to be an actress."

Travelling is what she has always wanted, yet she finds it hard to work on fashion in the face of local poverty.

"I came home from Tunisia early because I couldn't take the sadness any longer," she said. "Imagine us halfway up a mountain in a village with no grass or greenery, no water, tiny huts for houses, and everything colorless and dreary, but surrounded by charming children with hungry eyes and ragged clothes."

"One little girl nestled up to me. She was about 12, and seeing me posing in lovely clothes couldn't resist them. She smiled up at me trustingly. But what could I do? If I encouraged her, all the other children would have crowded round, and everyone, including the hard-worked photographer, would be screaming at me."

"She touched the silk scarf I had in my hand and I thrust it into hers as I got into the car and away. I was in tears." Suzy Cuthbert, only just turned 21, is wise, understanding, and with a serious streak to her that is engaging.

She lives a rather quiet life in London. "It was much gayer in Paris, where I lived only for the moment—dinner, discotheques, dancing all night, snatching a few hours' sleep, and then working frantically. But life is so much more purposeful in London, where I feel I am putting roots down."

She has no immediate plans for a visit to Australia. "But I will go back to see my father. We are very close. And it will be a surprise visit." Her mother died when she was 17.

— Anne Matheson, London





CONTRAST to the "saucer" garden is the pool near the front of the house. It is planted with cycads, and waterlilies will flower later. Beyond the pool is a glade of tree-ferns, with ivy and moss nestling in moist corners.

MINI-CARE GARDEN IN A PERFECT SETTING

FOR her new home, "Bali Hai," at Palm Beach, N.S.W., Mrs. Russell Hicks designed a garden which would not only be unusual and make the most of natural advantages, but would also be a lack-of-work garden. The beautiful result is pictured below and at right.

Mrs. Hicks has designed only one other garden — a formal garden at her former home at Wahroonga, N.S.W.

For "Bali Hai," she will also have what she calls a "classical modern garden" at the entrance. It was nearly finished when council work disrupted it. It was restarted and is still in the growing stage.



CLOSE-UP of the garden pictured on the opposite page. Flowering are alyssum, geraniums, camellia begonias, succulents, and three shades of violas.

AND THE IVY TREES

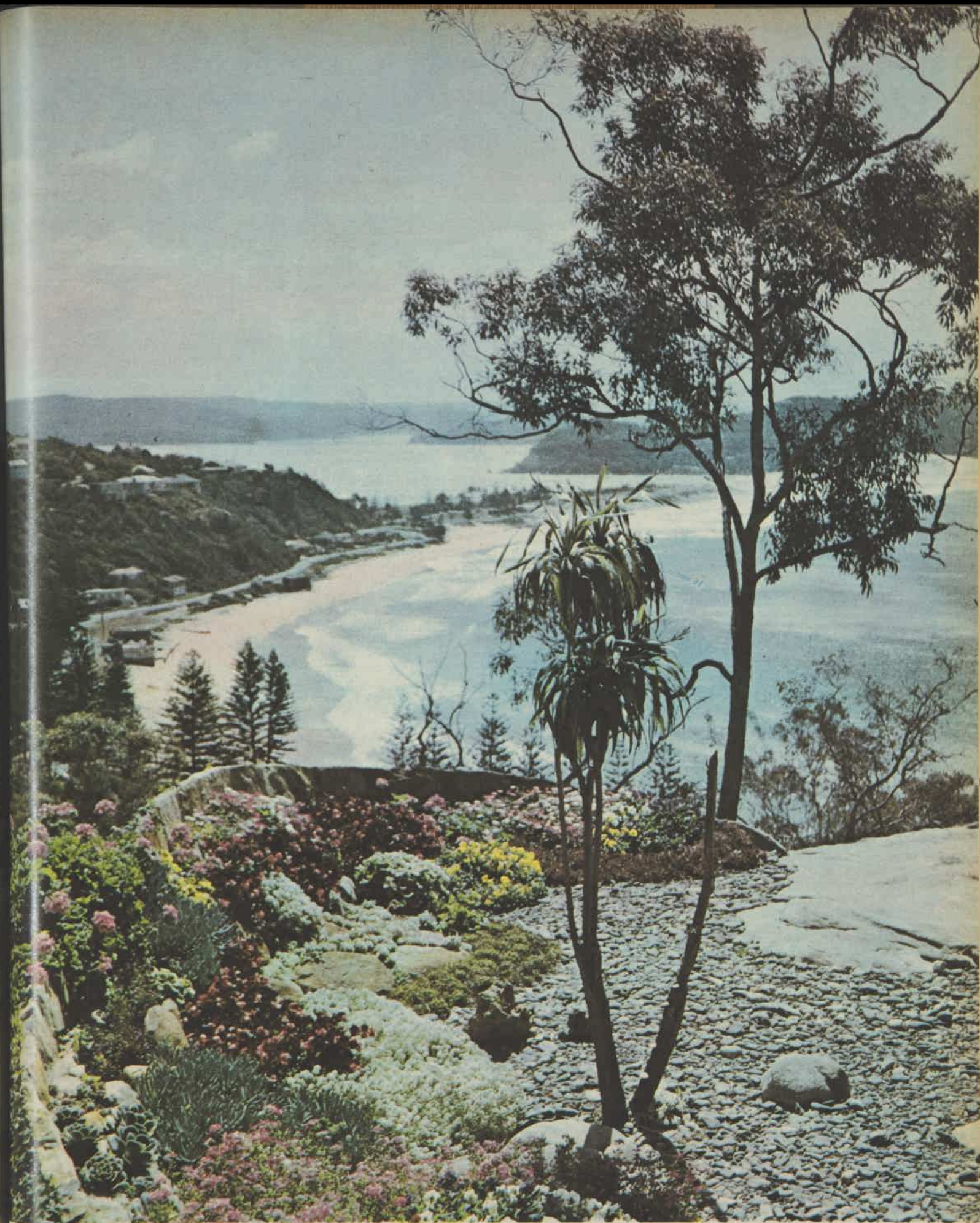
THE "trees" (right) near the entrance to "Bali Hai" are easy to grow, but need loving care until they are established. These are two years old.

The ivy, planted in pots, is trained on cones of chicken wire set over the pots. The wire is covered outside with paper bark—the type used to line fern-baskets. This paper bark, kept moist, gives the ivy something to cling to, and the new tendrils grow on it.

As the new shoots appeared, Mrs. Hicks tucked them or laced them into the wire, sometimes tying them with string. The string was soon covered and later rotted away.

Mrs. Hicks used a fast-growing ivy. Either Helix Weber's California or Pittsburgh would be suitable.





"SAUCER" GARDEN is a feature of "Bali Hai," Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hicks' home at Palm Beach, N.S.W. It is an extension of the patio and was designed round a natural rock shelf which opens out on a magnificent view of sea and beach. As well as beauty, Mrs. Hicks had mini-care in mind. Some pockets are filled with succulents; other pockets have brilliant annuals, and when these begin to fade they are replaced by mature seedlings just about to bud. The result is year-round color, with little work. Except for heavy jobs like placing stones, Mrs. Hicks has done everything in the garden, spending countless happy hours encouraging it to perfection. It is now nearly three years old.

Story by Joyce Bowden. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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Exquisite gift
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Gemey GOLDEN GIFTS...

from
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● The rare coral under ordinary lighting.

A RARE AND BEAUTIFUL MYSTERY FROM THE SEA

Pictures by Bill Payne.

PICTURED here is the fluorescent coral found in Sydney Harbor—the first such coral found outside New Caledonia. In natural conditions, the coral is a white-slate color, but under ultra-violet rays it glows blue.

The coral, *Pleasiastrea urvillei*, was found recently by three Sydney skindivers, Mr. G. Goadby, Mr. A. Robeson, and Mr. D. Smith, while they were searching for marine specimens off Dobroyd Point.

"I thought I'd have to find it some day, but I certainly didn't expect it in Sydney Harbor, although there is coral there—a fact not many people know," said Mr. Goadby.

Dr. J. C. Yaldwyn, Curator of Crustacea and Corals at the Australian Museum, also was surprised. "We thought it should exist outside New Caledonia, but hadn't considered the harbor," he said. "The Green Island people have been looking for it on the Barrier Reef, but have had no luck."

"Nobody has discovered exactly why the coral is fluorescent. It is definitely some chemical in the coral's flesh which reacts to ultra-violet light. The chemical could possibly be part of the animal's excreta."

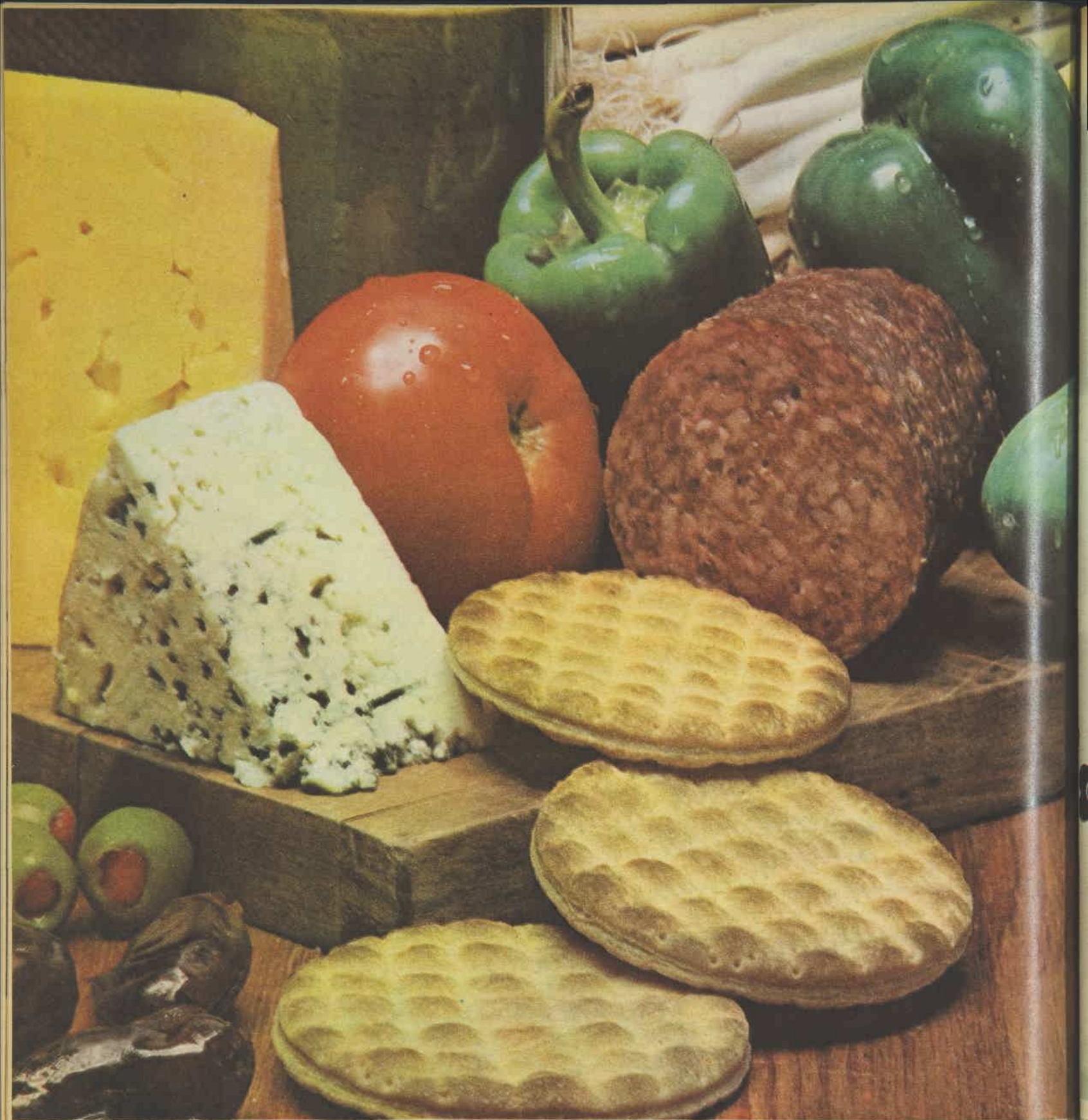
The New Caledonian coral is at a depth of more than 100 feet, but the Sydney coral was found in about 60 feet of water. It is on display at Marineland, Manly.

The fluorescent coral is shown above under ordinary light conditions. It shares its tank with starfish, a sea urchin (*Centrostephanus sodgersii*), *Phoronis* (the black, feathery worm on the lower right-hand side), *Sabellastarte indica* (the feather dusters just above the coral), and two *Cerianthus* (the anemone between the arms of the starfish).

Below, under ultra-violet rays, the coral glows blue.

● Under ultra-violet rays, it becomes fluorescent.





Please don't pass the butter!

(Here's a flaky cracker
biscuit that doesn't
need butter.)

If you're tired of those old-fashioned cracker biscuits that crumble and crack. So dry they cry out for butter. And lots of it. Then try a flaky one that doesn't need butter. Cornish Wafers. It's the one with the buttery taste you'll love. Just add



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cheese, jam, or your favourite spread and you've got it. Flaky as puff pastry. Really tasty. And they won't crumble all over the place. Try a pack today. And leave the expensive butter in the 'fridge.



DESIGNED BY QUANT

● Swinging into the fashion scene are these new designs from Mary Quant's Australian collection of pre-Christmas party clothes. The Quant look in dresses and co-ordinates is short, young, and totally "with it." Most designs are on sale in the stores listed below at about the prices given.



PIRELL — Colorful evening smock by British fashion designer Mary Quant (surprise!) fashionable-again moire gathered on to contrast collar with ends falling over the shoulder (\$15).



CREDIT CARD is the name of this lean, skinny, slightly military style in bonded pink satin, silver-buttoned and narrow-belted (\$20).



CO-ORDINATED slacks suit for evening in moire faille — very "in" for the young. Well-cut slacks labelled **VIOLETTE** (\$10) team with weskit named **SISTER GEORGE** (\$10). Brilliant chiffon shirt (\$12).



SASHA offers ever-young fashion with loads of feminine appeal. The fabric is — once again — moire faille made on long lines with tiny sleeves, contrast sash and bow at hip-level (\$14).

Where To Buy

Melbourne: Grace Bros., Farmer & Co.
Sydney: Cann's, Swanston Street.
Adelaide: John Martin & Co.
Brisbane: Fifi's Fashions, Queen Street.
Perth: Boans Limited.

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Come on and give **ETA** the freshest Christmas Nuts

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SUMMER DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

● The designs illustrated on this page are the four most popular summer style requests in my mail. A paper pattern is available for each.

FIRST request comes from a Queensland reader who asks for a casual cotton dress to combine 1½ yds. of floral cotton and 1½ yds. of white cotton. She also asks for slacks and a sleeveless top. Here is my reply:

The dress (far right) could be made from your materials. The design has a low waist and is self-belted; the bodice top is sleeveless and finished with a scoop neckline. My choice for a slacks suit (right) is sleek and cool. The top is sweater-like and has contrasting bands at neck and armholes. The slacks are straight-cut. Underneath the illustration are pattern details.

Here is part of the second reader's letter and my reply:

"I have bought 4½ yards of printed cotton and want to use the fabric for a long-sleeved, floor-length muu-muu type of shift. Could you let me have a paper pattern for this design in size 10?"

Illustrated (below right) is the design you asked about. The dress is made with a front yoke and is finished with wrist-length sleeves and two patch pockets. The pattern also includes a sleeveless version of the same design in street-length. Either of the dresses can be self-belted. A paper pattern is available. Beside the illustration are full details.

The third style request — from Sydney — is for a snappy beach dress and two-piece swimsuit. The beach dress, in two colors, is illustrated below. The swimsuit (not shown) has neat shorts and a camisole-type top. Pattern number and details are under the illustration.

Here are other queries and answers:

"Do you think I could wear an all-black silk outfit to an afternoon wedding just after Christmas?"

Put it this way; a less sombre outfit would be more appropriate for an afternoon wedding in midsummer.

"Could you let me have a pattern for a skirt that buttons from waist to hem?"

Yes, Butterick pattern 3655. Price 50c includes postage. If ordering, mention size required.

"I am making some hand-sewn underwear in rather fine lawn. Please tell me the neatest way to finish the seams."

A french seam is the best method for fine cotton. To make a french seam, stitch edges together on the right side of the garment, taking a small seam allowance. Trim away the seam allowance to approximately ¼ in. from the stitching, then stitch another seam on the wrong side of the work, taking ¼ in. seam allowance.

"I am being married in hot January, and wondered if my bridal gown would be correct if it is finished with a low, scooped-out neckline? Another reason I want a low neck is because I intend converting the design later for the ballroom."

No reason why your bridal dress should not have a decollete neckline. Have you thought of having a detachable train fastened to the shoulderline of the dress? This idea will simplify converting the gown into a ball dress.

"Do you recommend the empire-line for a summer maternity frock? I want the frock in a pretty cotton to wear to my sister's wedding. Do you think the skirt should be full?"

The empire-line is an excellent silhouette for maternity wear for any season. Have the skirt slightly gathered all round.

● Butterick pattern 4021. — Beach dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65c includes postage. Butterick pattern 3982. — Slacks and top in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65c includes postage.

HOW TO ORDER

● Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Mention pattern number and size required and print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



● Butterick pattern 3945. — Beach dress in two colors (and two-piece swimsuit, not shown) in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 60c includes postage.



● Butterick pattern 3979. — Ankle-length shift (right) in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65c includes postage.



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Even one fly can menace your family's health, because every fly is a carrier of dirt and disease. One fly can carry the germs of such dangerous diseases as hepatitis, poliomyelitis, and typhoid. To protect your family's health from filthy, disease-carrying flies, you should spray Mortein when you see even one fly in your home. Mortein kills flies so fast, they don't have a chance to spread disease. Mortein is completely safe to use. Mortein is different from all other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home, even near babies and food.

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Mortein

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED

We cannot guess what the dog said to the rabbit, or why the rabbit's reply made the dog laugh. But the quaint "dialogue" between the labrador and the toy was captured by staff photographer Ron Berg.



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HERE COME THE BRIDES

**Who but a man would
try to run a bridal
department to schedule,
D'Arcy wondered**

AT seven o'clock, as usual, my alarm clock went off; and almost at the same instant the telephone in my living-room started to ring; and as if this were not enough, someone rang my doorbell furiously. I woke in wild confusion. Was the house ablaze? Were the students at New York University rioting in the streets?

As awareness came, I groped for my alarm clock and turned it off. Then, I slipped into a robe and ran the full length of my apartment to the telephone. I picked up the receiver, said hoarsely, "Hold on," put the receiver down, and hurried to the door, where a small, miserable Western Union messenger was waiting with a telegram.

The telegram was from my sister Evvie, in Norway, wishing me a happy birthday. I thought, Oh, heavens! It is my birthday! I hurried back to the telephone on my desk. My mother's voice, clear and sweet, coming all the way from Moberly, Massachusetts, said, "Good morning, D'Arcy. Happy birthday, dear."

"Mother," I said. "How sweet of you to call."

I was touched by her thoughtfulness but not altogether overjoyed. Birthdays don't thrill me quite as much as they did in the past. I couldn't help thinking with regret that a few hours ago I had been twenty-six; now, suddenly awakened from a deep sleep, I was twenty-seven. Where had that year gone? What had become of it?

My mother was set for a long chat. She said, "Now, tell me, D'Arcy: How are you? How do you feel?"

"Oh, fine," I said, drooping. "And how are you, Mother?"

"Never better," she answered briskly. "I'm learning Norwegian, you know. I intend to spend a month or two in Oslo this summer with Evvie. But how is your job, dear? Are they keeping you busy?"

"Terribly busy. This is the time the June brides come pouring in."

"But, D'Arcy, it isn't June yet. It's the middle of April."

"June is only six weeks away, Mother. A wedding gown takes from four to six weeks to make."

"Really?" she said. "That's very interesting." But she said it as if it were the most

To page 38



Opening instalment of our delightful three-part serial by GERALDINE NAPIER

**Now,
a new tempting shape
from the people
who know most
about beetroot**



shoestring



Now the beetroot experts give you two tempting beetroot shapes. New Shoestring — slender slivers specially cut to add glamour and flavour to your summer salads. (Look for its bright red label.) Famous Edgell sliced — tender whole slices with the distinctive Edgell taste. (Look for the familiar white label.) Made by Edgell, the people who devised a special beetroot seed, and perfected a better beetroot cooking process. Grown with very special care in an Edgell country garden.

**fresh from an
Edgell country garden.**



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SYNDICATE MEMBER

"She looks just like Sonia," said Mr. McMahon

MELINDA RACHEL McMAHON was born ten days late, but her parents, the Federal Treasurer, Mr. William McMahon, and Mrs. McMahon, didn't really mind.

"I was pleased the Federal elections were over," said attractive Mrs. McMahon.

Weighing 7½lb. and 21 inches long, the McMahons' first baby arrived at 3.5 p.m. on November 29. Mrs. McMahon had hoped for a girl. Also, "I've always preferred girls," said Mr. McMahon with a grin.

Mr. McMahon, aged 58, and his wife, the former Miss Sonia Hopkins, of the Sydney suburb of Killara, were married last year. The baby was born at the King George V Hospital, Sydney, where these pictures were taken three days later.



● The Federal Treasurer, Mr. William McMahon, and Mrs. McMahon, with their first-born, Melinda Rachel. Mr. McMahon said of his daughter, "She looks just like her mother. She's got Sonia's blue eyes, lots of curly auburn hair, and slender, long fingers."

● Melinda, just three days old, raises an arm to her head (left). She will have her own unit in the apartment block in which her parents live at Point Piper. Their unit wasn't big enough, but they hope to join the two. The baby also will have a nanny.

—Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG.





I was asleep to Tampax



Then I woke up!

You've heard the phrase . . . "be the first in your neighbourhood to use it"?

I guess I was the last in my group to use Tampax internal sanitary protection.

The trouble was, I thought pads were a necessary bother. Why not? I'd never tried another way.

Then one time when I was complaining about those four or five days that happen every month, one of my friends let me have the straight facts.

"Look," she said, "why add to your problems? With Tampax, you feel almost as you do on normal days. Trying it doesn't commit you to it, you know. But you owe it to yourself to try Tampax this month."

So I took her advice. And all I have to say is, you won't believe the difference Tampax makes. The most wonderful thing is the personal feeling of cleanliness and confidence it gives me. Insertion is easy and hygienic with the silken-smooth Tampax applicator.

Seriously, girls, isn't it about time you woke up to Tampax? Listen to me! A user for two months—and suddenly I'm an authority!

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Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

ON A REMOTE ISLAND, BEING A FAMILY MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

By BERENICE CRAIG

SO you're one of the millions who dream of a remote island on which to retire from the rat-race? Before you do, take a long look deep into your heart.

Complete isolation, according to English-born Mrs. Eleanor Alliston, can do strange things to city people. "Some of them almost go round the bend when they realise they are cut off from the world," she says.

And Mrs. Alliston speaks with authority. For the past 16 years she, her ex-Royal Navy officer husband, John, and their four children have been lords of a wild island kingdom.

The 40 miles which separate it from the coast of Tasmania, although only a pleasure flip for a seagull, can produce gales and seas which make it as remote as the South Pole for human beings.

Mrs. Alliston has had many visitors and is convinced that most city people, as individuals, abhor solitude. On the island it's being a family that makes all the difference.

"I am sure I could challenge just about any family you like to mention to do what we did and be just as happy. It is so easy for a staunch family to cut across difficulties as long as they work together," she said.

It is this theme of shared work, hardship, fear, love, and laughter which links the chapters of her just-published book, "Escape to an Island" (Heinemann, London).

She says simply, "We've been so hard-up as far as money goes, but thought of ourselves as rich."

Their realm is Three Hummock Island, off the tip of Tasmania's north-west coast.

The Allistons hold a renewable lease of the island and run 300 cattle with calves and 2000 sheep with lambs. When the children are at boarding-school, John and Eleanor do the work between them.

This is the Allistons' ideal life and they wouldn't change it. There have been a few short-term helpers, but none who settled. A family partnership is the plan for the future.

"We have a 30-year plan to work just as hard as we do now, and a ten-year one to follow that," Eleanor Alliston explained.

When I met her she was in Melbourne for a week to launch her book. This was the longest period she ever spent in the city ("two days was my previous limit"), despite three children in Victorian boarding-schools.

Eleanor Alliston is a slim, small woman whose fresh English complexion wears its suntan attractively. Her blue eyes have the distance-depth of the Australian bushman's.

Reticent at first, she warms to vivacity when she speaks of the island. "Just talking to you about it makes me wildly homesick," she said.

In her town guise, with hair fashionably set, and wearing brown lace stockings to match her tailored dress and jacket, she looked the typical chatelaine of tamed and prosperous acres.

But on the island she works barefoot summer and winter and has a penchant for her sons' discarded football sweaters.

At the moment her wardrobe boasts three shirts that belonged to Prince Charles's English security guard, Inspector Derek Sharp, and still bear his name-tapes.

Her 15-year-old son, Warwick, was doing his Timbertop year at Geelong Grammar and was helping Prince Charles with his farewell packing. The shirts were offered to Warwick, who said he was not frightfully interested in them, "but Mum would love them."

"They're very rugged uncrushable linen, one red, one white, one blue, appropriately," said the grateful recipient.

With his elder brother, Robert, 18, who is in his matriculation year at Geelong Grammar, Warwick plans a university course in agricultural



Eleanor Alliston, an island's First

science. The 30-year plan calls for Robert manager-agronomist and the more mechanically minded Warwick as resident engineer.

Their younger sister, Ingrid, 13, who this went as a boarder to Clyde, at Woodend, extraordinary skill with animals.

The only absentee will be 24-year-old Vera. A mothercraft nurse, she has been travelling round Europe and is at present cooking a shooting party on a grouse moor in Scotland.

Time on the island is still measured by sun and sundown, and working hours can run into the night until tasks are done.

"I go round the stock on foot," Eleanor says. "The horses that were on the island when I arrived are still there — only one has died in age — but I never use them. I don't use a tractor, but communicate with the animals."

Proof of the success of her unorthodox method is in the well-being of the island stock. The vices of a vet. have never been required, there have been remarkably few deaths.

For the humans on the island the record is one of health as well as happiness. Visits to a doctor or dentist are rare and Eleanor Alliston is convinced she is much stronger and healthier now than at 21.

The companion book to "Escape to an Island" is already under way.

"It is to be called 'One Man's Island,' my inspiration for the title was the saying 'a man's sacred cow is another man's ham.' So many people think we are stark, raving mad to live the way we do," said its author Laura

● A condensation of Mrs. Alliston's book, "Escape to an Island," will begin in our next issue.

NEXT WEEK:

● We show you (in color) the many pretty faces of **AFRICAN VIOLETS**

Growing them can be fun. But they need understanding — and garden expert Allan Seale gives advice.



● A fashion-wise basic — that is the **Shirt Dress** . . . and you'll see, in color, some that are now available.



● "Sweet and sour" cookery is popular — our recipes are tasty!



Plus **COLOR** features:

● London's new "in" actress was the ugly duckling of her family — the famous Redgrave clan.

● During the holidays, thousands of Australians will go treasure-hunting — for gemstones. You will see some "finds," and we list the gemfields in Australia as well.

● Film preview of "Winnie the Pooh."

● In our superb pictures, Australia's enormous desert comes to life after rain.

AND . . .

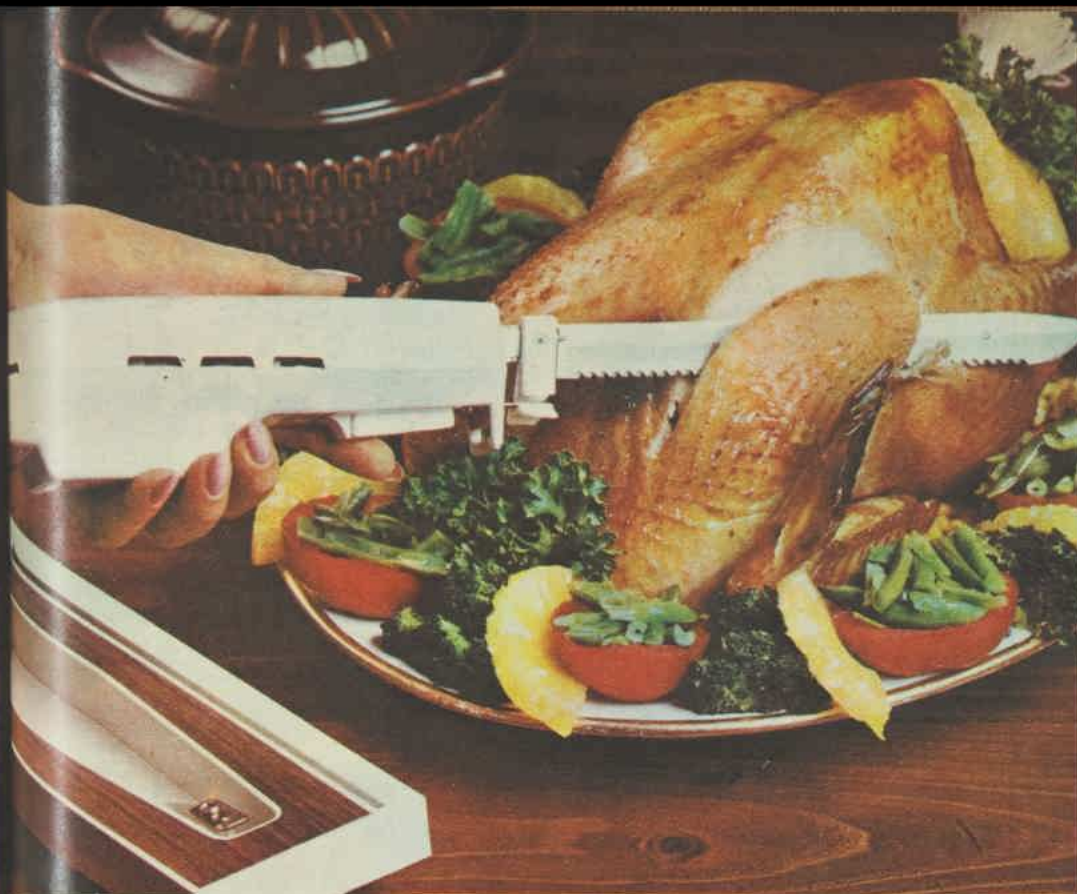
● Don't miss Part One of the true story of a family adventure **"ESCAPE TO AN ISLAND"** (see story this page)

PLUS . . .

● Some of the houses chosen for exhibition in the Australian Pavilion at the Montreal Expo 67 are in our 16-page book:

WOMEN'S WEEKLY — **AUSTRALIAN HOMES FOR EXPO 67**





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(Advertisement)

Science Shrinks and Relieves Painful Haemorrhoids without surgery

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves stops itch—even in most stubborn cases—not just temporary relief!

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery. In one case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of haemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful. All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.



● "Santa Claus' workshop" at the back of Mr. A.'s house. His pet bird looks on approvingly as he voluntarily repairs and paints toys for the Smith Family to distribute as Christmas gifts.

● "Until I was nine," said staff photographer Keith Barlow, "I believed in Santa Claus. Now I've seen him at work."

SMITH FAMILY'S "SANTA CLAUS"

THIS was a great joke to Mr. A. He puffed on his pipe and rumbled with laughter.

But Keith was right.

Mr. A. is a very spare Santa Claus, and he lacks a white beard. But that's what he always will be to Keith and me, as he is to hundreds of children unawares.

Mr. A. is a widower, 80 years young.

All year round he works in the narrow workshop at the back of his Sydney home, under the supervising eye of his small pet bird. He repairs and gaily refurbishes toys donated to the Smith Family by you, the people of New South Wales.

He wishes to remain anonymous, as does the rest of the quiet army of voluntary helpers in the Smith Family's work.

In the beginning, each of these voluntary helpers simply called or wrote to the Smith Family and said, "Here I am. How can I help?"

That's certainly the way it started with Mr. A.

In November, 1964, a fire devastated the Smith Family Centre at 137-143 Crown Street, Sydney.

Mr. A., then 78, went into action immediately.

"I'm a retired orchardist," he told the Smith Family. "Been around machinery all my life, though. Pretty good

with my hands. Now, what can I do?"

Soon, the first broken, scorched toys started flowing into the little workshop. Not a needy child would go without toys that Black Christmas if Mr. A. could help it.

The "before" toys he stored on his enclosed front veranda. The "during" ones were in the workshop. The "afters" waited, shining and gleaming in the spare front

By
KAY KEAVNEY

bedroom, until the Smith Family van took them away to delight the sore hearts of children.

That's how it started, that's how it's gone on ever since.

These days, if you call on Mr. A., you thread a careful path through all kinds of toys, from tiny strollers to boy-sized bikes.

Mr. A. has a fine eye for color and a magic touch with toys. You can tell he'd have a magic touch with children. If it's possible, in fact, for a man to be born to be an outstanding grandfather, that man is Mr. A.

But he is childless. Except for his bird and the many toys, he lives alone in the house he shared (until her death in 1961) with his wife. "Doing this work," he

says, "saves me from insanity."

A hundred laughter-lines are etched deeply round the corners of his eyes.

"Though what my dear wife would say if she could see my housekeeping..."

His housekeeping looked pretty good. Anyway, you could hardly see the house for the toys.

A couple of nice nieces come in and lend a hand from time to time.

"Turn the place upside down," he says, laughing. "I get into terrible trouble if things aren't just so."

Mr. A. gives each toy the same loving care as if it were meant for his own grandchild. In a way, now, he has hundreds of grandchildren.

While he works, he wonders about the toys—what kind of child they come from and will go to.

Nearly 500 toys, made "like new," have passed through those strong, loving hands since Christmas, 1964.

He wishes he could see those hundreds of little faces on Christmas morning. Nearly 500 unseen grandchildren, and many more to come.

"Tell your readers," he said, puffing furiously at his pipe, "not to feel any toy is too far gone to give to the Family. Even if I can't repair it, I might find a spare part for which I've been waiting for months."

He puffed on his pipe a bit more. "Oh, and see if you can find a few more voluntary handymen to work on the toys. I'm at it all day, y'know, and sometimes at night, and I just can't keep up with it."

He nodded most pleasantly, saluted with the pipe, lifted a boy's scooter on to the narrow workbench and fell to painting it bonfire-red.

Christmas was coming and Sydney's own Santa Claus had no time to waste.

CAN YOU HELP?

Last year, in New South Wales, 76,454 people or families turned to the Smith Family for help. This year it rose to 105,201. Next year?

The Smith Family's Christmas Appeal, the only one it makes all year, is open. They ask you to give money, clothing, used furniture, household goods, accessories, anything people use that you can spare.

Send money to the Smith Family, 137-143 Crown Street, Sydney. Send goods to the same address, or ring 31-0222 and a van will call. Only the Smith Family vans, marked "For Humanity," are authorised to collect your donations.

"ICEBERG" GOLFER

(HE PLAYS IT COOL)

By
GLORIA NEWTON

SYDNEY sportswriters say he is golf-wise beyond his years, that he has nerves of steel. He has been referred to as the gum-chewing iceberg golfer, and they have written stories about his unperturbable reaction to pressure.

His mother, who openly shows her pride in him, says he is a natural-born athlete, but he was always a mature young man, that the trouble-free years of the teenager did not touch him.

He is Bob Stanton, 20-year-old rookie professional who startled everyone when he beat veteran American Arnold Palmer to win the \$2000 first prize in the Dunlop International golf tournament held at Kensington, Sydney, last month.

A few days after his victory I met him at the Royal

Sydney Golf Club, where he was competing in an 18-hole round in the Professional Golfers' Association tournament.

It was teeming with rain, so I sheltered inside the Pressroom and watched him saunter easily on to the 18th green to putt his ball into the cup a few yards away.

"Interviewing Bob Stanton?" the sportswriters around me asked.

"You'll meet an exceptional young man. Completely unspoilt," one said. "And, with the character he has, he will stay that way."

"Assurance?" said another. "He's the most composed young golfer I have ever seen."

"You should have heard him reply at the Dunlop presentation ceremony. He spoke just as though he was

chatting to a few friends in the club."

When a few minutes later the tall, lean young man came through the door and introductions were made, I found the descriptions fitted him perfectly.

Over six foot, tanned and fit, Bob Stanton has an easy manner, a slow, lazy smile, and the quiet, relaxed composure of a man ten years his senior.

"He's always been like that," his attractive mother, Betty Stanton, told me after Bob had excused himself to change into dry clothes.

"He was never a teenager in the difficult sense, always mature. He has had his share of fun, but it is just that he has always been adult."

"I think it is because from the time he was 15 he has mixed with older men in the pro shops."

Young brother

Mrs. Stanton, who calls her son Robert ("I don't like Bob, and Bobbie is even worse"), came to the club by taxi after her son had finished his match.

"He just doesn't like me or his father watching him play. We have watched him a few times, thinking he wouldn't notice us, but somehow, despite the crowds, he always does."

"He's quite happy to have his young brother, Richard, go around with him. By the way, you'll be hearing about him in the near future."

"He is only 11, but a really keen, good golfer. He is a funny boy. Told me he prefers golf and cricket because they are 'gentle games,' and he won't have anything to do with football."

Mrs. Stanton said that her husband had played golf for many years but was an average golfer. She had been a tennis enthusiast until six months ago, when she decided to take up golf.

"So there was no family persuasion," she said. "Robert was born a sportsman. Even as a little boy, he showed more interest in a piece of wood and a ball than any toy he was ever given."

"He excelled at school



MRS. FRANK STANTON, of Banksmeadow, N.S.W., and her son Bob, the 20-year-old professional golfer who is on the way up.

sports and played cricket for his State when he was about 12 or 13. At one time South Sydney League wanted him to tour New Zealand as a full-back.

"He started playing golf seriously when he was about ten. He would come home from school, grab a couple of his father's sticks and a ball, and go off to one of the links near home."

"Then when he was 15, and studying accountancy and for the Leaving, he got this idea about professional golf. It was a big decision he had to make. If he proved to be unsuccessful he would be putting himself in a very precarious position."

"His father and I went to see his headmaster — he was going to Cleveland St. High at the time — and he told us he thought it was the right thing for Robert to do."

"Then Dan Cullen, the professional at St. Michael's Golf Club, Sydney, heard about him and asked to see him. He watched Robert hit a few shots and straightaway offered him a job as his assistant."

Bob stayed at St. Michael's for three years, passed his professional exams, and spent a few months at the Royal Sydney as a relieving assistant.

A look at his Press cuttings shows his name started appearing in the Press almost the minute he turned professional.

Hailed as a golfing "find," he played in the New Guinea Open at Madang at the age of 18, and at 19 out-played top professionals to win the City of Sydney Open Tournament at Moore Park.

There are stories of the young golfer breaking course records on Australian and world courses, of him winning tournaments around Sydney courses, interstate, and on New Zealand and German courses.

Early this year Bob, who had just turned 20, was sent on a six months' overseas tour by his sponsors, a Sydney sporting firm. He played in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Holland, Germany — where he won the Open — Spain, Brazil, Florida.

He won \$1300 for his German success and picked up nearly \$5000 in other events.

Bob nearly missed entering the Dunlop International. Two weeks before it started he was in Florida, where he had qualified for the United States professional circuit, and his intention had been to go on and appear in the Hawaiian Open.

Bought in Florida

When he learnt the tournament had been put forward, he advised his family he was coming straight home, and his mother, knowing he would arrive in time for the Dunlop, succeeded in persuading the committee to accept his late entry.

Changed and showered, Bob came back into the room. He was wearing black sports trousers, a scarlet sports coat, a white shirt, and black tie, but the whistles and good-natured gibes from the room's occupants brought only a grin from Bob.

"Bought it in Florida," he said tranquilly. "I like the color, don't you?"

He considers the life of a professional golfer one of the best in the world — "if you are successful."

"For instance, at my age, to have been given the opportunity of a six-month world tour—it was a marvellous experience."

"But don't get the impression that it is a life of playing a relaxed game of golf. You are taking part in a highly competitive sport which calls for concentration, practice, and you need to be both physically and mentally fit."

"You can't afford to stay out late at night, and your days, when you aren't competing, are taken up with practice — seven, eight hours are necessary to keep up your form."

"And then, after seven or eight months' playing, you find you must take time out to relax. You become physically and mentally tired and your concentration goes."

"I plan to have a complete rest before I go off to America with Bruce Devlin in March to play the Open Circuit."

"I won't touch a club for a month or so. Just stay home and probably drive Mum mad, and not worry about having to get up early in the morning or about coming home late at night."

"Of course I'll take in a spot of swimming and I'll fish."

"Now, fishing, that is my favorite relaxation. I have a beaut spot at Rose Bay (Sydney) where the fish really bite."

"On second thoughts, I'd better keep its whereabouts to myself."



BOB STANTON in action in Sydney.



● OTC's Earth Station at Carnarvon. Picture shows (left) the back of the Cassegrainian Horn—it looks like a cross between a spittoon and a contemporary ashtray—which beamed the program from Carnarvon's main street to the satellite.



● "Up the fascine" is the local name for the palm-fringed mouth of Carnarvon's Gascoyne River. The fascine is a wooden retaining fence against the river's bank. The bridge leads to the now disused whaling station on Babbage Island.

—Pictures by DON CAMERON



● Carnarvon has a population of 4000. Aborigines on street corners look like Russell Drysdale pictures come to life.



● Camera on the Main Roads Building. Another on a trolley was pushed up the main street by four running technicians.



● Above: Everything happens in the hot main street and everyone, even the dogs, knows about it. Below: Corner near where the first satellite telecast was made. Mrs. Memory, whose husband is the baker, is appropriately the local historian.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December



● In Carnarvon: Kim Corcoran, executive producer and compere, with John Wynne-Jones, director, before the telecast.



● In England: Mrs. Florence Brightwell, 86, who saw her son, Mr. Les Brightwell, via TV—for the first time in 19 years.



● In the control van: Leo Mahony, station manager of the OTC Station, Carnarvon, watches pre-telecast computer messages.

REUNION—VIA A SATELLITE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The historic first satellite telecast between Australia and England last month reunited a mother, aged 86, in London with her son in Carnarvon, Western Australia. They had not seen one another for 19 years.

Moving scenes, the son, Les Brightwell, spoke to his mother, Mrs. Florence Brightwell, and introduced her to his Australian wife, Laurie, whom he married ten years ago.

The Brightwell reunion was the heart of the 21-minute program sent by the ABC to the BBC on Friday, December 25. TVW7 Perth sent a pre-recorded news program about the town to England's commercial TV channels.

The telecast was actually two weeks late getting to London. It was planned for December 4, eight days after Early Bird II was launched, but the satellite went into the wrong orbit, and the program was postponed.

For that first planned program, staff photographer Don Cameron and I flew from Sydney to Perth, then up the north-west coast to Carnarvon.

At first sight, it is a completely unremarkable town. It is not pretty, not a resort or a bait to lure migrants to Australia.

It sits flat, bounded by the Gascoyne River to the west and by Brown's Range in the east, in a shape very like the orbit the Bird would have been in.

In Western Australia, Carnarvon is not remote. It is the first of the really "up north" towns strung along the north-west coast.

To me, what the Western Australians call an "Eastern town" from Sydney, it is on the other side of the Black Stump.

Everything is topsy-turvy. The sun sets into the sea instead of rising out of it—performance I found unimpressive. Then there is the Gascoyne, that beautiful, very strangely.

It is 500 miles long, but it has surface water for only three-quarters of a mile from its mouth at Carnarvon, where it rushes in and out with the tides. People swim in it, ski on it, watching out for sharks and seasnakes.

But beyond this it is an apparently dry riverbed—completely dry coarse sand on top.

Along its tree-lined banks are lush plantations that make their owners rich—plantations irrigated by the dry river. Forty feet below its sandy surface are stored billions of gallons of water that are pumped up crystal clear through the filtering sand.

The plantations are queer, too. Bananas grow on the river flats instead of on the sloping hillside sites used in New South Wales and Queensland.

Carnarvon, 100 miles south of the Tropic of Capricorn, that passes through Queensland's Rockhampton, grows anything, provided it is watered from the dry river bed. Pecan nuts, for instance; avocados, pineapples, tomatoes, cotton: you name it, they grow it.

And just to make the other side of the Black Stump weirder than ever, there is not a stone in Carnarvon, not a gibber, not a rock. To bind and make roads the shire has to sieve the coarse river sand for coarser content so fine it could hardly be called gravel.

There is no TV in Carnarvon, but its 4000 residents and the town are the stars of the first live telecast by satellite direct from Australia to the BBC in London.

When the ABC program started, it was 2.30 p.m. in Carnarvon. The sunshine was brilliant, but it was cool for there, only 78 degrees. In London it was 6.30 a.m. on a cold, foggy, winter day.

The main street of Carnarvon showed clearly in the first-class picture beamed by the Overseas Telecommunications Earth Station in Carnarvon to Goonhilly Downs Station, Cornwall, via the Early Bird satellite.

The sunny street scene from Carnarvon brought Les Brightwell back home to his mother. She cried.

Mrs. Brightwell didn't cry much—just a few tears that misted her glasses, then the joy came through. She couldn't stop smiling.

She looked again and again, and then said: "Oh, Les, oh, Les."

Mrs. Brightwell didn't cry then, but I nearly did.

Wonderful job

Her "Oh, Les," was so full of love and yearning and happiness. It was every mother's arms stretched out to embrace her son. I don't think anyone could have watched it unmoved.

It was an excellent telecast, clearer, according to BBC technicians, than any pictures yet received from America by satellite.

Executive producer and compere of the program for the ABC was Kim Corcoran, assisted by Dr. Peter Pockley, ABC-TV's organiser of scientific programs, as compere. They did a wonderful job.

The bare bones of the program had been rehearsed, but no one knew what exactly would happen in such emotional circumstances; how the satellite would behave.

Before the Brightwell reunion two other families, the

Frank Vintons and the Alan Gilhams, had seen and spoken to their families.

Frank Vinton and Alan Gilham and their wives and families have been in Australia only a little over 12 months. Frank and Alan work at the Tracking Station in Carnarvon on America's Man on the Moon Project.

Kim Corcoran began by introducing the people of Carnarvon, who clustered round him in the main street, then handed over to Peter Pockley while he crossed to the families who were to talk to relatives.

Peter Pockley was on the balcony of the Port Hotel, the focal point of a lot of Carnarvon living, with its young owner, Wilson Tuckey, 30, who at 27 was Mayor of Carnarvon, and Clarrie Lewington, of Boolathana Station, south of Carnarvon.

Boolathana Station is big-

ger than the county of Carnarvonshire, in Wales, and Clarrie had raced in from shearing to do his bit for the telecast.

Wilson Tuckey was brief and vivid as he spoke about the town. "It is the people who make Carnarvon. It's a great town. You don't have to have money to get on here. You just have to have enthusiasm."

The telecast ended or faded away as the satellite slid out of range in a sight that must have been puzzling to English people—Peter Pockley standing knee-deep in aboriginal children, talking to Carnarvon's Flying Padre, the Rev. John McCahon, of the Australian Inland Mission.

Mr. McCahon is a rangy 6ft. 4in., with a big moustache. He was wearing khaki slacks and an open-necked khaki shirt as he talked about his parish, which is three times bigger than the British Isles.

I have never seen any man less like an English vicar than Mr. McCahon. He was the right note to finish on as the picture faded and Frank Ifield's voice singing "Waltzing Matilda" closed the show.

At first in Carnarvon, I couldn't imagine why it had been chosen as the site of the

first program, ahead of so many other more photogenic places.

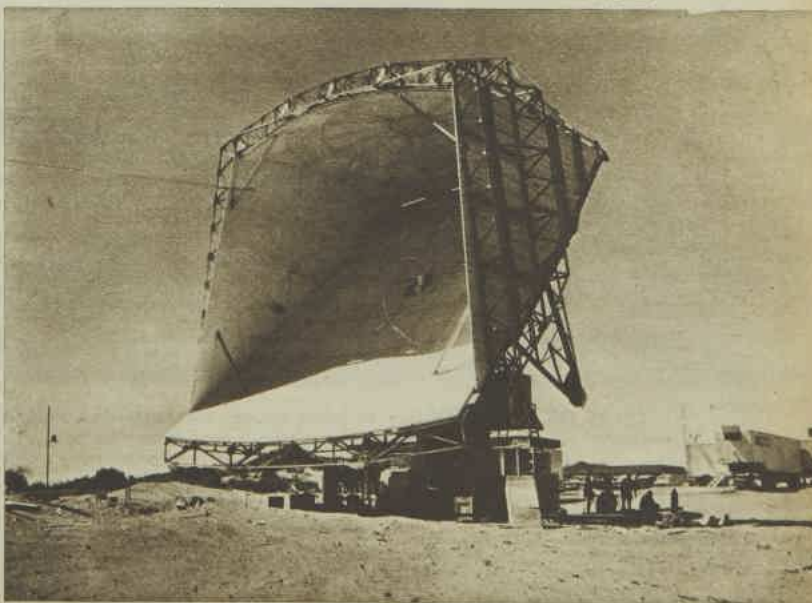
Mr. Leo Mahony, manager of Australia's Overseas Telecommunications Earth Station, on Brown's Range, four miles south-east of Carnarvon, gave me the answer.

Carnarvon sits fortuitously in one of the few positions on earth from where the passage of a spacecraft from the earth to the moon can be covered all the way. For this reason its soil was chosen to take the sophisticated electronic gear for communicating with the spacecraft.

This same gear is used on special occasions to transmit TV programs. It is a wickedly expensive business, so expensive that viewers probably will see few live direct telecasts for years.

This first historic satellite telecast was a real pre-Christmas treat given entirely free by a group of organisations—Australia's Overseas Telecommunications Commission, who provided the Earth Station at Carnarvon to beam the program to the satellite, the International consortium of 54 nations who own the satellite, and the TV channels.

They deserve gold-plated thank-yous from viewers all over the world.



● Casshorn antenna from which the program was beamed to the satellite.



THIS CLOWN had three smaller clowns pulling his three-wheeler vehicle along. Other clowns had to walk or run. John Martin's Christmas pageant, held in Adelaide. ALL THE WAY from Mexico to join in the fun at Breer Fox wore a purple coat and green Music from 14 bands accompanied 39



THE TEARS OF A CROCODILE, everyone knows, are false—but what about the smile on this one? This is a generous grin if ever there was one. Must be thinking of his Christmas pudding! The floats delighted the children.



POODLES ELEGANT, are we not?" asked the poodles as they marched along. The pageant was particularly gay and colorful.



THREE-LEGGED clown amazed the children with his quaint walk.



THE FAIRY QUEEN was swept along on the wings of a butterfly—or "buddlefy," as one young spectator called it.

ADELAIDE'S CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

● "The best yet" was the verdict of photographer Vic Grimmett, who took these pictures of Adelaide's 29th Christmas pageant. This year's was particularly colorful to celebrate the centenary of John Martin's, the store which introduced the pageant through city streets in 1933.



WINTER CHRISTMAS, the most exciting of all, arrived in his sleigh drawn by reindeer.

THIS QUAINT FELLOW (right) "walked upside down" for the entire route. A jolly good trick!





EVERY MOTHER a business woman!

Time was when the man in the house paid all the bills, wrote all the cheques. Today, most of our girls like to, in fact need to have our own cheque book handy. And why not—running a home is a busy business.

A cheque account saves so much time and leg work. It also gives a record of exactly what is paid to whom and when. Think of all the other helpful services provided under the one roof by a progressive bank such as the E.S.&A. Savings accounts for you and the children. You can also open special purpose savings accounts for a holiday, a car, home, educational needs and so on. Then there's term deposits, which pay you better than savings bank interest. This bank can also arrange any hire purchase finance you may need through Esanda Ltd. Even holiday arrangements, bookings, travellers' cheques can all be handled for you by the E.S.&A. Bank. Every member of the family sooner or later becomes involved in money matters. And, every member of the family is always welcome at the E.S.&A.—the family bank with a family of services.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

by
Mollie Lyons

HOW I wish I could accept the novel invitation extended to me by ten hostesses for a party at "Karoo," Wellington, on December 10—it sounds rather intriguing. The invitation (written as a bulletin) on orange parchment paper bids me to "join in the Revelry," but warns that "in accepting it I forfeit the right of redress against the residents of 'Karoo.'" Hostesses are Rae Baird, Jan Offner, Mal Mitchell, Di Wyatt, Kerry Baum, Barbara Webster, Jeanette Giffin, Lyn Clark, Pauline McAtamney, Jenny Caro, and Fay Frappell.

ON one of the hottest days we've had this summer I listened to the arrangements Mrs. Cedric Symonds has made for their Christmas party on December 11, and for the first time felt a little cooler. The 100 guests (who've been asked to wear patio clothes) will gather around the swimming-pool and drink champagne served from a bowl carved from ice. A buffet dinner will be served on the lawn, which will be lit by Hawaiian flares. By the way, I like the sound of the blue-and-orange silk patio dress Mrs. Symonds will wear. It has a very low back, and with her wonderful suntan should look quite stunning.

AND the Hedley Cousins have chosen December 12 for the Christmas family dinner party they are having. It's to be at the Royal Yacht Squadron on December 12 for about sixteen people.

MOST striking fashion of the week . . . slim, suntanned Mrs. Don Stephens in a stark-white crepe sheath dress trimmed at the neck and armholes with wide bands of gold.

HEARD that Beverley Norden has become engaged to Swiss visitor Urs Roth, and that he is very busy trying to teach her the language before they return to Munich to make their home. Urs left his home town, Lucerne, for a working holiday overseas and met Beverley during his stay in Sydney. Beverley's parents, June and Selwyn Norden, are giving them a party on December 10 at their home at Seaford. It will be open house from mid-afternoon, with a smorgasbord in the evening. Among the eighty guests will be Max Sigrist, Sylvia Haneman, Judy Low, and Lindsay Daines.

INCIDENTALLY, all eyes turn when tall, fair-haired Urs walks into a room wearing his brown velvet corduroy suit and matching waistcoat, which he bought in Paris. The trouser legs are tucked into knee-high, black leather boots (from Afghanistan), and, with his hand-woven cerise tie and very unusual German pipe, he creates quite a stir.

JUST betrothed Garth England and Gillian St. Vincent Welch will celebrate their engagement at a house party that Gillian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John St. Vincent Welch, are giving on their property, "Myee," at Grenfell. A group of their friends, who are travelling up by car for the annual Grenfell Bachelors' and Spinners' Christmas party on December 10, will be at the engagement party the following day.

THE Chinese Women's Association will hold a combined Christmas and welcoming luncheon at the Wentworth Hotel on December 17 for Mrs. C. Y. Yang, wife of the new Consul-General for the Republic of China. Mr. and Mrs. Yang arrived on November 26 from Thailand, where they were previously stationed. The luncheon will be Mrs. Yang's first formal function.

ALREADY in residence at Palm Beach for the summer are the Donald Booths and their small children, Catherine and Philip. They're staying in the beach house belonging to Mrs. Booth's parents, Mr. Justice Jenkyn and Mrs. Jenkyn.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Garth Barraclough has not been long in Australia very long, she is already planning another trip overseas next year. The reason for her return will be to see her first grandchild, Graham Andrew, again. The baby was born on her last visit to Edinburgh, Scotland, when she extended her holiday there to await the arrival of her birth. Her daughter, Gai, is a Sydney girl and is married to Dr. Graham Mylne.

HEAR that Mrs. Miriam Broun, Mrs. Edward Francis and Mrs. Malcolm Broun are among a group of very busy women collecting bric-a-brac for the stall they have hired at Paddy's Markets on December 8. The White Elephant stall, which will be open from 11.30 in the morning, will carry such items as cakes, vases, antiques, and even a vacuum cleaner at the bargain price of one dollar. Proceeds will go to the N.S.W. Auxiliary of the Asthma Foundation.

DATE for your diary . . . the Whisky Au-Go-Go. Night at the discotheque of the same name, on December 11, arranged by the Top Hat and Abstar Committees, to aid the Royal New South Wales Institute for Deaf and Blind Children. (Their black-and-white imitation with the long-haired au-go-go dancer was one of the most unusual I've seen this year.)

LOVED the incident that baritone singer Raymond Myers had to tell when he returned to Sydney after three years overseas. He had been singing for an audition at the Opera House in San Francisco in front of the director, Mr. Kurt Adler, putting "great expression and feeling into 'Rigoletto,'" when suddenly his accompanist, David Hollister, found the middle sheet of the music missing. So, still singing and putting "great expression" into the aria, Raymond had to shuffle through his briefcase until the lost sheet was found. By the way, we are soon to hear the voices of Joan Sutherland and Raymond Myers on their newest recording, "Faust."

IT was sad to hear from Mrs. Tony Morgan that the Imperial Playhouse is closing down, but the final party they are having certainly will not be a sad one. They are staging a Gas Light Revue, based on the turn-of-the-century theme, with those beautifully feminine clothes and parasols the women wore at that time. It's to be on December 9, and proceeds will aid the RSPCA.

GREAT excitement in the Peter Utting household with the arrival of Mrs. Utting's mother, Mrs. Justice Millard Roach, from her home in San Francisco. She came loaded with "goodies" for her grandchildren, Caron and Raymond, and plans a four-week stay before setting off for a holiday in Mexico on her way home.

NICE chatty letter from Mrs. J. Ratard from Aore, Santa in the New Hebrides, tells me of the impending departure of her daughter Cynthia, who leaves on December 1 for a round-the-world trip. Cynthia (who is doing Arts at the University of New South Wales) will spend several weeks with her grandmother in Chisseaux, in France, and return in February to start the new term.

I HEAR that Ann Michaletz and Antony Luciano have booked the motel at Wiseman's Ferry for the many guests who are taking up their speedboats with them after Ann and Antony's wedding on December 10. The reception will be at the Wiseman's Ferry Hotel and the keen water-skiers plan to stay overnight and spend the following day on the water. The reception sounds so "different." It's to follow the idea of a European banquet with the main table in the centre of the room holding fresh fruit piled into the shape of a tree. Large wagon wheels suspended from the ceiling will carry red candles to match the rest of the decor. Guests will be able to sit at tables in the garden, where musicians will wander. Ann and Antony will marry at St. Francis Xavier Church, North Sydney.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Terry Clark leaving St. Andrew's Church, after their marriage. The bridegroom was Miss Rose Lind Gibson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Gibson, of "Crofton" Hay. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Clark, of "Mycumbene." Bookings where they will make their home after a two-month honeymoon in Mexico.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Litchfield after their marriage at Shore Chapel, North Sydney, with their attendants (from left), Miss Wendy Hyles, Miss Jane Watson, Miss Pippa Halliwell, and Miss Cristobel Ward (at back), and flowergirl Robin Cohen. The bridegroom, who is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Litchfield, of "Warreen," Cooma, was attended by Mr. Murray Charlton, Mr. Malcolm Holmes, Mr. Sandy Bloomfield, and Mr. David Scanlan. The bride was Miss Penelope Hyles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hyles, of "Sharrow," Bungendore. A reception was held at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.



ABOVE: Mrs. Peter Marich (left) with the Consul-General for Guatemala, Dr. Adam Redler, and Mrs. Redler at the cocktail party which the Consul-General of Yugoslavia, Mr. N. Zic, and Mrs. Zic gave at the Pickwick Club. The reception was held to celebrate the Yugoslav National Day.

BELOW: Mrs. P. Figgis (left) and Mrs. P. Budden at the Christmas party which the Women's Committee of the Universities' International Houses Appeal held as their final function of the year at the Darling Point home of Mrs. Bernard Freeman. Mrs. Figgis is secretary of the committee and Mrs. Budden's husband is a member of the Men's Appeal Committee. Guests were greeted by the committee chairman, Mrs. H. Jefferson Bate.



AT LEFT: Mrs. R. N. Goesch (left) and Mrs. Ken Cooper at a luncheon held by the Newington College Parents and Friends' Association Ladies' Auxiliary at Menzies Hotel. Mrs. Goesch, president of the Auxiliary, welcomed guests, who each donated gifts to be given to Life Line. Mrs. Alan Walker was a guest-of-honor.



ABOVE: Mrs. Russell Atkinson, Mrs. Robert Quentin, and Mrs. Stefan Haag (from left) were among those at the ninth Annual Christmas Musicals held in the vestibule at the Sydney Town Hall. Mrs. Haag is a member of the Ladies' Committee of the Sydney Opera House Appeal Fund, which held the function.

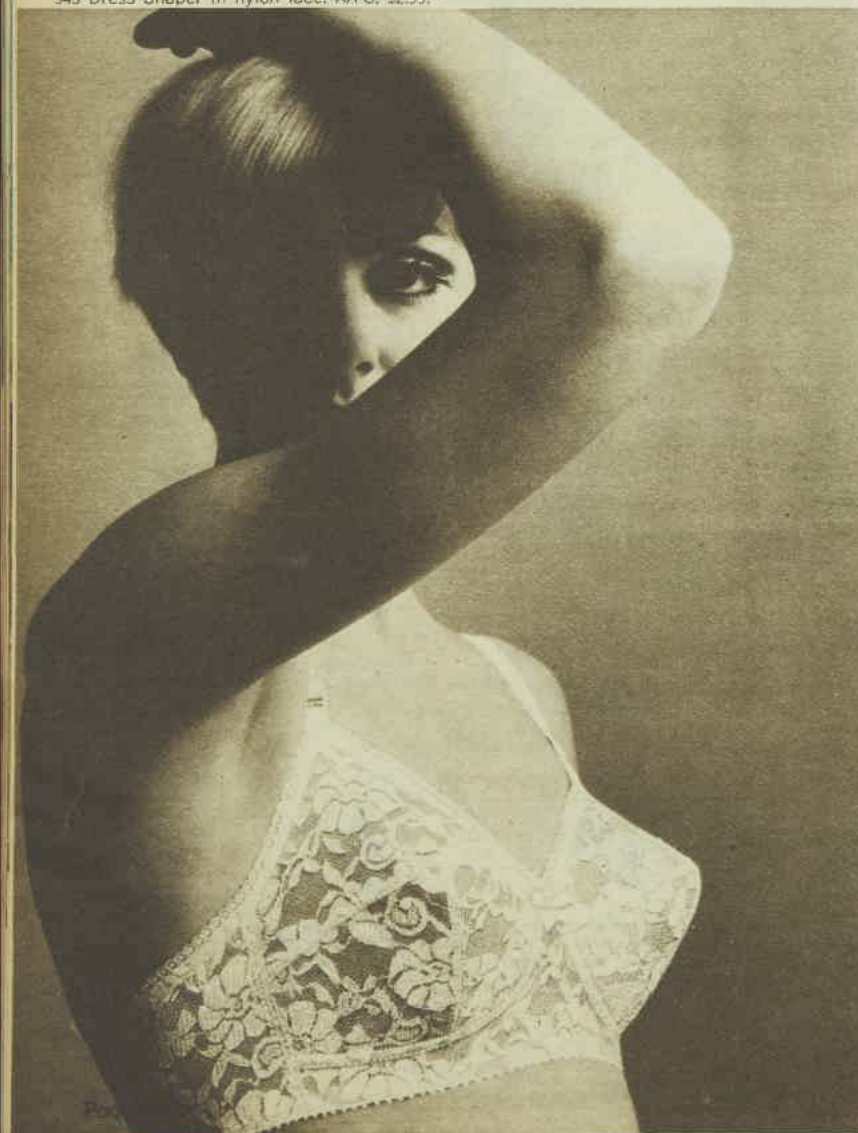


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1974

To Vietnam, with love . . .

"Happy first anniversary, Michael," said 21-year-old Millie Young, of Maribyrnong, N.S.W., to her husband, Michael, recently.

It was a greeting with a difference — for Michael is Australian Army Gunner, of 103 Field Battery, and has been in Vietnam for seven months.

Millie's words were taped, and Michael will hear them about Christmas.

All wives, sweethearts, mothers, fathers, and relatives of men serving with the Australian forces in Vietnam can send recorded messages.

Special arrangements have been made by the Australian Overseas Fund to take tapes to Vietnam with Christmas entertainment.

Messages should be recorded on 3in. spools at a recording speed of 3 3/4.

A spool should be clearly marked in a box addressed to the soldier, with his full home address.

All spools should be delivered or posted to the AFOP representative at RSL Headquarters, Anzac Parade, 26 College Street, Sydney, on or before December 12.

The AFOP recently donated a number of tape recorders to the Australian Army.

"The Mod Princess," Margaret has been called — and on a recent official duty she wore a Beatle-style cap. But those stiletto shoes! Mod?

in Vietnam, so that each man overseas will have access to a tape recorder and will be able to hear his personal message.

Tapes can be purchased from all major stores and electrical dealers, where in most cases facilities are available for recording the messages.



● Kath Walker reads one of her poems.

COMPACT



PIONEERS' OF THE SLOT-CAR BOOM

On pages 2 and 3 this week you can read about the slot-car epidemic currently raging in Australia.

There's an interesting side-story to slot-car racing in its heyday in Melbourne, where the hobby-sport had its mod beginnings in a private garage in 1959.

The three backyard "engineers" who tinkered in the garage making a track and claiming their slot-car was one of the first in Australia.

They concocted their fast slot cars from a Heath collection of equipment — including toothbrush handles, old clocks, and rubber-plug gauge sealing rings, which doubled as car tyres.

The three friends, oil company employee Geoff, shoe-shop proprietor Merry (now a bowling manager), and disc-jockey specialist Tom Purkis, began experiments in their garage at Ashwood.

Their inspiration was a book they read in the letters column of an English model-engineering magazine.

For months they worked by trial and error.

"We believe we were the first to develop brakes on the cars," said Tom Purkis. "At least, our brakes were original and the brainchild of electrical engineer Jim Horwood, who joined us just after we began our experiments."

"Our first car was a scrappy-looking ancient BRM (a British racing car). We connected it to a five-volt battery and put it on a single, straight-lane track 5ft. long.

"When the car shot forward and ran off the end practically wrecking itself, we whooped for joy. It had worked."

Tom Purkis and his colleagues have a constant reminder of their early slot-car adventures. Soon after they established their first four-lane track, early in

1960, Channel 2 televised them racing their cars.

The film made a popular three-minute "Interlude" program and often is still flashed on the screen.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the Week

Momma once said: "Once again it's almost holiday time and people who normally only drive in city traffic and at reasonable speeds will be out on the open roads. When they see those long straight stretches they have a tendency to speed along, and not being used to driving fast they can misjudge a curve and then . . . I'm sure I don't have to tell you what happens. So, if you're planning on visiting people some distance away, for goodness sake have safety belts installed."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "You can live without seat belts in your car—but why die trying?"

A POET'S PLEA FOR HER PEOPLE

We are different hearts and minds

In a different body. Do not ask of us

To be deserters, to disown our mother,

To change the unchangeable. The gum cannot be trained into an oak.

Something is gone, something surrendered, still We will go forward and learn.

Not swamped and lost, watered away, but keeping Our own identity, our pride of race.

Pour your pitcher of wine into the wide river And where is your wine? There is only the river.

So aboriginal poet Kath Walker pleads, not for the integration but the assimilation of her race, in her new book of poetry, "The Dawn Is At Hand," published by Jacaranda Press.

Kath Walker's first book, "We Are Going," published here two years ago, went into seven editions in seven months.

Kath Walker grew up on Stradbroke Island, off the Queensland coast. She was one of seven children of a fisherman, and was a rebel even as a child.

A natural left-hander, she fought her teacher's efforts to make her conform by using the right hand. At 13 she left the island, determined to escape the inevitable domestic service.

But a domestic servant she became, at 2/6 a week, although she wanted to enter the nursing profession.

During the war she served in the AWAS as a telephoneist, later marrying and having two sons.

Denis, 20, is at sea — "looking," Kath Walker says, "for his true place in life. Vivian, at 13, is showing tremendous artistic ability."

The poet intends now to move on to the writing of novels. A Kath Walker novel will no doubt be imbued with the same fighting spirit as her poetry, and also with the irony and sense of fun she displays in the new book.



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In defence of bachelors

LIKE Mrs. Cameron, I think that most middle-aged bachelors are not by choice, not because they lack the confidence to be smartly and make themselves attractive to women. I deplore the bachelor who dresses to create a poor impression before marriage, and then looks like a scarecrow from the garbage tin after marriage. There are as many unattractive middle-aged married men as there are bachelors. How many of these do you find among the middle-aged bachelors' "dreary old mates"? Plenty. At least the bachelor isn't taking the family income away from a wife and children at home.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Davis, Melbourne, Tas.

ANY bachelors in their late thirties or early forties went off to war in the late teens, and on their return they experienced extreme difficulty in adjusting to a changed community. Many were tied both financially and morally to widowed women with younger children, and found no time to live for themselves. My own dear brother returned from war with a serious wound, and struggled for years to build up a business having no qualifications for a decent job. He rendered our family responsibilities, did not drink, and was a "mate" — there was no time to spare. I know a number of such men.

\$2 to Mrs. V. Lennie, Mount, Vic.

WHEN — if ever — females become really nice women again, we find a decline in these "wanted" bachelors. Show the real man who is an outgoing home to a non-stop female who has not returned home from her travels. He finds her clad in slacks, a cigarette hanging from her lips, and eating a meal from a tin, and something she has left at the corner store. Kids (if any) are probably roaming the neighborhood or in some mischief.

\$2 to Mr. John Luxton, Chatswood, N.S.W.

ME men are still single not because no woman wanted them but because of tragedy in their lives. My brother who was killed in a car accident at 31, had lived a happy life since he was 24. The death of the girl he wanted to marry. He was an idealist in every way, and did not even try to find a girl to take her place. I was always glad for him to go out with his friends or his brothers to a pub to have a drink and a laugh. He was a very attractive man, fond of classical music, books, and the theatre, and I knew several women who were deeply attracted to him. I am sure there are other bachelors because of similar tragedy.

\$2 to "Still Grieving" (name supplied), Mitcham,



LETTER BOX

Grandma is being watched!

MOST modern grandmothers are busy with their own affairs and don't realise that a critical eye is being cast over their activities by their teenage granddaughters. This fact came as something of a shock when I learned from a group of teenage lovelies that one grandmother played solo from morning to night, one had her flat filled to the brim with her own flower paintings, and one read the death notices avidly, loved funerals, and enjoyed seeing all her old friends and relatives on these occasions. One did nothing, according to the critic, but visit her children and make as much trouble as it is possible for one grandmother to make.

\$2 to Mrs. H. Nicholls, Mooroolbark, Vic.

Remembering to remember

IF you are forgetful, you might have talked yourself into much of it. This is how I make myself remember: I never say I have a bad memory — because this is the way to develop it. I never write a shopping list, but tell myself to remember to get whatever I want. You can apply the same principle to all sorts of things besides shopping. I am getting quite a reputation for not forgetting anything.

\$2 to M.A. (name supplied), Arncliffe, N.S.W.

A "tubby's" retort

MY girlfriend always has a comeback for catty people who say, "Aren't you fat?" "Yes," she will say. "It's better to be full of curves than full of nerves."

\$2 to "Barbie" (name supplied), South Caulfield, Vic.

Just like a man!

MY husband was driving a couple of hundred miles on his own, and as he was not long over an illness I particularly asked him to send me a telegram as soon as he arrived at his destination. Eight days went by without word and I was worried. Then the telegram came. "Arrived safely, see you tomorrow."

\$2 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, N.S.W.

Gesture to a new neighbor

IT'S a nice gesture when a new neighbor moves in, to take over a plate of sandwiches and a flask of tea either at lunch or afternoon-tea time in an effort to make the newcomers feel at home. But don't make the mistake of staying too long and thus being a hindrance rather than a help. Just a friendly word of welcome is all that is necessary, and an assurance that if you can be of help you will be glad to be so.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Fleming, Chermide, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE AGONY, THEN THE ECSTASY

I SPENT some of my holidays painting ceilings.

Two ceilings, to be exact — the living-room and the master bedroom.

Like Michelangelo, I found it an agonising job.

Painting walls is not so bad, but ceilings are a test of endurance.

You know those ads in which pretty girls show how simple it is to use the latest paint. You will notice they are always painting walls.

Pretty girls don't paint ceilings — they get men to do it.

I had to do a lot of scraping first, with dust falling in my eyes.

Then when I put on the paint it ran down the brush on to my hand. Sometimes it dripped on my face.

Every time I had finished one little spot I had to go down the ladder, shift it, and climb up again.

When Michelangelo painted ceilings he used to lie on a sort of platform. In my opinion he was lucky. If he had had to move a ladder all the time, he would have gone through more agony.

However, I stuck to my painting (and some of it stuck to me). Scrap-



ing, undercoat, and two overcoats. At last the living-room ceiling was done.

It was then that I tasted the real bitterness of the ceiling painter.

One by one people came into the room. But they did not notice the ceiling had been painted.

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.



PURSE PROUD

● Motivational research workers from the British Research Centre conducted a survey of the female attitude to handbags and found that women regard handbags as private, personal, even secret objects. Some points they didn't make . . .

At twenty, lipstick, handkerchief, and purse, Perhaps a letter from a likely lad.

At forty, contents numerous, diverse, Glasses and headache powders — rather sad.

If she is single, widowed, or divorced, Her evening bag is bulging, overweight,

Its life is short because the clasp is forced — Mute evidence of solitary fate.

Married, her bag is tiny, if she's blessed With twenty-twenty vision, doesn't smoke;

She carries little junk and bungs the rest Into the pockets of her steady bloke.

— Dorothy Drain

Hidden danger to toddlers

THE majority of mothers, I imagine, are aware of the dangers of plastic bags to young children. I certainly thought that my home was safe from this hazard until recently I found my toddler pulling a plastic bag over his head. The ones I had overlooked are found in many homes — the inner plastic covers of LP records.

\$2 to "Warned" (name supplied), Burnie, Tas.

Razor-blade safety

HOW do other people solve the problem of disposing of old razor blades with safety? A child's money-box, painted to match the bathroom, is a handy container and takes a long time to fill.

\$2 to Mrs. A. Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.

New Way to Reduce Weight

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

Excessive weight, besides robbing one's youth and beauty, soon leads to the risk of development of high blood pressure, hypertensive heart disease and circulatory, coronary and internal disorders. A sensible diet of lean meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, avoiding excesses of sugary and starch content foods and the use of polyunsaturated oils in the preparation of food, together with Mevon Extract tablets each day is the safe and easy way to reduce excess weight.

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Quick-Twist razor with Super Stainless blades and Answer aerosol deodorant. Gift boxed. **\$2.20**



Slim Adjustable razor with Super Stainless blades and Foamy shave cream. Gift boxed. **\$3.15**



Slim Adjustable razor with Super Stainless blades and Answer deodorant. Gift boxed. **\$3.90**

IRIS

By ALLAN SEALE

● Now is the time to divide and transplant these beauties.

THE FLAG IRIS of 25 or 30 years ago would be insignificant beside modern types, and the same is true of Japanese Iris. Iris have come a long way in a comparatively short time.

Now is the best time to divide and transplant—a new idea, for previously this was done during autumn or winter. However, it is now felt that at this time the plants are fairly dormant, will tolerate disturbance better, and have time to re-establish before winter.

Not all clumps need dividing each year, but only when growth becomes congested. Last spring my finest displays of bloom were on clumps not divided for three years.

Dividing Flag Iris: Lift the clumps after easing around them with a strong fork or spade. Don't worry about severing long roots, as these will be trimmed off later. If the soil doesn't easily shake free, hose them clean.

To untangle the clumps, cut a few of the old rhizomes toward the centre well away from the foliage. The sections should then come apart.

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● Iris called *Truly Tassie*, raised by Mr. Merton Calvert, of Hobart, is exciting interest abroad.

Stay the eager hand—don't divide down to single fans. A few of these are inevitable, but in most clumps you will find many sections with two or three fans, each with an individual, bulbous base, but attached to a sound, comparatively young rhizome.

Cut this unit free from any old rhizomes, plant it intact. It will establish more quickly than single fans. Trim away the old spongy rhizomes, retaining only firm new growth.

Root trimming: Even disturbing the roots as little as possible, you can't transplant without some damage, especially to the longer ones. Trim these well back, thus encouraging the plant to make new roots rather than struggle on with damaged ones.

To compensate for this, reduce transpiration and lessen the draw on the roots by halving the length of the foliage. Cut the fans in inverted-V form, so that the new growth at centre of the fan is longest and outer older leaves are shortest.

Plant the divisions back, 9 to 12 in. apart, in clump-like formation, allowing the fans to incline slightly outward as they would if the clump developed naturally. Leave about 2 ft. between each clump. Don't plant deeply. The top of the rhizome should be slightly above soil level.

Soil: The Flag Iris, sometimes also referred to as Bearded Iris, need a well-drained, fairly sunny position. Soil which packs hard should be lightened by working a little leafmould or compost into the surface. Avoid heavy mulches of compost or other organic material close to the plant.

Add a little lime where the soil is acid, as it would be where untreated hydrangeas are blue, and apply about one-third of a cup of complete plant food to each square yard.

Keep newly planted or established clumps a little on the dry side until early spring (just before flowering).

In autumn, strip away dead or yellowed foliage to allow sun to penetrate and harden-up the rhizomes for next season's flowering.

Leaf spot: This is a fungous disease which sometimes occurs when plants are sappy through overfeeding, overwatering, or too much shade. Spray with Zineb, Bordeaux, or one of the complete fungicides.

JAPANESE IRIS (*Iris kaempferi*)

An improved strain of this species is now known as Mahigo Iris. They produce large, flat blooms, heavily marked in a variety of colors.

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These usually flower later than the Bearded Iris—in November/December—and don't have large storage rhizomes, so they need plenty of water, especially during spring and midsummer. They are often grown around ponds or in bog gardens, where the soil stays wet.

They are divided in winter. Wash them clean of soil and use a sharp knife to cut between the woody crowns. Cut away dead or old flowered sections, selecting the strongest crowns for replanting. Trim back roots, old foliage.

Replant as soon as possible, so the crowns don't dry out. Cover with about 2 in. of crumbly soil containing a little compost or peatmoss, and firm in well. They must be kept moist after replanting. As with Bearded Iris, a little complete plant food added to the soil will help, but exclude lime. The *kaempferi* must have an acid soil.

IRIS STYLOSA

This may be listed under the unfortunate name *I. unguicularis*—a delightful, pale blue, winter-flowering little iris often found in older gardens. It grows and flowers freely in poor soil, sun or shade, requiring little water.

The clumps are tightly packed with tough, narrow evergreen foliage 12 to 15 in. high. If their dense foliage tends to hide the flowers, shear it back to about 6 in. Do this in autumn before the buds appear, and it will provide an attractive display for several months.

DUTCH IRIS

These are well known for the intense blues or golds of their handsome, open blooms. They are bulbous, and die down completely. Lift them now, store in a shaded, airy spot until February/March. Some growers successfully leave them in the soil from year to year, but they may rot if they become overwet, especially in heavier soils.



● Mixed bed of spring-flowering iris and tulips (foreground) bloom at Leura, N.S.W., at the Blue Mountains home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Cammeray, N.S.W.



● Lovely iris *Patrice* (at left) is a *plicata* type, with rosy dots making a border on its white petals.



● This pale blue, broad-petalled iris (at right) is called *Seathwaite* and was raised in England.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 19



uninteresting fact she'd ever heard. "And when am I going to see you again, darling?"

"Not until the June rush is over, I'm afraid. Early in July, perhaps."

"But I'll be in Oslo by then. Couldn't you come this weekend?"

"Mother, that's impossible. We work Saturdays. It's our busiest day. I'm exhausted at the end of it."

She sounded cross. "Honestly, I think it's time you took stock of yourself, D'Arcy. Here you are, twenty-seven. Do you really want to go on trying to make a career for yourself in New York? Wouldn't you be a lot happier if you settled down and raised a family? Look at Evvie. And I'm sure I don't have to remind you that Sam Hickock won't wait for ever."

Evvie is a year and a half younger than I. She's married to a big, outgoing Norwegian named Sven who is an assistant professor of gynaecology in one of the medical schools in Oslo; and to date she has produced three beautiful babies, which has given Sven's reputation a considerable boost. Sam Hickock, on the other hand, has been my faithful beau for the past twelve years, and I haven't done a thing, as far as I can recall, to boost his reputation. At the back of my mind I've always been aware that he wouldn't wait for me for ever, and it hasn't depressed me too much.

It was too early in the morning, though, for conference on babies and husbands. I said, "Mother, I'm afraid I'll have to rush, or I'll be late for work."

"I understand. Take care of yourself, dear. Good-bye."

I fixed myself a pot of coffee and sat in my living-room with it, looking out the window and—in a rather absent-minded way—taking stock of myself, as my mother had suggested.

She was probably right. I had no real complaints about the present state of my life. I was happy enough, and I was certainly busy enough. There was only one drawback to my job: You met an awful lot of marriageable females, but you hardly ever met a marriageable male.

When I graduated some six years ago, Mother hoped I'd settle down to a teaching career near home, but I made a beeline for Europe with every cent I'd saved. For six months I lived as I'd always dreamed of living, exploring Brittany and Provence in an old Citroen, and then making my way into Italy. It was my first trip to Europe, and it went right to my head. If my money had held out I might be in Florence to this day. As it was, I barely managed to get back to Paris.

Now, months before I was born, Mother was absolutely convinced that I was going to be a boy, and she had made up her mind to name me after her favorite brother, Edward D'Arcy Gifford, who was at that time a bright young man in the State Department. The fact that I turned out to be a girl caused no serious change in her plans: instead of being named Edward D'Arcy I was simply named Elizabeth D'Arcy. Twenty-one years later, my Uncle D'Arcy was a Counsellor at the American Embassy in Paris, and when my great adventure was coming to an end I naturally called him to say goodbye.

We chatted for a while and eventually he said, "It sounds as if you had a splendid vacation, and I suppose you can't wait to get back."

"To Moberly? Uncle D'Arcy, are you kidding? I dread it."

"In that case," he said, "you might like to consider coming to work for us. It would be on a purely temporary basis, of course, but I think you would find it fairly interesting."

Nothing in the world could have made me happier. I was overjoyed. The temporary job lasted nearly two years, and I had a ball. Then—I suppose it was inevitable—I met Raoul, who was handsome, and witty, and wildly attractive in every way, but who was unfortunately not marriageable, since he was already

married. The affair ended so painfully that I was convinced I'd never recover; I couldn't bear to live in Paris any longer, and I returned to the United States.

The day I was leaving the Embassy my uncle said, "I used to know a rather nice girl named Paula Ponsonby, who does something or other at a department store in New York called Fellowes—if you're determined not to go back to Moberly, or take up teaching, it might be a good idea to call Paula when you get back and ask her if she has anything for you to do."

I checked into a quiet old-fashioned hotel on Thirtieth Street when I arrived in New York, and for a week I was too filled with despair over Raoul to do anything about looking for a job. At last, one afternoon, I sat down at the telephone in my hotel room and called Miss Paula Ponsonby at Fellowes, Fifth Avenue.

"I'm so pleased to hear from you," Miss Ponsonby said when I'd introduced myself. "I had a letter from your uncle in Paris advising me that I might expect a call from you. Tell me, Miss Evans, how is your uncle?"

I assured her that my uncle was well.

"Good, good. I'm so glad. Now, when can we meet for a little chat? Tomorrow morning, perhaps? Say at ten thirty?"

The following morning, at ten thirty, I was in her office. We talked for several minutes, and then she said, "With your background, not to mention what your uncle wrote to me about you, I have no doubt at all that you would be a most welcome addition to our staff. As it happens," she said, flicking through some papers on her desk, "I have two positions open which might be of interest to you. One is in our Public Relations office—"

"Public relations! I've always wanted to do public relations!"

"Every bright girl with a college education who comes to see me wants to do public relations, Miss Evans," she said, a little sadly. "Let me just tell you about the other job, though. It's in our Bridal Department."

I smiled at her. "Well, there!—I know a little about public relations, Miss Ponsonby; in a way, that's what I was doing at the Embassy. But I'm afraid I simply don't know the first thing about wedding dresses or veils or lace; I'd be completely out of my depth."

Her eyes were fixed on me. "You may easily decide that the choice is perfectly obvious. You would earn more, for example, in our Public Relations office. The position in Bridal Department, I am afraid, carries a starting salary that won't enable you to live luxuriously here in New York. What is more—and I have to be perfectly frank—the job is very, very demanding. Up to now, we haven't had much luck filling it."

"You would be assistant to Mrs. Snell, the buyer; and she is not by any means the easiest woman in the world to get along with. She's a perfectionist, and you know how difficult perfectionists can be. But I think your social background, both at college and at the Embassy, would be invaluable to her department, and I think you would enjoy the sheer challenge of working with her. I would strongly urge you to join Mrs. Snell, Miss Evans."

I stared at her in surprise. She was asking me to forgo a job that would probably suit me perfectly, and that paid a reasonable salary, and to take instead a job for which I wasn't suited in the least and which paid practically nothing. Why?

She seemed able to read my mind. "The low salary is based on the fact that for a period of three months you would really be in training, learning the work of Bridal Department. It's rather more complicated than any other department in the store. I can promise you a considerable increase at the end of the trial period—if you satisfy Mrs. Snell and if you decide to stay in the department. In the long run you will be better off financially, and you will be better off in terms of a career."

So, the following Monday I went to work for Mrs. Snell. Four years ago. Four long, long years ago. What an innocent I had been then! I was much harder now, much tougher—or was I? It was something to brood about, drinking black coffee at the window of my living-room, on the morning of my twenty-seventh birthday.

I couldn't brood for long. I showered, dressed, made up, slapped on a spring hat, found a clean pair of white gloves, and left the apartment at half past eight. A few minutes before nine o'clock I walked into the employees' entrance of Fellowes and collected the keys to Bridal Department from my good friend Mr. O'Reilly, the doorkeeper and timekeeper. Then I made my way through the store to the rear elevators.

Miss Curwen, one of our senior elevator operators, chatted to me happily as we rode up to the fifth floor. She was planning—at long last—to get married in the fall, and I'd promised to help her with her bridal outfit. When I stepped out of the elevator I walked through the shadows of Negligees, Corsets, Shoes, Better Hats, and then into Department 509, my home base.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1940

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BANISH BUNIONS

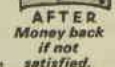
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HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Bridal Department is special, and I am not sure that I can explain why. Most of the decoration in a big store is a little gimmick when you look at it closely. It has to be, by the very nature of department stores. It isn't intended to be permanent, and it's usually assembled in a hurry, overnight or during weekends.

Not Bridal Department. Not, to be more precise, the Brides' Lounge. It was Fellowes' pride and joy. You enter through a wide arch of scrolled ironwork, painted white; on the right of the arch stands our mannequin, dolled up in one of our most impressive gowns; on the other side of the arch is the receptionist's desk, with a vase of fresh flowers on it. Flowers are an important part of the decoration; they're brought in fresh every morning.

The floor is covered in soft green carpet; the walls are oyster white; and there's an abundance of furniture—long green settees, gold-and-white armchairs, antique glass tables, and smaller gold-and-white end tables to match the armchairs. The biggest table of all stands in the centre of the Lounge, a massive work of art with a mirrored top. On this stands our most elaborate flower arrangement, and directly over it hangs our chandelier, a huge creation like an inverted glass bouquet, almost five feet wide.

THE furniture doesn't intrude in any way; brides can come out and parade quite freely in their gowns and show themselves off to their admiring families; they can inspect themselves in the two enormous mirrors that almost cover one entire wall; and they can also be shown how to walk out here.

This is rather more subtle than it sounds, because walking in a bridal gown is quite different from walking in any other kind of garment. You have to kick the front of the gown with each step you take, lifting it an inch or two; otherwise you might tread on the hem and pitch forward and break your neck—a silly and undignified way to end the most important day of your life.

This morning, of course, had to be different from other mornings: just as I walked into the empty, half-lit Brides' Lounge, the telephone on the reception desk began to ring.

It had no right to ring so early in the morning. Calls aren't put through to the Brides' Lounge until Fellowes opens to the public at half past nine. I picked up the receiver and said, "Hello" rather cautiously; and Kay Enson, our switchboard supervisor, answered, "Oh, Miss Evans, I'm so glad you're there. I have a call from Paris."

I said, "Who is it, Kay?" "She wouldn't tell me. She insisted she had to speak to whoever was in charge of Bridal Department. Hold on, please: I'll put her through."

A moment later a woman's voice said, "Hello, Miss Evans. This is Lorinda Lorraine."

I was surprised. "Why, Miss Lorraine! I had no idea that you'd left New York."

"Yes, I flew in here yesterday to meet my fiancé."

For a moment I was baffled. I couldn't imagine why she had flown to Paris to see her fiancé, because she was to be married in a week's time at the Little Church Around the Corner. I'd chatted with her, right here in the Lounge, only two days ago, when she came in for the final fitting of her wedding gown. She had charmed everybody in the department; she was sweet and generous,

with none of the infuriating temperament one so often finds in a Broadway star. Her fiancé was a brilliant Spanish architect who had settled in New York and come to fame and fortune in the last five years; and one afternoon, when he walked into Bridal Department to meet Miss Lorraine after a fitting, he caused a sensation. They were wonderful together—a beautiful woman, a handsome man, obviously madly in love.

"Has there been some change in your plans, Miss Lorraine? Are you getting married in Paris?"

She laughed. "Yes, indeed, there has been a change in my plans. But I'm not getting married in Paris. Dear me, no. In fact I'm not getting married at all. My fiancé and I have had a slight misunderstanding, and we've decided to call the whole thing off. The reason I'm calling you, of course, is to tell you that I'm afraid I shall have no further use for my trousseau. Would you be kind enough to take steps to dispose of it for me immediately?"

This had happened before, and it would undoubtedly happen again. A bridal gown—particularly a gown such as the one Lorinda Lorraine had chosen—costs a pretty penny; and if you aren't going to use it, it isn't unreasonable to try to get some of your money back. I said, "Certainly. I'll put the gown back into stock; and it's such a beautiful model, I'm sure we'll have no difficulty finding a customer for it."

"No! No! I absolutely forbid you to offer it for sale to anyone. That's absolutely out of the question."

I was taken aback by her ferocity. "I'm afraid I don't understand. How do you want me to dispose of it?"

"Get rid of it, do you hear? Burn it. Throw it in the trash can. Give it to some charity and let them make curtains out of it. But don't sell it to another woman; I don't want any other woman to wear it."

I waited a moment for her fury to die down. Then I said: "Your instructions are quite clear, Miss Lorraine. Will you please confirm this request in writing?"

"I will be only too happy to confirm it in writing." Three thousand miles away she burst into uncontrollable weeping. "Goodbye," she wailed, and before I could respond she hung up.

Poor girl. All she wanted, I assumed, was to talk to somebody about her unhappiness. She didn't really think that I'd put a match to her \$650 hand-jewelled, imported French Alençon lace gown, or to her \$150 headress. She must have been fully aware that the gown was much too bulky to fit into a trash can. And she must have known that the designer would raise a storm if he learned that we'd given one of his most elegant designs away to be converted into draperies. I didn't have to take any action, though, until Miss Lorraine's written instructions arrived from Paris; and after a while, feeling sorry for her, I went back to my work.

First, I had to inspect the Lounge. This is only a formality, because the Maintenance people take great pains to keep it immaculate. Between the two large mirrors there is an entrance to a long narrow corridor; on one side of this corridor are the stock rooms (including the Cooler, where completed orders are kept) and the special fitting-room that we use for formal photographs and for trying on gowns with extra long trains. On the other side are the regular fitting-rooms, each with a green

draw curtain instead of a door. At the far end of the corridor are the department offices, Mrs. Snell's and mine, as well as the consultants' room, and the veil room, where Margot Barry reigns supreme as Queen of the Veils.

I unlocked the stock rooms and the Cooler (which is actually slightly refrigerated day and night to keep gowns absolutely fresh); then I went into my office, unlocked the filing cabinet, and took out the department books, including the daily diary, in which the consultants keep a record of all appointments and I keep a record of all orders and deliveries.

Bridal gowns are special orders, which means—as I had tried to tell Mother this morning—that the manufacturer requires as much as six weeks to make them. So, when a bride-to-be comes to us she selects a particular design, in a particular material; the consultant takes her measurements and passes the order to me. I then place the order with the manufacturer and get a delivery date from him. The bride is notified when to come in for her first fitting; and it is my responsibility to see that the gown is actually in Bridal Department on the promised date. It's conducive to ulcers, sleeplessness, and grey hairs.

But as far as I could see we had a nice uncomplicated day ahead of us, just right for an assistant buyer who was celebrating her twenty-seventh birthday. The most important appointment was at two thirty, when a girl named Miss Albacini and her ten bridesmaids were coming in for a fitting. This was plain sailing, however, because I'd already received delivery notes for the complete order—it had all been delivered by the manufacturer and was waiting to be picked up in the receiving room, down in the basement.

Besides, our star consultant, Miss Caswell, was looking after Miss Albacini, and Miss Caswell is one of the world's most efficient human beings.

The consultants began to arrive a few minutes before nine fifteen—Mrs. Duckingham, Mrs. Hatfield, Miss de Wild, Miss Greene, Mrs. Hazel. Then our receptionist, cute little Alice Pye. They called "Good morning" to me as they passed my open door, and went on to sign the time sheets in the consultants' room. There were still two more to come. Miss Caswell was often a few minutes late, because she lived way out on Long Island with her mother and had to commute on the Long Island Rail Road, which is occasionally erratic; and there was no need to worry about her.

But there was every reason to worry about Suzanne Benville, who was late almost every morning because it was her nature to be late, and who had already been reprimanded twice this month for unpunctuality. A third reprimand might mean that she would be fired, which would grieve me considerably.

In nearly every respect Suzanne is the antithesis of Miss Caswell: she's casual, she's careless, she's impatient, she's sometimes outrageously rude to her customers. But she has true flair, which is rare, and she also happens to be the only real friend I have in New York.

I decided to go out to the Lounge and wait for her, so that I could give her hell when she arrived. Most of the lights were on in the Lounge. Precisely at nine fifteen they all came on with a sudden little flick; soft chimes sounded throughout the store; and our working day had begun, although the public would not be admitted for another fifteen minutes. No Suzanne, of course. No sign of her.

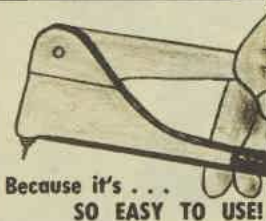
I waited. Alice Pye came out to take her place at the reception desk, and sat there with a sad expression on her

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Ready to Wear: \$2 and 34in. bust, \$9.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$9.95.

Cut Out Only: \$2 and 34in. bust, \$6.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.35.

Postage and dispatch, 60 cents extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 46. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for 4 weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

How to be MORE BEAUTIFUL ON ALL OCCASIONS



**Ways and means
to help you look younger and lovelier
— to make the most of your beauty**

YOUR SKIN

You will have a more beautiful complexion that is smooth and fine-grained in texture, alive with the dewy bloom of youthfulness with the benefit of these simple hints. Your skin will look so much younger and it will keep its exquisite, petal-soft appearance.

You can now beautify your skin with a success that has never before been possible because modern science has realised the secret dream of every woman and has afforded you the rare privilege of cherishing a flawless, milky, beautiful complexion all your life. The discovery of a tropical moist oil with remarkable, skin-beautifying benefits now enables you to simulate nature's way of supplying beautifying elements to your complexion.

This moist oil supplements the natural skin oil and moisture inexorably lost due to temperature extremes, sun, wind and time itself. Isotonically balanced for rapid assimilation into the skin cells, the revolutionary beauty oil soaks beauty into your skin and eradicates tiny, dry lines and wrinkles.

When smoothed over the face and neck daily and used as an ideal powder-base beneath make-up, tropical moist oil of Ulan brings youth and loveliness to the complexion. The skin is nourished and protected all day and the perfect oil and moisture balance of the basal cells is constantly maintained.

Because of its hygroscopic properties, oil of Ulan assists nature further by replenishing moisture ex-

tracted from the upper dermic layer by evaporation, attracting moisture from the surrounding atmosphere and drawing it into the skin so that the complexion retains its dewy, youthful bloom.

At night use Ulan vitalizing night cream to give your complexion ultra-rich lubrication as well as an uplifting facial massage. This night cream contains the precious moist Ulan oils plus rich vitalizing oils, which make it ideal for smoothing away tired lines, fading away shadows, and for correcting dryness and lack of firmness.

Stroke the cream on the skin at bedtime with the tips of the fingers, applying it to the cheeks, forehead and throat and working it in with upward, moulding strokes so that you cover

every inch of the face and neck. Circle cream lightly around the eyes to give extra smoothness and protection to this delicate skin tissue.

CLEANSE your complexion with a gentle cleansing milk because, for one thing, it's quicker than a cleansing cream and, for another, it's the most efficient medium for removing grime and stale make-up. It softens and lifts impurities so that there's no necessity for rubbing the skin, and it never dries the skin or removes the natural protective oils.



Smooth Delph cleansing milk lightly over your face and neck in an upward direction. Work it gently round your nose, chin and hairline, where particles tend to accumulate, and allow the dissolving action of the milk a minute or two to float the dirt out. Then rinse your skin in tepid water and pat gently dry with a soft towel.

See how quickly and easily your complexion has taken on a new clearness, how soft and satiny your skin feels to the touch.

TONE and refine your pores by utilizing the natural lemon-toning properties of special beauty lemons. Delph skin freshener stimulates a lazy circulation in seconds and should always be used after cleansing to tone the skin and close relaxed pores.



Sprinkle a little of the lemon Delph freshener on a pad of cotton wool and pat the face and neck briskly until the skin feels wonderfully braced and has a radiant glow.

YOUR MAKE-UP

Once a film of oil of Ulan has been applied to your complexion you can, more successfully, blend a tinted foundation over your face and neck.

The petal-flake technique is infallible in giving your skin a richly delicate bloom. Simply dot petal-smooth Evenmatt on the face and neck and diffuse the film

of colour over the skin with your fingertips. Add a blush of rouge, a dusting of matching Evenmatt powder and your favourite lipstick.

Since eye make-up can be very time-consuming, use only eye-liner and mascara on the occasions when you want really quick results. Choose a subtle shade of liner and use it for darkening and shaping eyebrows as well as for outlining the upper eyelids.



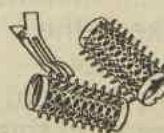
A mascara wand gives you lush, lengthy lashes in seconds, does away with the bother of old-fashioned wetting and brushing on of mascara.

DISCOVERING THE TRUE BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

A gleaming head of beautiful, silk-soft hair makes any woman stand out in a crowd—and, nine times out of ten, it's the shampoo she chooses that primarily creates the shimmer and sheen in her crowning glory.

The "Peek-In" Glow shampoos are excellent for giving hair the exquisite jewel-like tones seen when looking into the depths of amber or a precious stone. Simply by massaging this "glow" shampoo into your hair when shampooing, you bring out the rich translucent highlights and enhance the colour depths of your natural hair shade.

For speedy hair-setting, practise pinning hair up over the crown with three or four large rollers. Set hair all round the back and sides in pin curls. If you have a fringe, arrange it and secure well with transparent tape. Now spray the hair with your hair spray and allow the hair to dry. Remove rollers and pins and gently brush the hairstyle through once.



Spray and style lightly again to preserve its neatness and shape and to give the final, shining touch of beauty to your well-groomed head.

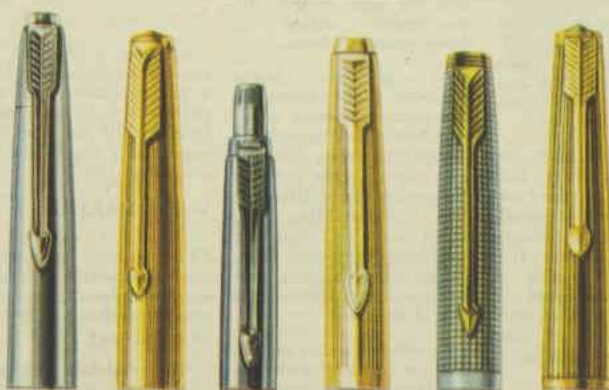


Pick a Parker gift and win a Paris holiday for two.



Flying Air-India the airline that treats you like a Maharajah

There's a Parker pen or Ballpen for everyone on your Christmas list. From the magnificent Parker 75 in solid sterling silver to a Parker T-Ball special Jotter at \$2.50. Give Parker—the world's most wanted pens—this Christmas and you could be the guest of Parker on this fabulous Paris Holiday.



HOW TO ENTER. All entries must be submitted on an official entry form. Pick up your entry form from any Parker or Sunbeam Appliance Dealer.

EASY TO WIN.

All you have to do is tell us the name of the Parker pen or Ballpen to which each of these caps (illustrated) belong, (look for clues in the entry form). Write twenty-five words, or less, why you chose a Parker gift this Christmas. And attach a price tag* from any Parker pen to each entry. There is no limit to the number of entries. Closing date is 31st January, 1967.

* Price tag not required where State laws are contravened.

 **PARKER**

Over \$5000 in prizes!

**FIRST PRIZE: Return trip for two
first-class Sydney-Paris
with \$500 spending money.**

Paris in the Spring... the most romantic time of year in the world's most enchanting city. You fly to Paris and return in the Maharajah-style luxury of an Air-India Boeing 707 intercontinental jetliner, and you'll have a total of \$500 in travellers' cheques to spend.

Other wonderful prizes to be won include:

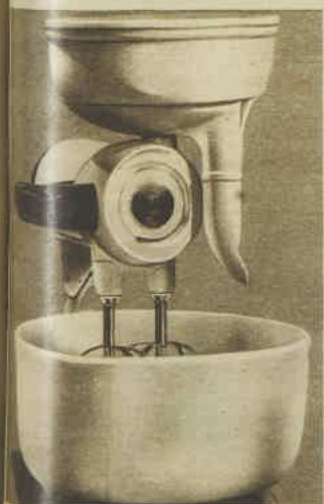
40 fabulous Sunbeam appliances



Sunbeam Spray Steam or Dry Iron. With exclusive 36-hole satin-smooth sole plate for easy ironing.



Sunbeam Teflon-Coated Frypan. Food can never stick to this miracle surface.



Sunbeam Mixmaster Mixer. It whips, beats, creams, blends at the correct speed for every type of food preparation.



Sunbeam Toastermatic Toaster. Fully automatic with Radiant Control so you never burn the toast.

also 100 famous Parker ballpens

ENTRY FORMS AVAILABLE FROM YOUR PARKER
OR SUNBEAM APPLIANCE DEALER **NOW!**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1966

HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

pretty face. I said, "What's the matter, Alice?" and she answered glumly, "Nothing, Miss Evans. I had a fight with my boyfriend last night, that's all. I don't understand boys, Miss Evans. I honestly don't."

"Welcome to the club, Alice."

She laughed, but the sad expression remained.

At nine twenty-nine, precisely one minute before the store opened, I saw Suzanne coming through Corsets, hatless, unhurried, unconcerned. She was carrying a small white package.

Suzanne said, "I am a few minutes late, I believe."

"You are exactly fifteen minutes late, Miss Banville. Will you come to my office, please?"

She shrugged one slender shoulder. "Certainly."

Alice stared up at me in awe. I guess I sounded pretty grim. Fortunately, it wasn't really part of my job as assistant buyer to crack a whip over the staff: that was Mrs. Snell's domain. But for the past three weeks Mrs. Snell had been out of action with some unspecified illness, and there was no indication when she would return, leaving me as temporary acting buyer with full responsibility for running the department, although I was well aware I was only the palest shadow of Mrs. Snell.

AS soon as we were in my office I said, "Now look, Suzanne; I hate to act like this, but I'm trying to keep your job for you."

"Dear D'Arcy," she said. "I understand." She held out the white package she had been carrying. "Here. These are why I am late. Really, I am late only on your account. I had to stop to get this little birthday remembrance for you."

"Oh, no." The white package contained a perfectly beautiful miniature bouquet.

I said: "Suzanne, you shouldn't have done this. And how did you know it was my birthday?"

"You told me yourself a couple of weeks ago, when I asked you the date of your birth so that I could figure out your horoscope."

"I remember. You never told me my horoscope."

"There was no need. It is clear as daylight that only good things are going to happen to you. That is why I cling to you so closely. You will marry a prince on a white charger, with a million dollars in a Swiss bank, and have seven lovely children.—D'Arcy, I have to run. I have an appointment at a quarter to ten with such a stupid bride, she is driving me mad. Can we have lunch together?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good. Be happy, birthday child."

She opened the door, smiled at me, and went out. I put the beautiful little bouquet in a drinking glass, and just as I was about to go and get some water my telephone rang.

I picked up the receiver. "Bridal Department. Miss Evans."

"Good morning, Miss Evans. This is Miss Ponsonby. Will you be in your office for the next ten minutes? I want to bring your new floor manager down to meet you."

It was a surprise. "Has Mr. Chubb left?"

She gave a strange little laugh. "Mr. Chubb has been transferred to the fourth floor, and Mr. Kirkpatrick is taking his place."

"Oh," I said, trying to sound unmoved.

"And one other thing," she went on. "Miss Caswell just called to say that her mother was taken sick during the night and she will be unable to come in today. I hope you can get along without her temporarily."

"I think we can."

"Splendid. I'll see you in a few minutes, then."

I put the receiver down and said, "Hell and blast and damn," or words to that effect. A new floor manager, Mr. Kirkpatrick, no less; and my very best consultant staying home to look after a sick mother. What would happen next? I knew only too well, after twenty-seven years of bitter experience, that calamities don't come singly to me, or even in pairs. They come in herds.

My first duty was to alert everybody in the department that Miss Ponsonby was on her way down with a new floor manager. I hurried into the consultants' room with the news. Mrs. Buckingham, as usual, was reading the New York "Times"; the others were chatting gaily. There was no need to make a speech: the bare announcement was enough, and they all began to stir at once.

Mrs. Buckingham folded the paper. "And whom, Miss Evans, are we getting in Mr. Chubb's place?"

"Mr. Kirkpatrick."

There was instant uproar. Miss de Wild cried, "Oh, no! How terrible!" Mrs. Hatfield exclaimed, "But I understand he's a monster! Everyone on the sixth floor hates him." Miss Greene murmured, "This is the worst news I ever heard."

I sympathised. I knew Mr. Kirkpatrick's reputation. But as acting head of the department I had to make some effort to maintain morale. "Let's not judge him until we know him better. He probably isn't half as bad as he's made out to be. But if you have any trouble with him, don't hesitate to let me know." Then I changed the subject. "Incidentally, Miss Caswell isn't coming in today. Can anyone take her appointment at two-thirty this afternoon?"

Miss Greene glanced at her appointment book and said she was free.

"Good. Let's talk about it after Miss Ponsonby leaves."

I poked my head into the veil room and said to Margot Barry, "Miss Ponsonby is on her way down with our new floor manager," but she only stared at me icily. She was in

the process of creating a new veil.

I went to the lounge and told Alice Pye that Miss Ponsonby was coming down with Mr. Kirkpatrick, our new floor manager, and she said: "Gosh, I'll have to look busy. I'll pretend I'm checking my filing cards."

I laughed. She was so young and cute. Then I said, "Do you know if Miss Banville's bride has arrived yet?"

"Yes, she has. She's in Fitting Room 5, with Miss Banville."

When I left the Lounge I peeked into Fitting Room 5, and there Suzanne was, as Alice had said, helping a girl on with a gown. There was no need to warn her of anything. I continued down the narrow corridor to my office, and a couple of minutes later Miss Ponsonby arrived with Mr. Kirkpatrick, formerly the scourge and terror of the sixth floor.

"Here we are at last. I hope we haven't kept you waiting," Miss Ponsonby said. Without any further beating about the bush she added, "Mr. Kirkpatrick, Miss D'Arcy Evans."

"How do you do?" I said politely.

"How do you do?" he said politely.

I had the impression that he disliked me on sight.

Miss Ponsonby said: "There's no need for me to hang around, Miss Evans. I've explained to Mr. Kirkpatrick that you are in charge of Bridal Department while Mrs. Snell is indisposed, and I'll now leave you to show him in detail how the department operates. I'm sure you'll get along with each other famously." She edged toward the door. "Will you let me know when you're through, Miss Evans? I still have to introduce Mr. Kirkpatrick to Miss Kramer in Better Hats and Mrs. Downley in Corsets."

"Certainly," I said.

Kirkpatrick opened the door for her; she thanked him, glanced at me curiously, and went out looking rather sad.

Kirkpatrick said, "Do you want the door closed?"

"Yes, please. Then we won't be interrupted."

He closed the door with a bang.

I said, "Do sit down," and he did so without a word. He had red cropped hair, reddish skin, reddish eyebrows, and a short bristly reddish moustache. It's the sort of coloring that seems to go with an absolutely ungovernable temper. Still floor managers are simply floor managers. I have to be respectful to them, within reason, but I'm not intimidated by them.

He said, "Now, Miss Evans, in your own words, what's so different about Bridal Department?"

His question, and the way he asked it, annoyed me. Before I replied I made an effort to restrain myself. "Mr. Kirkpatrick, what you have to bear in mind is that when a girl comes into the Brides' Lounge to order her trousseau, she's usually in an

To page 45

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

NOW! Three sensational snacks from Rosella



NEW! *Rosella Corn & Tomato Snack*
Golden whole kernel corn, juicy ripe tomatoes, seasoning and a creamy spicy sauce other snacks don't have.



NEW! *Rosella Savoury Corn Snack*
Juicy corn, meaty bacon pieces and crisp onion chunks. And wonderful extras—peppers and savoury sauce.



Rosella Tomato Snack
Plump whole tomatoes, lean bacon and crisp onion chunks, wrapped in Rosella's unique rich sauce. It's created by a chef!

and thrilling new ways
you can serve them!



Snappy Snacks Brighten up breakfast with Rosella Corn and Tomato Snack on toast. It's quick 'n' easy, really tasty! Good for supper too!



Mealmates Rosella snacks — perfect partners in a meal. Top off a thick, juicy steak with Rosella Savoury Corn Snack — fabulous flavour.



Recipe Magicmakers A secret ingredient for your recipes! Try Rosella Tomato Snack with your casserole. Makes a delicious difference.

HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

I showed him a couple of the regular fitting-rooms that happened to be unoccupied, so that he would have some idea what they were like; and then, just as we were walking down the corridor, passing Fitting Room 5, and I was congratulating myself on everything going so smoothly, the Gallic voice of Suzanne Banville shattered the air: "Madame, I assure you, this gown shows enough of your bosoms already. The neckline is cut so low that they are practically falling out of the dress. What do you wish to do with them — carry them up the aisle on a silver platter?"

Suzanne can get away with this kind of fitting-room talk because

she does it with her special sort of French verve; but it was new to Kirkpatrick, and he stood there with a look of utter disbelief on his red face.

The next moment he was almost knocked off his feet by Mrs. Buckingham, who came thundering out of the adjoining dressing-room, Number 4. She caught him by his arm as he staggered back.

"Is something wrong, Mrs. Buckingham?" I asked.

"My bride fainted. Nothing serious, my dear. I'm just going to get the smelling-salts." She sailed majestically on to my office, where the smelling-salts are kept.

"What did she say?" Kirkpatrick cried. "A customer fainted?"

In that fitting-room? We must get the first-aid people down at once."

"Don't worry," I said, "brides are always fainting here. It's an occupational hazard."

Mrs. Buckingham returned with the smelling-salts; I went into the fitting-room with her and propped the girl up while Mrs. Buckingham waved the bottle under the girl's nose. There was the usual little whimper, and the girl turned her face away, trying to escape the piercing fumes. Then she opened her eyes and said, "Where am I?"

"I can take care of her now," Mrs. Buckingham said to me; and I rejoined Kirkpatrick. Without any further explanation I led the way to the Lounge.

"We'll have to do something about this situation. It has to

stop," he said. "Brides fainting in the fitting-rooms."

"It's the nature of brides to faint," I said as patiently as I could. "They do it all the time. They also vomit. They also have hysterics."

He squared his shoulders. "There must be some simple, scientific explanation for these unpleasant occurrences. I suspect the cause is lack of adequate ventilation. I shall ask Maintenance to check, and install fans if necessary."

"The fitting-rooms are air-conditioned."

"In that case, the air-conditioning obviously isn't functioning properly." He looked around the Brides' Lounge, at the mirrors, at the abundance of flowers, at Alice Pye sitting demurely at her desk,

To page 46



This kind of action
needs this kind of goodness!



Campbell's
Cream of Tomato
Soup

thick with tomatoes, real dairy cream and butter
to pack action into kids!

Every cold platter needs a hot-spot! Make it action-packed cups of Campbell's Cream of Tomato Soup. It's thick with the goodness of tomatoes, real dairy cream and butter. Simmered together to give kids the energy they need to swim till the sun goes in! This summer, make good-tasting Campbell's soup the hot-spot of a summer snack — and you make it more of a meal!

Only Campbell's make 2 Tomato Soups: Try Campbell's other Tomato Soup, the one with the flavour of fresh tomatoes — Campbell's Tomato Soup.



Campbell's Soups
made to a recipe, not just a price!

Reg'd. Trade mark

FROM THE BIBLE

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

—Galatians 2: 20.

not one single stitch in a gown. They fit bridal gowns, and that's all."

He frowned suspiciously.

"If we ever ordered them to do something that's against union regulations," I continued, "they'd be right to the nearest telephone and call headquarters. In less than half an hour one of the union officials would be up here bawling all hell about our unfair wage practices and threatening to call a strike."

He muttered something indistinguishable, but my point seemed to reach him.

Margot Barry, as I might have expected, impressed him a lot. She was still at work on the same address, and after I introduced her to each other she went through the routine of showing him how her masterpieces are created.

I'm bored by Margot and her temperament, but I must admit that she can take a few cups of face and a wire frame, and right under one's nose create a thing of beauty. She can make a girl look like a madonna or a princess or a medieval damsel; and I've seen girls burst into tears when Margot fitted them with their veils — the effect was so flattering.

Kirkpatrick commented as I went away, "Miss Barry seems to be an excellent job."

"Yes, she's a genius in her line."

I showed him the special fitting-room; I showed him the stock-rooms; I showed him the Cooler;



Now hair that swings and sways—plays and stays with new formula Hair Set Spray

For Today's Lively Lovelies.

Devastatingly new. Unlike any hairspray you've ever used before. Unsticky. Untacky. Crystal Clear. A misty-fine soft-air spray. It cherishes your hair. Adds bounce and body. Holds, even when things swing. Even when weather's fickle. Yet it's brushaway clean. You'll love the wisp of perfume—youthful, gay. Judith Aden Hair Set Spray makes hair feel lively, look lovely. So good it's guaranteed. And such clever value. It's a natural for lively lovelies—like you!

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Large size, 8.1oz.

Jumbo size, 13.1oz.

69c

95c



EXCLUSIVE TO **WOOLWORTHS** THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

and at Miss de Wild chatting to a customer, and an ironic smile came to his lips. "You have quite a department here, Miss Evans, don't you?"

I didn't answer. I walked over to the reception desk and phoned Miss Ponsonby. I said, "Mr. Kirkpatrick has finished his tour of Bridal Department."

"Splendid. I'll be right down to take him to Miss Kramer and Mrs. Downley."

I walked across to Kirkpatrick and gave him Miss Ponsonby's message. "Thank you," he said coldly.

"You're welcome," I said, just as coldly, and left him to go on with my work.

It was as clear as daylight that the man was going to give us a lot of trouble. Our nice little Mr. Chubb never quite understood Bridal Department, but he tried to be helpful whenever we called on him, and the rest of the time he allowed us to go our own sweet way. Mr. Kirkpatrick, on the other hand, was obviously a muscle-flexing type. The outlook was not good.

IN theory, our floor manager had no direct authority over me and he couldn't interfere in the selling of bridal outfits. During Mrs. Snell's absence the department was primarily my responsibility. Naturally, I would consult our floor manager about various small matters, but if any big decisions had to be made I would go to the merchandising manager, Mr. Cavanaugh.

If Mr. Cavanaugh couldn't be reached, I would go directly to Mr. Dietrich, the executive vice-president of the company.

At the same time, of course, if the floor manager felt I was mishandling things, he could go to Mr. Cavanaugh or Mr. Dietrich and register his disapproval. In addition, he could just nag, nag, all day long and make one's life miserable.

A Kirkpatrick could upset the balance in Bridal Department in more ways than one. I had seen it happen in the past. But Mrs. Snell was not one to tolerate fools gladly. Any floor manager who thought he could put anything over on Mrs. Snell soon learned the error of his ways. Mr. Kirkpatrick would dance to her tune. In the meantime it appeared that I was stuck with him.

Shortly before noon, Miss Greene came to my office and we discussed the Albacini

order. I gave her the delivery notes for the bride's gown and the ten bridesmaids' dresses, and made my instructions as clear as possible—Miss Greene had been with us only a month or so and she was still, occasionally, hazy about our procedures. I explained that the complete order had been delivered late yesterday afternoon—that was why it hadn't been collected yet. I told her to take the stock girl down with her, show the delivery notes to Mr. Poindner, the head of the receiving room, and he'd locate the order and let her have a couple of his boys to bring the packages upstairs.

"I've reserved the special fitting room for the Albacinis at two thirty," I told her. "But a bride and ten bridesmaids, not to mention relatives, are going to be a handful even in there: they're sure to overflow into the other fitting-rooms. I'll help as much as I can, and I'll send in any other consultants who are free. Mrs. Docherty will be your fitter, and if necessary Miss Grampson will be available, too."

Off she went, the delivery notes clutched in her hand; I made several telephone calls; consultants popped in with their problems; I went out to the Brides' Lounge three or four times to see that everything was running as it should; and at one o'clock Suzanne and I went to lunch.

The staff cafeteria is tucked away in the sub-basement of the building. We were fortunate enough to find a small table for two.

Suzanne sighed wearily as she sat down. "D'Arcy, I had the most terrible morning. Simply terrible," she said. "This bride I am looking after—honestly, she is insane about her bosoms. She kept complaining that the neckline was not low enough. We made it lower, and lower, and lower, until her bosoms were practically falling out; and she still complained."

"Why didn't you ask her if she wanted to carry the damned things up the aisle on a silver platter?"

Suzanne nearly fell off her chair. "But I did! I did! That is precisely what I said to her! — D'Arcy! You are psychic!"

"I'm not psychic. I overheard you. So did our new floor manager," I said. "He was ready to fire you on the spot — Suzanne, how many times do I have to remind you, you're supposed to be courteous to customers?"

"This bride had other things on her mind. She did

not appreciate the fact that I was insulting her. Listen, D'Arcy—

But I couldn't listen. I was suddenly swept by deep despair. I sat nibbling my curled-up lettuce and I thought: This is my birthday, and it's just dribbling away. My whole life is dribbling away, and I can't do anything to stop it.

I looked around the cafeteria. It was a female stronghold, a big, brightly colored barnyard, chock-full of hens of all ages. Hundreds of females: hundreds and hundreds. Pretty young things of eighteen or so, like Alice Pye; girls who weren't exactly girls any longer, like Suzanne and myself; middle-aged women with heavier make-up to disguise their complexions like Mrs. Hazel and Miss de Wild; the older women, on the verge of retirement, like Mrs. Buckingham. What was going to happen to them, these hundreds of females?

It was a terrifying vision. Hordes of females, females without end, all struggling for a scrap of life in this huge, grey, no-longer-magical city, growing older every minute, less and less beautiful, less appealing, less lovable—

Suzanne gave me a sympathetic smile. I daresay she knew everything that had been passing through my mind. "I have an idea," she said. "Do you have a date tonight?"

"No."

"Good. Then let us go out and celebrate the occasion. After all, one has a birthday only once a year. We will go to a good restaurant, drink some good wine, eat some good food, enjoy ourselves, maybe go to a movie. What do you say?"

What did I have to lose? "OK."

"Excellent. I will pick you up at your apartment at seven." She smiled. "Cheer up, Miss Evans. You still have many good years ahead of you."

We returned to Bridal Department. Miss Greene was standing at the reception desk, looking scared to death. She cried, "Miss Evans! Oh, I'm so glad you're back!"

"What's wrong, Miss Greene?"

She wailed, "We can't find the Albacini order."

"What?"

She stood wringing her hands. "We searched the entire receiving room from end to end, and we couldn't find the order. Miss Evans, it just isn't there."

"But I gave you the delivery notes," I said. "The delivery notes are proof that the dresses were delivered here by the manufacturer. Mr.

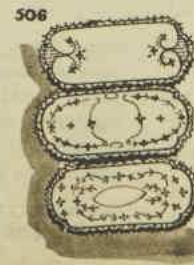
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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 505 — HOSTESS DRESS
Charming printed cotton hostess dress is available cut out to make in navy with white flowers, white with sapphire-blue flowers, or beige with pink/white flowers.
Sizes: 32 and 34 in. bust, \$5.75; 36 and 38 in. bust, \$5.95. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.



No. 506 — SET OF THREE DOLLIES
Set of three dollies is traced ready to embroider on white, cream, green, blue, or pink pure Irish linen.
Set of three: 70 cents plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.



No. 507 — GIRL'S SUNROCK
Little girl's sunrock is available cut out to make in blue/white, green/white, yellow/white, mauve/white, or pink/white.
Sizes: 2 to 4 years, \$1.75; 5 years, \$1.95. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.



Needlework notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Fracks, Box 4880, G.P.O. Sydney. N.O.D. orders accepted.

HERE COME THE BRIDES

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have your order; I have the delivery notes; but the dresses aren't anywhere to be found."

"Mr. Poinder, they must be here. I checked with the manufacturer. He delivered them at three fifteen yesterday."

"Miss Evans, I haven't been able to locate them."

"Please listen to me, Mr. Poinder," I said passionately. "The bride and her ten bridesmaids are due here in twenty minutes. We find this order, or else."

He stiffened. "Or else what?"

"I'll have to shoot myself, that's all."

He sighed. "OK, we'll look again."

We searched the area where Bridal Department packages are usually stacked; we searched adjoining areas; we searched under the chutes and under conveyor belts and tables.

At two thirty, almost in tears, I stopped. "I'd better get back to the department and try to keep Miss Albacini at bay," I told Mrs. Hatfield and Miss Greene, and asked them to go on looking.

As I entered the Brides' Lounge, Alice Pye sang out, "Oh, Miss Evans! Miss Albacini is here for her final fit-

ting." I was trapped. I moistened my lips, pushed my hair back with my grimy hands, and turned to meet Miss Albacini, wondering what on earth I was going to say to her.

She was a pretty brunette, about nineteen years old. She was surrounded by a legion of relatives and friends, in addition to the ten girls who were to be her bridesmaids. I pushed my way through the crowd, smiled my sweetest smile, and said, "Hello, Miss Albacini, I'm the assistant buyer, Miss Evans. Unfortunately, Miss Caswell isn't in today; her mother is seriously ill; so I will try to take care of your fittings, and Miss Greene. Have you met Miss

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Mrs. H. WIFE



"I'll give you another 15 minutes. Then I'll open a tin of sardines."

It's our new 16 gns lightweight and we'd rather not talk about it.

We were going to say this:

"The amazing new Hooverette picks up dust, lint, fluff and grit from all kinds of floors faster and more thoroughly than any other lightweight!"

And so it does.

But if you haven't seen the Hooverette you might not believe a claim like that.

So there's only one thing for it.

You'll have to see the Hooverette in action at your electrical store. Then you'll be able to see the unique all-floors head (that no other lightweight has) . . . and discover how the Hooverette can clean even curtains and furniture, as well as all the day-to-day cleaning you expect a lightweight to handle. Even the price is lightweight.

Only 16 gns.

But honestly, we'd rather not talk about it. We'd much rather show you.

Optional attachments include double-stretch hose, dusting brush, crevice tool and carry strap.

Hooverette



I COULD hear him shouting up a storm in the background. Miss Greene eyed me nervously. In a couple of minutes Mr. Giachino was back. "Miss Evans? I checked the records. Here we are. The entire order, B 439, was delivered as per instructions at Fellowes, Fifth Avenue, yesterday afternoon, 11.35 p.m. I have the signed receipts right in front of me to prove it, signed J. Poinder."

"Thank you, Mr. Giachino. I only wanted to make sure."

"OK, Miss Evans. Let me know any time I can be of service."

That was that. One possibility eliminated. I put the receiver down and said to Miss Greene, "Let's try Mr. Poinder again." Outside my room I bumped into Mrs. Hatfield and told her to come with me. "Receiving room has received an order and we have to find it. What's more, the bride and her ten attendants will be here in half an hour, and the wedding is next week."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" Mrs. Hatfield said. The receiving room occupies the entire basement of the Fellowes building. There are two huge chutes leading into it; and, in addition, there is a freight elevator for any item that won't fit the chutes. Anything that Fellowes sells comes sliding down those chutes or creaking down in the elevator.

Mr. Poinder occupies a large wire cage near the freight elevator. Inside this cage he has copies of every order issued by every buyer in the store, as well as copies of every delivery note. His job is to match each order against the appropriate delivery note, then match each delivery note against the appropriate package, and it's a wonder to me that he retains his sanity.

I marched over to the cage, followed by Miss Greene, Mrs. Hatfield, and our stock girl, Belle.

"Wait here," I said to my faithful followers, and walked over to him and said, "Hello, Mr. Poinder."

"Hello, Miss Evans," Mr. Poinder said. "B 439?"

"Yes."

"Something's gone crazy. I

Strong, absorbent Chux* wipes... washable, yet economical enough to throw away!

HERE COME THE BRIDES

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Greene? She will be with us in a few moments."

Miss Albacini's big, beautiful dark eyes instantly filled with suspicion. Several of the women around her reacted in the same way. Their faces became stony; they knew immediately that something was wrong.

"If you and your attendants will come with me to the fitting room," I went on quickly, "Miss Margot can try on the headpieces."

A large woman standing beside Miss Albacini said, "You try on the headpieces before you try on the dresses?"

She looked like Miss Albacini's mother; and I scented danger.

She made a lengthy speech. Various friends and relatives added their disagreement. Miss Albacini said: "My mother is right. I think we should try on the dresses first. Besides, I want my mother to look over the gown before I put it on."

"Exactly," Mrs. Albacini said. "First I want to see that there are no imperfections in the lace. Then she will try the wedding dress on. After that, she puts on the veil. First things first, if you don't mind."

So here it was: the crisis. I said, as if it were as normal as the rising of the sun, "Unfortunately, there has been a slight hitch."

"Slight hitch!" Mrs. Albacini cried. "What kind of a slight hitch?"

"All the dresses are here, they have been delivered, but we're having a little difficulty locating them. Please don't worry. We will find them."

Mrs. Albacini said incredulously, "You cannot locate the dresses? The dresses!"

"They're here, Mrs. Albacini," I explained again. "I checked with the manufacturer, and they're here. Three of my staff are in the basement looking for them. It's just a matter of minutes before they are found."

"I knew in my bones," Miss Albacini wept, "that today was going to be a disaster," and she began to faint.

A dozen arms reached out to support her, and guided her to a gold-and-white armchair. In the confusion I pushed through the crowd to the reception desk and dialled Margot Barry. As I waited I saw Kirkpatrick a few yards away, watching me with interest.

"Veil room," Margot's cool voice said.

"This is D'Arcy Evans. I'm in the Lounge. Do you have all your staff ready for the Albacini fitting?"

"Of course."

"Bring it out here as fast as you can. Do you have any lace left over from the bride's headpiece?"

"Some."

"Bring it all with you. Give it to Miss Albacini as a present. Tell her you kept it for her specially, and it's to be used to cover her Bible during the ceremony and to make a lucky-money purse. Keep her talking. We're in trouble out here, and I have to stall for time."

She understood. "I'll be right out."

As I replaced the receiver, Kirkpatrick said, "Something wrong, Miss Evans?"

I had no chance to answer. Mrs. Albacini advanced upon us, pointing an accusing finger at me. I suppose she recognised Kirkpatrick as the resident executive. "Sir!" she cried from her heart. "Help us! Help us!"

"Certainly, Madam. What can I do for you?"

She pitched into me as if I had ruined her daughter's life. I don't blame her: she had every right to be upset.

Kirkpatrick's eyes became narrow and cold, and I wanted to sink through the floor.

"Miss Evans?" he said when Mrs. Albacini finished; and he spoke in the voice of doom.

In a calm, reasonable way I tried to explain, but he scarcely bothered to listen. In the middle of my speech he turned to Mrs. Albacini and said gently: "If you will be kind enough to take a seat for a few moments I will look into this matter personally. Don't worry. I'm sure we'll find the dresses."

That was more or less what I had said to her, without producing any effect except panic. When Kirkpatrick said it, she beamed with confidence. Bitterly I watched her hurry back with the glad tidings to her daughter.

Kirkpatrick said, "I am going back to my office, Miss Evans, and I am going to call Ponder to inform him that unless he has that order up here within five minutes he will be out of a job at the end of a week. That should produce results."

"Oh, sure," I said. "If Mr. Ponder is fired, Fellowes will go into a state of rigor mortis. If that's what you want, go right ahead."

HE turned and left me without another word. I saw Margot come into the Lounge with her hatboxes, and I figured she would be able to divert the Albacini family for at least ten minutes, which gave me a breathing spell. I dashed down to the consultants' room and found Suzanne and Miss de Wild there, and poured out my dismal story to them in about three breathless sentences. "There's just a possibility that the order may have been delivered to another department by error. Start searching every floor in the building."

Then I pulled myself together and trekked back to the Lounge.

I couldn't believe my eyes. The Lounge was practically empty. Alice Pye sat at her desk, white as a ghost; Margot Barry was repacking bridesmaids' hats in her hatboxes.

I went over to her and asked, "What happened?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "They suddenly left."

"Where did they go?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

"Did they say anything about coming back?"

"No. They just went in a bunch, like lemmings."

The telephone on Alice's desk rang. She answered it and said, "Miss Evans, it's for you."

I took the receiver, and a remote voice said, "Miss Evans? Please come to Mr. Carroll's office immediately." The voice didn't wait for any reply. I handed the receiver back to Alice and went out to the elevators.

I don't know how many vice-presidents there are, altogether, at Fellowes. I was acquainted with three: Mr. Dietrich, the executive vice-president; Miss Martin, the vice-president in charge of Public Relations, for whom I might have been working if I hadn't listened to Miss Ponder's sweet talk; and Mr. Carroll, who is vice-president in charge of such things as Store Management, Staff Management and Training, and Customer Relations.

When one spoke of Mr. Carroll one was apt to lower one's voice to a whisper—not because of his job but because of his health. Every-

body in the store knew that he was a very sick man. Of course, anyone who is in charge of Customer Relations is in effect asking for trouble; and trouble had come to Mr. Carroll about six months ago in the form of a heart attack that, according to all reports, was nearly fatal.

The poor man had only recently returned to work, and gossip had it that he had to be given oxygen every time he dictated a letter, and nobody was even permitted to mention Customer Relations to him for fear he'd topple over with another heart attack and expire under his eight-foot-long mahogany desk.

When I reached his office I almost collapsed myself. How the Albacinis and their friends found him, Heaven alone knows. Maybe they had read the directory list beside the elevators and seen the fatal line Customer Relations, 12th Floor. But here they were en masse. Could Mr. Carroll possibly survive Customer Relations of such proportions?

"This is the person," Mr. Albacini said accusingly as I appeared, and evidently there was no need for her to say any more: she had said it all. She stood staring at me silently, while at her side her daughter sobbed loudly.

"Miss Evans," Mr. Carroll began, "I am informed by Mrs. Albacini, who is an old and valued customer of this store, that you have been exceedingly negligent in the matter of her daughter's bridal outfit. Miss Albacini and her ten attendants came in for a fitting at two thirty by appointment, and you calmly informed Mrs. Albacini that you couldn't locate the dresses. This is an extremely serious matter. Fellowes prides itself on its service, particularly to valued customers like Mrs. Albacini. What do you have to say, Miss Evans?"

Alas, I had nothing new to say. I could only repeat the same old story.

"Miss Evans," he said in a grave voice, preparing to administer the coup de grace, but before he could go any further his secretary, a girl named Miss Keeler, came running into his office, swooped around his desk, and whispered some glad tidings in his ear. His expression changed, and he raised his hands, asking for silence.

"Mrs. Albacini, Miss Albacini, Friends. I have good news for you. I am happy to inform you that a telephone call has just been received from Bridal Department. The dresses have been located. They are now on their way to the Brides' Lounge; and as soon as you are ready, Miss Evans and her staff will proceed with the fittings."

Pandemonium broke out. Mrs. Albacini hugged me with such fervor that my ribs cracked. Miss Albacini threw her arms around me and kissed me moistly. Grandmothers shook my hand; relatives patted my shoulder; the air throbbed with joy, and it all seemed like a dream.

Miss Keeler, using some magic signal, summoned an elevator for us. We piled in and rode down to the fifth floor without a stop. I led the ladies through Corsets, Negligees, Shoes, and Better Hats, and as I entered the scrolly white ironwork arch, Alice Pye called out, "Miss Evans! Oh, Miss Evans!"

I walked over to her.

"What is it, Alice?"

"Mr. Giachino called from Boston. He wants you to call him back as soon as possible."

"There's no need for him to worry any more," I said. "The dresses have been found."

Miss de Wild hurried over to me. "Miss Evans, the dresses are all hanging in the big fitting-room. Everything is

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HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

ready. Miss Margot is waiting, too, with the headpieces. "Who found them?"

"I did," Miss de Wild said modestly. "They went to the third floor by mistake."

"By mistake," I said. "Somebody's head is going to roll for this." I returned to the happy throng and said: "Miss Albacini, will you and your attendants come with me, please? We have a lot of work ahead of us."

Joyously, Miss Albacini and her ten maidens followed me to the big fitting-room. The dresses were hanging on a rack, and the moment I laid eyes on them I felt the roof falling on my head. The beaded lace sheath had changed into a bouffant quantity lace gown. The ten organdy bridesmaids' dresses had changed into dotted swiss.

Miss Albacini fainted. In the confusion, I escaped to my office and, for the third time, called John Giachino in.

He was waiting for me. I could virtually see him at the desk in his littered office, wringing his hands.

"Well, Mr. Giachino?" I said gently.

"Miss Evans! Don't speak to me in that tone of voice! Anyone can make a mistake. I told you we have a new man in our shipping department. He sent you the wrong order. The order in your possession should have gone to Saks Fifth Avenue."

"And where is our order, Mr. Giachino?"

"It's still here, Miss Evans. Safe and sound."

"Safe and sound!" I exclaimed. "And what do you intend to do with it?"

"Miss Evans, I will personally put the order in my station wagon and drive it to the airport. I will personally load the order from my station wagon on to the plane. Nothing will go wrong. Trust me."

"Mr. Giachino, I don't trust you or anybody or anything, suppose the plane crashes?"

MR. GIACHINO

answered. "Don't say that—Miss Evans, listen: I will not personally load the shipment on to the plane; I will personally fly down with the shipment, and I will personally deliver it into your hands. OK?"

"When will you be here?" "I will fly down tonight, stay in a hotel, and you will have the entire shipment first thing tomorrow morning."

As soon as I hung up, the telephone rang and Miss Carrol said in an icy voice, "Will you come up to see Mr. Carroll? Immediately."

"Are the Albacinis there again?"

"Yes." "Up I went, and again I found my way through the alien throng. This time Mr. Carroll gave me short shrift. He bawled me out unmercifully. Even Mrs. Albacini was impressed. When the shouting-out ended, Mr. Carroll demanded to know when the dresses would be available. I told him. A new appointment was made for noon the following day; and I returned to my duties feeling as if I had been crushed by a juggernaut."

At five-thirty, as I was preparing to leave, Kirkpatrick called into my office and said, "Miss Evans."

"Yes?" "Mr. Carroll has asked me to give you an official reprimand for this afternoon's incidents."

He didn't say any more. He looked at me for a moment, and then stalked out. I was the first official reprimand I had ever received. A great way to start life with a new floor manager and to have a happy birthday.

I was so weary when I arrived back at my apartment, I soaked in a hot bath for twenty minutes, and, lo and behold, I came out of it feeling almost human again. Then Suzanne phoned to make certain I hadn't forgotten she was coming for me at seven o'clock.

"No, I haven't forgotten." "Good. Now, please do me a great favor and wear something fairly elegant. I have plans for us to have a good time tonight, and I want you to look your best."

"Suzanne—" "I will see you in a little while, Miss Evans."

The moment I put the telephone down it rang again. To my amazement, it was Mr. Giachino, sounding very chipper for a New England bridal manufacturer. "Miss Evans! Ha-ha! I found you! Wonderful! Guess who is calling."

I couldn't mistake his voice in a thousand years. And I couldn't suppress a sharp pang of alarm. "Mr. Giachino. Is something wrong? The Albacini order—" "I couldn't even finish the sentence. Because if something had gone wrong

the interesting little proposition he wanted to discuss. Over the past two or three years I'd received quite a number of interesting little propositions; and I'd discovered that as a general rule you could define an interesting little proposition as something you turned down politely.

I was just putting on a new party dress of sheer black wool by Triger, which I'd acquired for a song from the assistant buyer in the Boutique on the third floor (because some heavy-handed customer had pulled a seam open), when the doorbell rang. It was Suzanne, looking marvellous, laughing at me, and saying, "Surprise, D'Arcy! Surprise!"

She'd brought two men with her (if I hadn't been exhausted I might have guessed she was planning something like this), and I still required ten minutes of concentrated work before I was fit to be seen by anyone of the opposite sex. I ushered them into the living-room, told Suzanne to fix them a drink, and dashed into my bedroom to complete the task of making myself, if not

"In addition," Suzanne said, "you may like to know that two years ago he was selected for the Olympic skiing team. Unfortunately, he broke a leg just before the Olympics opened, so he was unable to compete. But are you not impressed by what I found for you tonight? A young, handsome, rich Olympic skier who is an expert on viruses and owns an Alfa Romeo 2600—could you ask for more?"

"Does he drink?" "Not excessively. Mostly dark lager beer."

"Does he run after women?"

"Only, I believe, in moderation."

"The qualifications are terrific," I said. "What's the fly in the ointment?"

"You know perfectly well what is the fly in the ointment, my dear."

"He's married?"

"Exactly. He has a pretty little wife back home in Zurich, and two adorable little daughters named Vicki and Nicki, aged four and five."

"I can just see them," I said. "With cute flaxen pig-tails."

"That is our problem, D'Arcy," Suzanne said calmly, "and we have to face it. The most suitable men have been snapped up and we are left with the Witolds of this world."

"I thought you were wildly happy with Witold."

"Happy? Of course. He is sensational in certain respects. But what woman in her senses would consider marrying him?" She stood up. "Have you finished with your face yet?"

"Yes. I can't do any more to it."

"Then let us join the boys." We had another drink in the living-room and, as usual after two martinis, all four of us became unbearably witty and cheerful. There were indications that my birthday might turn out to be not quite the disaster I had anticipated.

Soon after eight o'clock we left to go out to dinner. Parked outside was Eric's Alfa Romeo 2600—a gem, just as Suzanne had said, finished in gleaming fire-engine red with white leather upholstery.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To a new place Witold has discovered on the North Shore, near Huntington. He says it has marvellous music, the food is superb, and the waitresses wear bikinis!"

Hours later we made our way home, and dropped Suzanne and Witold off at Suzanne's place. Then Eric drove me home. He switched off the engine, politely ran around the front to open my door, and as I clambered out he moved in so close that his face was only a few inches from mine.

"Ah, D'Arcy," he murmured, "What an attractive woman you are! So, so attractive."

"Thank you, Eric. And thank you, too, for a delightful evening." In a gesture of friendship, I held my hand out to him.

He ignored my hand; instead, he came closer—it was a manoeuvre he had perfected—and said, "You will permit me a goodnight kiss, I hope?"

I hesitated. I wanted to remind him of his pretty little wife waiting patiently for him in Zurich, of his darling daughters, Vicki and Nicki, aged four and five; and simultaneously I thought: Why not? It's my birthday, damn it. The least a woman can hope for on her birthday is a friendly goodnight kiss.

In some mysterious manner, without a word from me, he was aware of my assent, and took me in his arms. I didn't struggle, and I didn't

co-operate. Then suddenly, in alarm, I tried to break away from him. I had heard footsteps coming toward us, and out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of a man approaching, leading a huge dog that looked like the hound of the Baskervilles.

"You are adorable, adorable," Eric murmured, holding me tightly in his strong, unyielding arms; but I had lost all interest in him: my interest was elsewhere. The huge hound, as it came closer, revealed itself to be an oversized doberman pinscher, with a long mean snout and blazing eyes. It sniffed at my legs as it passed, and I shivered.

The man was tall, stiff; he wore an unbuttoned tweed topcoat and a tweed cap, and he didn't even give me a glance. He yanked the doberman pinscher away from my legs and strode on as if I didn't exist. But he had seen me. He most assuredly had seen me, snug in the arms of Eric Strauss, former Olympic skier. No! I cried to myself. No! It can't be! But it was: Kirkpatrick.

"Goodnight, Eric," I said, slipped out of his embrace, and hurried into the house. I never saw Eric again, and I doubt if I ever thought of him again. But Kirkpatrick remained in my mind that night and haunted my dreams, the doberman pinscher trotting lightly at his side.

THE following morning at about seven minutes past nine Kirkpatrick walked into my office carrying the time sheets.

"Good morning, Miss Evans."

"Good morning, Mr. Kirkpatrick."

"These time sheets," he said, "in future they will be kept on the reception desk in the Brides' Lounge and not in the consultants' room."

"May I ask why?" I knew why, of course. In the consultants' room you could make minor adjustments if you were so inclined. Out in the Lounge you were in public view, and minor adjustments were more difficult.

"I prefer the staff to sign the time sheets in the Lounge, that's all. At nine fifteen they will be removed from the reception desk and taken to my office. Anybody arriving late, therefore, will automatically report to me."

I could not argue with him. He was the floor manager, and if he wanted to impose a reign of terror he was entitled to do so.

He asked, "Who is Suzanne Banville?"

"One of the consultants." I added quickly: "She's invaluable. She's French; she has a special flair—"

"I see that she makes a practice of coming in late. I also understand that she has been reprimanded twice for unpunctuality this month. Is Miss Banville aware that a third reprimand will mean her dismissal?"

"I'll make a point of reminding her."

He went on, "I notice that you don't sign the time sheet, Miss Evans."

"It's one of the privileges of being an assistant buyer."

"Oh?" He obviously disapproved. "And what time do you get in as a rule?"

"I open the department at nine o'clock, every morning except Friday, my day off."

"Friday is your day off?" he said coolly. "I'm afraid that may have to be changed. I'm preparing a new schedule that may involve certain changes and adjustments."

He had the power to make these changes and adjustments. I withheld any comment.

His voice hardened. "Miss

To page 50



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RS36

Evans, I would like to get this clear: I intend to do something to improve efficiency in Bridal Department. We had a disgraceful exhibition yesterday. It must not happen again. From now on, while Mrs. Snell is away, I want you to report to me on all your activities in the department."

He walked out. A few minutes later, Mrs. Buckingham appeared in the doorway, a look of outraged horror on her face. "Miss Evans!"

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Buckingham."

"Good morning, my dear. Do you know what that man is doing? That unspeakable Kirkpatrick has our time sheets in the Brides' Lounge and he's clocking us in with a stopwatch!"

I tried to soothe her ruffled feelings, but she refused to be soothed. Mrs. Hatfield was equally upset by the stopwatch. So was Miss de Wild. Suzanne, luckily, arrived before nine fifteen, but even her aplomb was shaken. Our

HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

stock girl, Estelle, was a few seconds late, and came running to me to apologise, terrified that she was going to lose her job on the spot. Miss Caswell was a couple of minutes late and came to my office looking pale and angry.

I said, "Miss Caswell, you don't know how glad I am to see you," and before she could make any comment about the man with the stopwatch I told her the sad saga of the Albacini.

She looked shocked. "Miss Evans, please leave it to me. I'll do everything possible to make amends to Miss Albacini."

"Thank you. One other thing: I had a call early yesterday morning from Lorinda Lorraine. She's in Paris."

"Paris! But her wedding is in a few days' time!"

"The wedding is off. She instructed me to dispose of her wedding dress, by burning

it, or stuffing it in a trash can, or giving it to the Salvation Army. We don't have to do anything until her letter arrives. I should have asked you earlier: How is your mother?"

"She isn't very well, I'm sorry to say. There's a possibility I may have to devote all my time to looking after her."

"Oh, no!" We couldn't afford to lose our star consultant.

Promptly at nine thirty, when the store opened, Alice Pye called from the reception desk to let me know that Mr. Giachino had arrived. "Alice, Miss Caswell is taking care of Mr. Giachino's delivery. Please contact her."

A little while later, Alice called again. "Miss Evans, Mr. Giachino has seen Miss Caswell. He says he would appreciate it if you could spare

him just a couple of minutes."

I couldn't refuse. I said, "All right. Ask him to come to my office."

"Miss Evans," he said as he came in flourishing a bunch of red roses at me. "I'm sorry you couldn't have dinner with me last night. I suppose you aren't free for lunch today?"

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Giachino. I have to be here to help Miss Caswell with the Albacini fittings."

"Too bad. You have a minute to spare now?"

"A minute, yes."

"Let's close the door."

He did so and sat facing me, looking at me with sad brown eyes. "You don't have any time to waste, and I don't have any time to waste, so I will come to the point. You remember I mentioned to you last night that I wanted to talk to you about an interesting little proposition?"

"Mr. Giachino, I'm not really open to any proposition."

He took a deep breath. "Giachino Brothers need

somebody like you, Miss Evans, to keep an eye on trends, to advise us what is happening in the industry, to act as liaison with our customers, to be the sales representative of Giachino right here in the heart of New York."

"It would be a marvelous opportunity, Miss Evans. Your own office, full responsibility to develop the job in your own way. A bonus at the end of the year, a percentage on sales. I'm serious, Miss Evans."

"Mr. Giachino I'm naturally delighted that you think so highly of me. The trouble is, I'm really very happy in this job."

"Of course you are happy!" he cried. "All I am suggesting is, you might be even happier with us."

Somebody tapped sharply at the door. Before I could say "Come in," the door flew open.

Kirkpatrick.

He looked at me; he looked at dapper little Mr. Giachino; he looked at the two dozen red roses on my desk; and his mouth tightened with suspicion.

He said without any preamble, "About yesterday's fiasco. I want a full, type-written report as soon as possible. I understand that the payoff was getting the wrong order from the manufacturer. Correct?"

"Yes. There was a mix-up."

But everything is straightened out now; the manufacturers flew down with the order and delivered it personally —

"What's the name of the outfit?"

"Giachino Brothers of Boston."

"They are obviously utterly incompetent," Kirkpatrick said. "Fellows can't do business with such bungling idiots. You are not to give them any more orders." He strode off.

Mr. Giachino gasped. "Miss Evans! Did you hear what I heard? Who is that man? Who is he?"

"Our new floor manager, Mr. Kirkpatrick."

Mr. Giachino said through his clenched teeth: "Do I have to listen to insults from a floor manager? Bungling idiot, that's — Miss Evans, how much of your total volume do we supply?"

"About one-fifth, Mr. Giachino, please listen. I'll speak to Mr. Cavanaugh at once."

"Miss Evans, last night I couldn't sleep. I was so worried because I had let you down with that order. You're my friend. I couldn't sleep on your behalf. But do you think I am going to shorten my life for that floor manager? No, ma'am. Go ahead. Do just what he told you to do. Cross us off your list. Find yourself another manufacturer to supply one-fifth of your total volume. Where are you?"

To page 51

GO 618



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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting Dec. 7

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, red.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, navy, rose.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

going to find this other manufacturer? June is coming up. Where are you going to get your stock?"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Giachino. Let me call Mr. Cavanaugh, our merchandising manager."

He pounded his fist on my desk. "What about the orders we have in hand? You want to cancel those, too? Or perhaps the shoe will fit on the other foot, and we will find we can't meet your delivery dates on those orders. Maybe we will have to decline with regrets."

"Mr. Giachino! You can't do that!"

He went dashing out in a fury.

I picked up my telephone and called Mr. Cavanaugh's office. His secretary, Jean Ehrlich, said, "I'm sorry, D. He's just gone to a meeting."

"Jean, I have to speak to him as soon as possible. It's terribly urgent."

"OK, I'll see that he gets your message the minute he comes in."

Suzanne went bustling past my door in a hurry, and I called out to her. "Is the photographer here?" I asked.

"Tommy Leeman? Yes, he is in the lounge, flirting with Alice Pye."

I wanted to tell Tommy Leeman in no uncertain terms that he had to be out of the big fitting-room by eleven forty-five. The Albacini fitting had to go on without a hitch at twelve sharp.

I CHECKED my file card on the Haysmill wedding before I went out to speak to Tommy. It was one of the big weddings of the year. Nina Haysmill was the youngest daughter of Gavin Church Haysmill, the Wall Street broker; and she was marrying Donald Furnieux Watkins III, whose father, Mr. Watkins II, was the Wall Street banker.

There was so much money and real estate involved in this transaction that Miss Martin, our vice-president in charge of Public Relations, had informed me she wished to be notified when Nina Haysmill came in.

So I called Miss Martin and she said she would be down in a few moments.

I went out to the lounge to speak to Tommy Leeman and explain to him about the Albacini fitting at noon.

"D'Arcy! I can't be finished by eleven forty-five."

"Just get through as fast as you can. And another thing: Miss Haysmill really is high society, so be on your best behaviour with her."

He began to protest again, but Miss Martin swept into the lounge, followed by Miss Roche carrying a notebook and his attention was diverted.

I had seen Miss Haysmill a number of times before, but I had never seen her like this. She was transformed. She had taken on more grace. She seemed to float an inch or two above the floor.

"A lovely gown," Miss Martin said. "It looks sensational on you, Miss Haysmill."

Miss Haysmill nodded vaguely as Miss Martin left.

Suzanne led her across to the big fitting-room, remained with her for about a minute (adjusting her train, I suppose, and making sure that her gloves were buttoned properly), and came out looking annoyed (I assumed that Tommy Leeman had chased her out).

I went to my office, made several telephone calls, checked the Albacini event with Miss Caswell, visited the Brides' Lounge, and made a quick survey of the stock rooms. Then, at eleven forty, I decided to let Tommy know that his time was almost up,

and I went to the big fitting-room and tapped gently at the door.

There was no reply.

I tapped three times and put my head to the door, but I couldn't hear anything. I opened the door a crack and then in stunned disbelief I opened it a little wider. Under the brilliant photographic lamps Tommy Leeman and Nina Haysmill had their arms around each other.

Nina was crying bitterly, and Tommy was speaking to her tenderly, comforting her. As I watched, he lowered his head and kissed her bare shoulder passionately; and Nina stroked his hair and whispered through her tears, "You're so sweet, you're so understanding." He looked at her and said, "I love you,"

and she shuddered and held on to him more tightly.

I closed the door carefully, took a deep breath, and tapped at the door again, and this was more than a tap: it was loud enough to waken the dead.

I opened the door and entered, and said, "I'm terribly sorry. Time's up. Did you get all your pictures, Tommy?"

He stood fiddling with his camera, keeping his face averted. Nina was bending down, doing something to one of her shoes, so that all I saw of her was her bustle. "Oh, yes," Tommy mumbled.

HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

opinion: How did Miss Haysmill's gown look on her?"

He blinked. He didn't know what I was driving at. "The gown?"

"Tommy, you may be interested to know that we had that gown specially steam-pressed for your photograph. Three hundred and fifty society editors will receive photographs of Miss Haysmill wearing that gown, and we couldn't have any imperfections showing, could we? And now, do you know what? We are going to have to spend another whole day steam-pressing that gown; and all because of you, Tommy Leeman."

He was bewildered by my long speech. "Because of me?"

"Yes, Tommy dear, because of you."

"Hello, D'Arcy!" he said in a wildly cheerful voice. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, here you are. Now, Tommy, give me your honest

cause of you. You crushed her gown. It's creased and wrinkled. She can't wear it at her wedding in that condition."

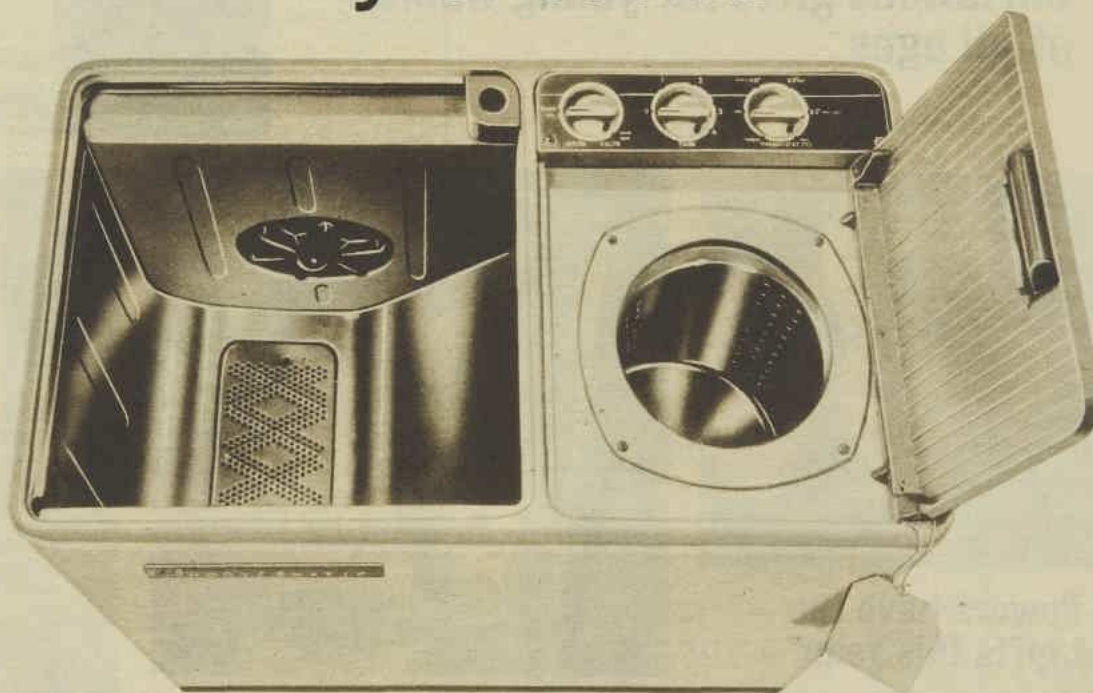
"D'Arcy, you're all wrong —"

"Don't you try to deny it, Tommy Leeman," I cried. "I saw it happen with my own eyes. I knocked on the door three times, and when you didn't answer I looked in to see what was happening. And there you were, kissing her on her shoulder and saying 'I love you.'"

"Listen to me, D'Arcy — try to understand. She's miserably unhappy — and he doesn't love her. He's a rotten, spoiled playboy. He doesn't know anything about love."

To page 53

How to do the family wash with one hand behind your back...



Get two tubs (instead of one)

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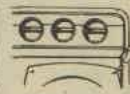


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HOOVERMATIC



HM1/69.115WW

Page 51

three flowers

Christmas gifts for young women of all ages



"Three flowers have the loveliest gifts this year"



"...Yes, if Bob doesn't give me Three Flowers for Christmas I will go buy some myself."



three flowers for young women of all ages

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1966

All he loves is himself. And fish."

"All right," I said. "Just remember: I warned you. I won't give you another warning. You will behave yourself when you are with any of our brides from now on."

He turned and walked out, so bemused that he bumped into the doorpost.

At three o'clock that afternoon my telephone rang, and Mr. Cavanaugh snarled in my ear, "Yes? What's the trouble?"

So much had happened since I called his office I had to think hard before I could answer. Ah, yes: Giachino. Bungling idiots. No more orders. I said, "Mr. Cavanaugh, if you're free I would like to see you for a few moments. This is a matter of supply."

"I'm just on my way to Corsets. I'll be in to see you in about five minutes."

WHEN he arrived, he was in a vile mood. I began to talk fast.

"Mr. Cavanaugh, I had a little trouble with one of our manufacturers yesterday — there was a mix-up. We had a fitting appointment, and by accident Giachino shipped us the wrong order. I want you to know that as a result of this mix-up I have instructions from Mr. Kirkpatrick not to give Giachino any more orders. Unfortunately, Mr. Giachino happened to be here in my office at the time."

"What happened?" "Mr. Kirkpatrick walked in and said Giachino was an incompetent blundering idiot and we were not to send him any more orders. Then he walked out, and Giachino hit the ceiling and said he wouldn't do any more work for us."

"Well?" "As you know, Giachino supplies about a fifth of our stock. His models are tremendously popular. What am I supposed to do?"

"Follow Mr. Kirkpatrick's instructions. Find yourself another manufacturer."

"But this is the middle of April. We're swamped with June brides! Giachino already has about \$40,000 worth of orders, which he's threatening to return. Do you seriously expect me to withdraw all his models from stock and find new models at this time of the year?"

He said coldly, "That's your job, isn't it?"

"You know that I can't go out and find new models now — every reputable manufacturer is loaded with work. We won't be able to compete with the other Fifth Avenue department stores, and we might just as well close up shop."

"Now I'll tell you why I'm here on this floor," he said calmly. "Mrs. Downley has resigned. She handed Mr. Dietrich her notice half an hour ago and walked out."

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Downley was the buyer in Corsets, a woman of great power in her field, like Mrs. Snell.

He went on, "I've been talking to her assistant buyer, Miss Patterson. She wants to follow Mrs. Downley. I tried to persuade her to stay. I don't think I was successful."

HERE COME THE BRIDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

"But Patti Patterson has been here for years! So has Mrs. Downley!"

"They had an argument with Mr. Kirkpatrick." He paused. Then he continued, "Miss Kramer in Better Hats wants to see me when I'm through with you. She wants to discuss Mr. Kirkpatrick. She's had a disagreement with him. Interesting, isn't it?"

I said, "Mr. Cavanaugh, will you please explain something? Mr. Kirkpatrick is our floor manager. I realise his importance, but he's only a floor manager. He's been here just one day and look what's happened!"

"Don't you know?" Mr. Cavanaugh said. "Russell Kirkpatrick happens to be Mr. Dietrich's brother-in-law. Does that answer your question? Mr. Dietrich is married to Mr. Kirkpatrick's sister, Alicia. Russell Kirkpatrick is being groomed for bigger things. Mr. Carroll is leaving in three months' time for health reasons, and Russell Kirkpatrick will then step into his job. Do you get the picture?"

I did; and I was stunned by it.

"At the present time," Mr. Cavanaugh said, "Kirkpatrick's assignment is to work through Fellows floor by floor, getting acquainted with the procedures and cutting out the dead wood."

"Mr. Cavanaugh," I said, "I've enjoyed working in this job ever since I joined Bridal Department four years ago. But I can't go on in these circumstances. I want to offer my resignation."

Somebody came to see me at this moment. The door handle rattled.

"Go away!" Mr. Cavanaugh shouted. He turned back to me. "Look, maybe this may help you understand: Until recently Kirkpatrick was in the Navy. He was an aide to Admiral Harvey — you know, the tough little guy who was responsible for building all those nuclear-powered submarines. Doesn't that give you a clue to Kirkpatrick's character? He's bugged on discipline. He's determined to run a tight ship."

There was a furious banging at the door.

"We're in conference!" Mr. Cavanaugh bellowed. "Go away! Come back later."

I said: "Mr. Cavanaugh, Bridal Department isn't a submarine or an aircraft-carrier or even a rowboat. We can't function under conditions of Navy discipline."

But Mr. Cavanaugh couldn't give me his attention. My would-be visitor was trying like fury to break the door down; Mr. Cavanaugh was trying like fury to keep the door closed; and there were shouts and yells until Mr. Cavanaugh roared, "Who the hell is it, anyway?" and stepped nimbly to one side.

Kirkpatrick rushed in. "Didn't I tell you," he stormed, pointing at me, "never to close your door?"

Mr. Cavanaugh stepped forward, brushing the sleeves of his coat. He said, "Hi, Miss Evans and I were

discussing sales," Mr. Cavanaugh was trying to sound like his old jovial self. "I don't approve of closed doors, either, but when you're discussing figures—"

"Yes," Kirkpatrick said grudgingly.

"I was just leaving," Mr. Cavanaugh said, and prepared to go. But I caught my breath and said, "Mr. Cavanaugh, would you mind staying another minute? There's something I want to discuss with Mr. Kirkpatrick, and I should like you to hear it."

"Oh," Mr. Cavanaugh said. "Shall I close the door?"

"No, sir. You can leave it open."

The two men stood looking down at me. I remained seated. They were both my superiors in rank, but I couldn't care less. I was their superior in sex, and I was going to prove my superiority by remaining glued to my chair.

"I've just told Mr. Cavanaugh that I am resigning."

"I don't want your resignation," he said stiffly. "However, I won't stand in your way if you wish to leave. From what I've seen so far, you don't do a particularly efficient job. On the other hand, I think you're quite conscientious."

I said loudly: "Mr. Kirkpatrick, how can I do an efficient job when you come in here and give me instructions to destroy the department? How can I do an efficient job with you hounding me every minute?"

"I wasn't aware that I'd given you instructions to destroy the department. When did I do that?"

I burst into tears, thereby proving my superiority still further. Simultaneously, Mr. Cavanaugh and Mr. Kirkpatrick moved for the door and closed it.

"Now, now, Miss Evans," Mr. Cavanaugh said.

"He did order me to destroy the department," I wept. "He ordered me not to give any more orders to Giachino, who makes one-fifth of our orders, and that's going to destroy my department. Naturally, I'm upset."

"And," I blubbed on, "Giachino is threatening to return \$40,000 worth of work that we can't possibly get made anywhere else, and that too is going to destroy this department. In fact, that's going to ruin us."

"Is this true?" Kirkpatrick asked Mr. Cavanaugh.

Mr. Cavanaugh hesitated, and then said, "Yes."

They were both silent. They watched me as I groped for a handkerchief.

Kirkpatrick said unexpectedly: "I didn't realise so much was involved. You can forget those instructions, Miss Evans. Keep a closer watch on deliveries from now on." He turned, and went out, closing the door behind him.

"Now, why didn't Mrs. Downley have enough sense to turn on the tears?" Mr. Cavanaugh said.

To be continued



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KW10

JOHNNY'S CLOTHES

Story: JENNY BOYAN

Pictures: RON BERG

JOHNNY YOUNG is not only one of Australia's newest singing stars — he's also one of the best dressed.

"I like different, but casual, clothes," said Johnny, 21, who recently topped the charts with his record of "Step-Back."

His clothes are colorful — but conservative compared to the Carnaby-type gear worn by many Australian pop stars.

"I like to be an individual," he said. "I spend a lot on clothes because I need many changes."

Johnny does lead a busy life these days.

During the past six months he has really "made" the national singing scene, although he'd been singing at parties and coffee shops since schooldays in Perth.

Before he broke into the world of entertainment, Johnny tried several careers.

"My first job was with a ladies' hairdresser, but I'm afraid I wasn't cut out for pin-curls and shampoo, so I tried being a motor mechanic," said Johnny.

Although he qualified as a motor mechanic, Johnny found that grease and guitars did not mix: "I'd get so filthy, and the dirt and grease was so ingrained I couldn't wash it off. When I sang with the band, I used to hide my hands behind my back — so I tried selling television sets."

"With a lot of luck, and by being at the right place at the right time," as Johnny puts it, he was offered a television show, "Club 17."

The show was such a success that Johnny recorded his first single, "Club 17." This topped the hit parade in Perth, and his second record, "Step-Back," has headed the charts throughout Australia.

Six months ago, Johnny moved to Melbourne to promote "Step-Back," and he hasn't stopped since. He is comper of his television show, "Go," he has recorded an LP (still to be released), and has toured interstate for personal and television appearances.

And what of Johnny's future? "I've had a few straight singing offers, but I couldn't do that full-time. I would prefer to be a comper of a more mature-type variety show when I get older," said Johnny.

For teenagers



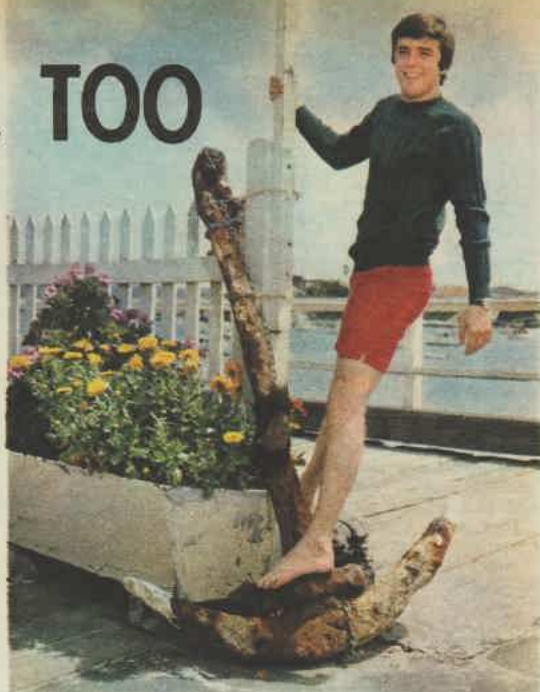
● Italian open-weave T-shirt cuts a dash with linen shorts. In summer, Johnny wears casual gear.



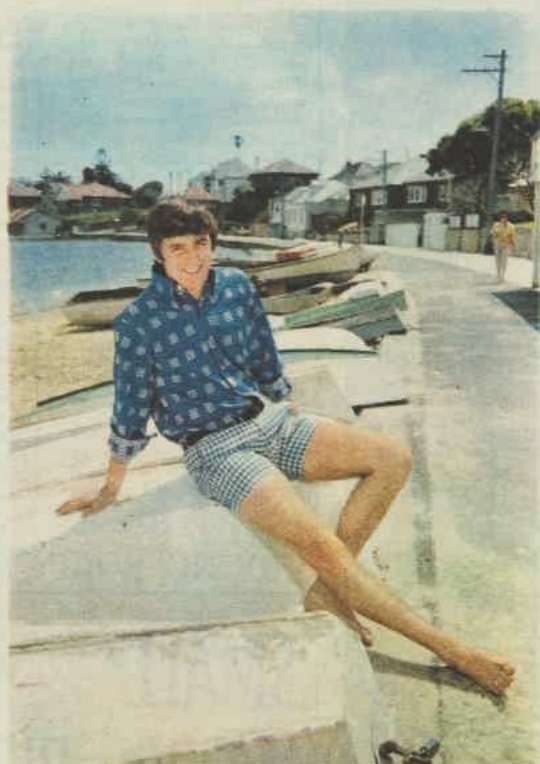
● Towelling shorts with matching vivid-striped top is one of Johnny's "most worn" summer outfits.

TOPS, TOO

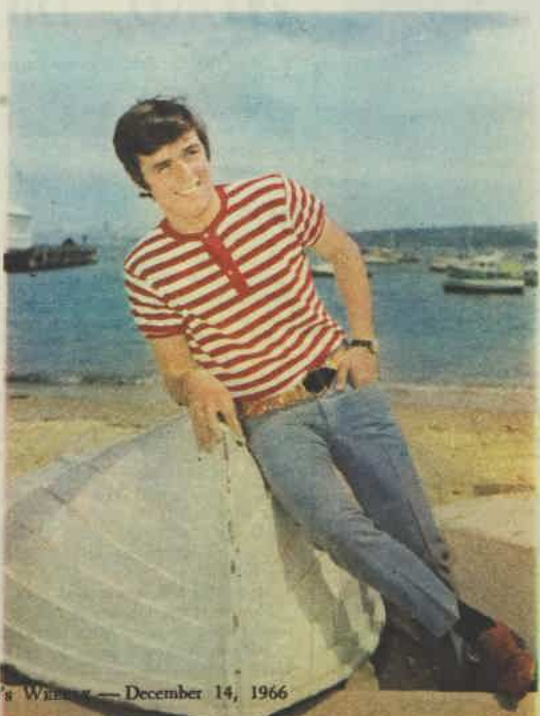
• Apres - swim, Johnny wears a ribbed jumper over his towelling shorts. He likes bright colors.



• The cuffs of Johnny's patterned shirt match the check shorts, and make a dazzling combination.



• Slim - fitting denim trousers team with striped T-shirt, while Johnny's paisley belt gives a mod touch.



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E. Gift Pack, Cologne	\$1.55
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... Margaret Merrill

(No) pride and prejudice

● Most people hold a prejudice against something in the world, though they will not admit it, even to themselves. It may not be against such serious matters as people of a different color or creed, but against parents or even trivialities like girls with short dresses. In a recent discussion we decided that the best way to uproot all prejudice is to read or find out as much as possible about the group or individual you dislike. For in doing this you will probably find that they are basically not much different from yourself.

— M. WINSHIP, Annerley, Qld.



LETTERS

Short memories

IF they have enough money, teenagers should be allowed to buy anything within reason, after telling their parents what they are buying. They should also be allowed to go out, bringing their friends home beforehand if necessary. Honestly, we're not babies any more, and parents should realise this and change their outlook. They were teenagers themselves once, but sometimes they forget it. — Pauline Magee, South Oakleigh, Vic.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.



IN my opinion a true individualist is one who:

- Isn't afraid to voice his principles and opinions, regardless of whether they are contrary to those of others.
- Dresses and has his hair in a style which he likes whether in or not.
- Has definite ambitions which he is striving to fulfil in a positive, constructive manner.
- Is not easily swayed by the criticisms of others, but, at the same time, respects differing opinions.

I believe it is such people who become the leaders in our society. — "Individualist," South Yarra, Vic.



Take cover!

STUDENTS are continually faced with the problem of covering notebooks. I have listed some different and, I hope, appealing suggestions for covers: Colorful scenes from magazines and travel brochures, maps, dress or other material, wallpaper, foil, posters advertising pop star concerts, self-adhesive plastic, fashion photographs, an original painting. — "Covers," Grenfell, N.S.W.

None so blind

MANY teenagers belong to the mod, rocker, or surfer sets because it is the accepted thing, not because the cult reflects their beliefs. These teenage sets are havens for the less intelligent, who conceal nebulous

personalities under long hair, high-heeled boots, and various other mod gimmicks widely copied within the set to which they belong. Surely it is far better to form your own opinions than merely to be one of the crowd, blindly accepting the dictates of the set. — J. Harders, Deakin, A.C.T.

On the ball

A CO-ED high-school girl, I was recently accepted into our girls' basketball team playing men's rules. Many people consider basketball to be too rough and tough for girls, but this isn't so. It is a game of speed and accuracy, using wit and tactics to overcome the opposition. Girls and boys alike can play. If other schools would form their own teams, we girls could enjoy the competition of men's basketball. — J. A. Chappell, Beacon Hill, N.S.W.

"Excuse me!"

● A girl is making an unnecessary problem for herself if she won't tell a boy, tactfully, that she does not want to continue dancing with him. When I go to a dance I have no intention of being forced to dance with someone longer than I wish. If I want to leave him, I merely say, "Thank you very much," smile sweetly, and walk away, leaving the boy with no hard feelings — I hope. A more informal sentence I may use (depending on what the boy is like) is, "Do you mind if I cut out now?" — "Choosy," New Lambton, N.S.W.

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PFORZHEIM
GERMANY



ROUND ROBIN Adair

SMALL WORD, BIG SPELL

I SEE that a British organisation has named "mini" its Word of the Year.

The organisation, interested in the impact of new words (and new uses for old ones) in everyday life, includes many teachers and writers.

"Mini," it seems, was voted top word in front of only three other finalists — "escalation," "switched-on," and "go-go."

Obviously a case of few being called but "mini" chosen. I must point out that it would be quite wrong to regard "mini" as a new word that popped up with small cars and even smaller dresses.

It has been a popular prefix for a long time. Why, years ago, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon (ask your Grandmother!) starred in a famous picture called "Mrs. Mini-ver."

Latin students have probably come across the story from Crete mythology about a bloke's fight with a bull-like monster — remember Theseus and the Mini-taur?

And today is far from being the first time Love has been a Mini-Splendored Thing.

In Longfellow's "Hiawatha" the Indian guy's girlfriend was Mini-haha.

Mickey's girl, too, was a Mini Mouse.

Then, I imagine that the Seven Dwarfs' mother was a mini-mum.

Mini, the old saying also goes, isn't everything.

However, the fashion is still very popular, and few girls would want to swap their mini-skirts for longer ones.

Indeed, it would seem to be a fool and her mini who were soon parted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1966

Louise
HERE'S YOUR

Hunter's
ANSWER

PEOPLE WILL TALK!

"WE are two young girls who share the same flat and work in the same office. Since we have been flatting together, we have found that rumors about us have been circulating around town. Due to this, the boys in the office have been making some obvious passes at us, particularly the boss, who has been making very suggestive remarks. If things don't improve, we are afraid that we might have to leave. Do you think there is a solution to this problem without having to leave our job?"

"Desperate," W.A.

• There is an old but true saying that goes something like "Where there's smoke there's fire." If your consciences are crystal-clear, and you are happy that you have done nothing to ignite these rumors, then hold your heads high and FACE your work-mates. In a short time I am sure that they will throw bouquets at you for your courage, instead of slinging mud. Innocent though you may be, if you leave now it might be taken as proof that the rumors are true.

Romance comes second

"WE are going steady with two boys who are very good friends. When we go out on a double date, which is always, the boys sit in the front seat and we have to sit in the back seat of the car. The only time one of us gets to be alone with her boyfriend is if the other boy is sick. We're tired of taking second place, but we like them too much to give them up. How can we get their attention a little more?"

"Help," Qld.

• You have really answered yourselves: You like them too much to give them up. While you keep on feeling like this, you'll just have to (literally) take a back seat. As soon as some other boys appear to offer competition, these two might stop being so timid that they have to stick together for mutual support.

Helping Vietnam

"I AM 13 and have a very serious problem. I want to be a soldier and fight in Vietnam—but I'm a girl! I desperately want to help not only the soldiers fighting over there but the people of Vietnam who are suffering, particularly the children. I know I could donate books and clothes, but that isn't enough for me. I don't get a big allowance and my parents aren't rich, so whatever you suggest can't cost too much. What is the address to which I can send books? Please—you must help me. I'm very sincere about this."

"Soldier Girl," Qld.

• Not for one moment do I doubt your sincerity, and I congratulate you for your genuine eagerness to bring a spark of hope to a nation that so desperately needs it. Why not write to the Red Cross in Brisbane exactly as you've written to me—clearly and sincerely, expressing your wish to help the people of Vietnam? I know they will do everything in their power to advise and help you.

She can't fool them

"I AM in fourth year at school, but am going around with a boy who is in third year. He had to repeat sixth class to get into his school; he is five months younger than I am. The trouble is that at the end of the year we have our fourth-year dance. If I asked him he would be the only boy from third year. He looks older than he is, and I could fool the girls, but most of them will ask boys from his school, and they would know him. I couldn't bear not to go to the dance, but I don't know what my boyfriend would think if I asked someone else. I have only been going with him for about a month. What should I do?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

• Surely, if you stress the fact that the dance is fourth year, he will not expect or even want to be invited! After all, he will realise, as you have done, that a third-year student would be a fish out of water. Unfortunately, you have to conform at school if you don't want to be ribbed—so you will have to be firm with him, and hope that he understands.

BEATNIK



—Carolyn Earle

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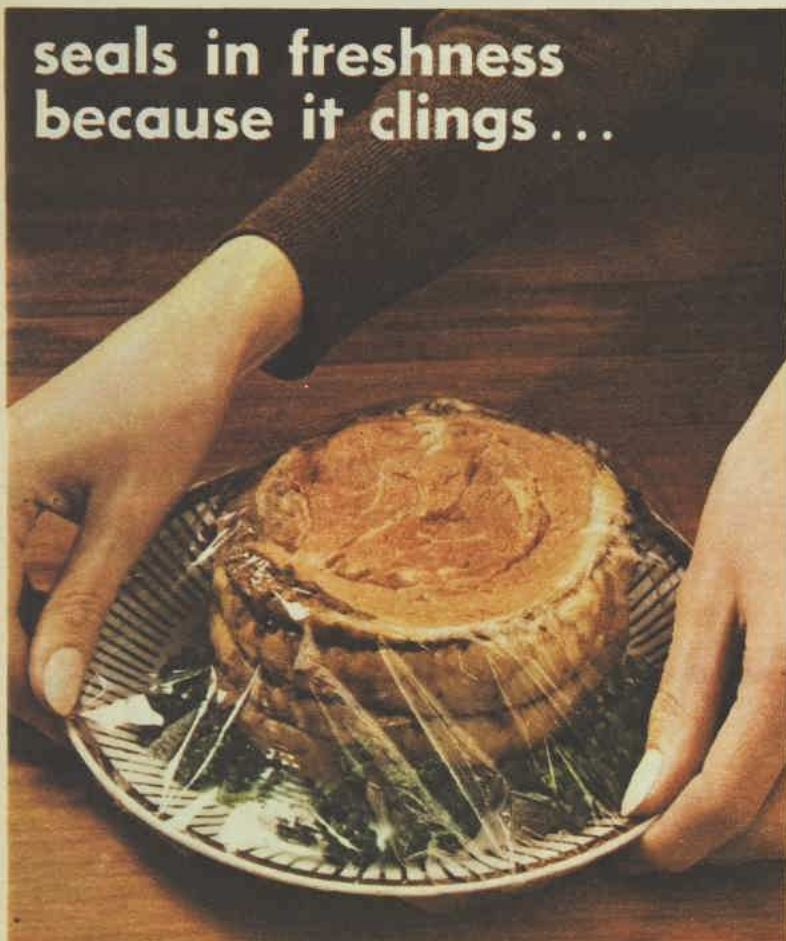
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YOU CAN'T DO THE TWIST...

... with a bowl of soup in each hand

(As a young Mum soon found when she took a job as a waitress!)

A FEW weeks ago, a comparison of our financial income with our outgoing made it clear that it was time I contributed to the income. Before marriage, I had worked in an office, but with two children, four and seven, day work was difficult. My son finishes kindergarten at noon, and 9-12 office jobs are rare. Then an advertisement appeared in the paper for a casual waitress at a nearby new hotel.

As I had dined there the previous week (that didn't help the budget, either), enjoyed the atmosphere, and liked the type of waitress (not that I had given her much thought), I decided to apply.

I jokingly suggested it to my husband, who recoiled in horror and said, "Definitely not!" I chewed it over all next day, and decided at least to inquire. The headwaitress was very kind, although I had had no experience.

She suggested I start off in the kitchen, washing dishes, to get used to the hustle and bustle which goes on behind THAT door which swallows up the waitress when she leaves your table.

I do hope my face didn't drop too far at this suggestion, as it came as quite a shock to think of the Queen of the Household at No. 42 as the Cinderella of the Kitchen at X Hotel.

My temporary silence must have signalled agreement, for she went on with other details. The cook — I mean the chef — was Italian, she said, and very temperamental. Sometimes a customer might complain his steak is tough, but we must smile sweetly, no matter what, and make sure the customer is satisfied.

I left ten minutes later with a date for the next evening with a monster called Kitchen.

My next problem was when and how to tell my husband. Before dinner, after dinner, in bed, or never?

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The true beauty of the hair is in the creation of deep translucent tones and rich glowing highlights. The radiant natural colour should shine through; the shimmer of blue black for brunettes, golden for blondes and the rich deep reds of auburn for the redheads.

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clear, shining bright with a rich new glow and deep translucence. The hair is much more manageable, delightfully soft and free. The difference between dull normal hair is noticeable after the first shampoo.

Dolph Peek-in Glow shampoos that bring life and beauty to the hair as used by many hairdressers are now available at chemist and beauty counters. "Clear" with lemon and vinegar for normal hair, "Creamed" with rich lanolin extracts for dry hair.

READER'S STORY

● Dining out soon? An anniversary? Or just a night out? Oh, the joy of being waited on, and no dishes after! Heavenly thought, but what about the waitress? Like me, you probably thought, "A nice job — just has to take the order, put it before them . . . and sees the floorshow free!" This South Australian reader changed her mind when she tried waitressing.

Should I ask for a divorce and then tell him? Perhaps it wouldn't sound so bad after a fright like that.

How did I tell him? The minute he came in I blurted out, "I've something to tell you, and I don't know how."

He knew. Yes, he knew — what and where. I hadn't thought what I'd do if he said NO. (To obey was omitted from our wedding vows, but I still don't think I could have disobeyed.)

What a wonderfully understanding husband I've got, I thought — or are we really that broke!

The following night, armed with rubber gloves (I kept these hidden until I saw whether the others wore them or not. I didn't want to look too namby-pamby, but an enormous pile of washing-up does not agree with my hands), a new apron, and a hastily swallowed teaspoon of honey (I read somewhere honey gave one energy and was good for the nerves), I arrived at the hotel.

Could walking into a lions' den be more terrifying than walking into a large, unknown kitchen dotted with strange faces?

I didn't have to stand long, as the headwaitress came up and suggested I wash the few dishes already there. By the time I had the water ready, I turned to get the dishes and the wall had disappeared behind a green wall of dishes.

There was nothing for it but to hop in and attack. I spent the next two nights surrounded by strange green dishes, and on the third night I was promoted to making seafood cocktails and preparing oysters. Such progress! Why, in a month I might even be a waitress!

It didn't take a month. The next night was my grand debut. Never have I felt such a vacuum inside me. Instead of thinking what I could do I kept thinking of what I couldn't. (If only I had known about yoga and positive thinking.)

Yet, funny thing, the minute I donned my new uniform I felt like a waitress. I'm happy to say that nothing drastic happened the first night and the other girls were marvellous to me. It pays to look dumb once in a while.

At this hotel, the waitress has to dish up her own soups and prepare her own sweets orders. She has to order her fish, entrees, and main courses from separate people in the kitchen, and try to order them in advance so they will be ready when she is ready to serve them.

She also has to learn to smile even when she doesn't feel like it — and keep a straight face when she feels like having a giggle. It's amazing how much the waitress does hear, so be warned.

There is quite an atmosphere as the band blares out a twisting twist and you feel your feet moving — but hold it! Not with a bowl of steaming soup in each hand.

Speaking of soup, can you imagine the agony one goes through carrying a very hot plate of soup, ready to drop it in front of the customer, only to find he has his hands folded in front of him on the table?

Then there is the time when one is taking down an order and the pen won't write. By the end of the evening (nearly five hours on your tootsies) you feel like an elephant in a pair of soft-soled slippers.

But now I've settled in I love it and recoil in horror at the thought of a dull office job. The money is good and sometimes the tips are, too, and it's amazing how pleasant one can be when one is being paid for it.

CHRISTMAS GIFT: Any mother of young children or mother-to-be would be glad to have Sister Mary Jacob's book, "You and Your Baby," as a Christmas gift.

Newly revised, the book is full of practical information about caring for babies and young children, with special chapters for country mothers who cannot reach baby health centres.

There are recipes for children's meals, advice about layettes and pre-natal care (including preparation for natural childbirth), and sections on infant feeding, nursery ailments, and hygiene.

"You and Your Baby" is \$1.50 at bookstores, or \$1.50 plus 18 cents postage by mail from: Golden Press, 16 Dowling St., Potts Pt., N.S.W.



"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

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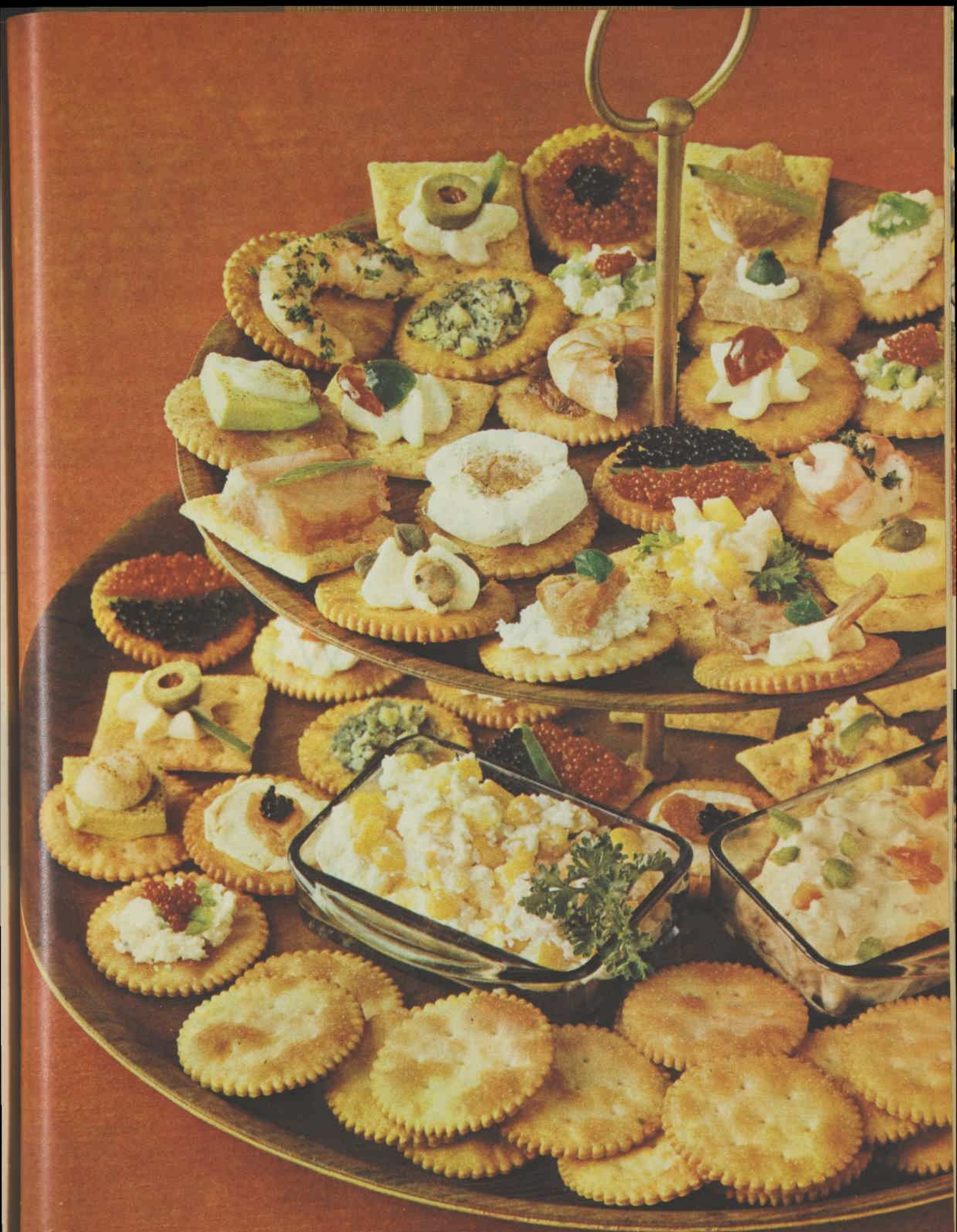
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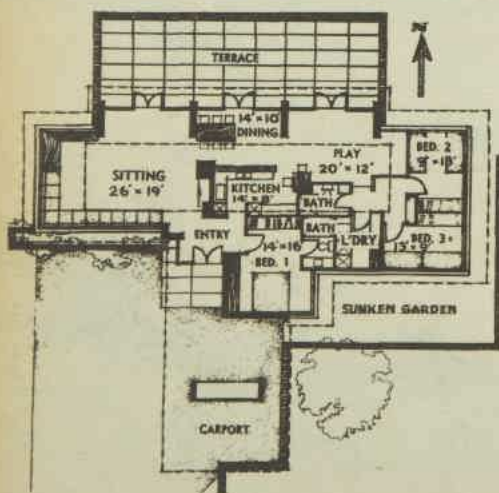


Three sets of glass doors in the northern wall of Mr. and Mrs. Armit's home at North Turramurra, N.S.W., allow indoor living to flow out-doors to a broad brick terrace.



FLOWING SPACE

Photographs by Keith Barlow



Compact kitchen has stainless-steel surfaces, Tasmanian blackwood storage units, and a floor of quarry tiles — all very easily kept clean.

Main bedroom has wall-length built-in dressing-table of Tasmanian blackwood. Timber frames above the bed conceal fluorescent strip lights.



OPEN planning and the use of rugged natural materials are features of the 18-square house designed by architect Bruce Rickard for Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Armit, of North Turramurra, N.S.W.

Exterior and most interior walls are of unpainted sandstock bricks. The low flat roofs are covered with coal-tar pitch roofing finished with gravel. Timber, mostly Canadian red cedar and Tasmanian blackwood, is used extensively, for window frames, built-in furniture and storage units, and the wall linings of the two children's bedrooms.

The living area, which comprises a kitchen centrally situated between sitting, dining, and children's play areas, is virtually one enormous room.

There are no inside doors. The space thus saved adds to the roominess of the living area, which is divided into functional areas by brick piers along one side and a sandstock brick wall with an open fireplace between the kitchen and the sitting-room sections. On the northern side the entire living area opens through glass doors on to a wide sunny terrace paved with electric bricks (the same length as the average brick, but both wider and thinner).

To increase the feeling of flowing space still more, the ceiling is on two levels, the lower one 7ft. 4in. high, the upper one, above a clerestory window running around the living area, rises to 10ft.

Because the house was so different from her previous, conventional home, Mrs. Armit was afraid she mightn't like it.

"My husband wanted the house," she said, "and I went along with him very sceptically. But within a week after we moved in I was won over completely. My husband does a lot of business entertaining, often brings home people I have never met. But everyone relaxes quickly here. They feel free to wonder around and talk to me while I'm preparing a meal. It's also easy to supervise my two pre-school children."

Lighting throughout the house is a special feature. In the living area, all overhead lights are ordinary globes concealed in flat wooden boxes set into the white hardboard ceilings. Round three walls of the sitting-room section, globes are hidden in flat boxes set into the bookshelves.

Fluorescent strips concealed beneath cupboards throw light on to work surfaces in the kitchen; in the three bedrooms lights are concealed above built-in bedheads and dressing-tables.

— Ennis Honey



Sitting-room section (above, foreground) is separated from kitchen by fireplace wall, from dining and play areas by 6ft.-wide brick piers.

Sitting-room (below). Clerestory plus narrow windows above built-in bookshelves provide extremely adequate light while retaining privacy.





“Aren’t you wearing Tweed (



)?”

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Remember the advice somebody gave me when I complained that our mango tree had only borne fruit once in a fairly long life? The tip I was given was to make half a dozen slashes in the trunk with an axe.

WELL, I did that, and then another reader wrote and said my leg was being pulled, that the idea was to make the slashes so deep that you chopped your non-bearing mango down.

Now I've had a letter (and from Queensland!) from a reader whose 20-year-old mango has borne fruit only five times. She had decided to get rid of the tree, but on reading that advice she slashed the trunk with inch-deep cuts in eight places — and it has now set a large crop of fruit.

I hope this is as a result of my (second-hand) advice, but I'm not too sure, because a couple of months ago I had another letter from a Queenslander who told me that slashing the trunk wouldn't help and probably wouldn't hinder but the whole question of whether you get fruit or not hinges on the weather.

If the tree flowers in dry weather, fruit will set, she tells me. If rain falls on the blossoms, the fruit won't set.

In the meantime, my mango is standing out in the garden with its trunk slashed, and no sign so far of any flowers. If it flowers, and if it doesn't rain on the flowers, and if it produces fruit this year, I still won't know the answer.

Seems to me the only way for the home gardener to find the answer to this question is to have four mango trees — two with slashes in the trunk and two without, one of each sort taking its chance out in the open, and the other two carefully sheltered under vast umbrellas every time it looks like rain during the flowering season.

A huge green mango on the Ceylon Special

MY Queensland correspondent with the 20-year-old tree tells me that it's a Ceylon Special, producing a huge green mango with a flat seed and a stem 15 to 18 in. long which makes it hard for the flying-foxes to steal the crop.

This, she says, is an ideal mango for cooking. I've tasted mango chutney, of course, but I'd never heard of stewing mango. Probably in Sydney, where mangoes are expensive and scarce, most people eat them by the slurp-over-the-sink method.

Another question which I insist is perfectly easy to answer comes from a reader in Tasmania.

This is that hoary old chestnut that has split families and caused more people to call other people idiots than any other.

You guessed it. It's "Brothers and sisters have I none, but this man's father is my father's son."

This reader thinks that the man is looking at a picture of his own son. Her husband says he is looking in the mirror at himself and, furthermore, that all the "Brains"

where he works have argued it out and proved him to be right.

All I can say is, "Lady, you are dead right, but I don't like your chances of converting any unbeliever to your way of thinking."

I've just spent three-quarters of an hour arguing this one with Mike. He has now retired from the scene, allegedly to do his homework, but actually, I'm sure, to try to think up some new argument so we can reopen the whole question.

But let's, for our own satisfaction, prove it by naming everyone. The "I" who started the whole thing by making this provocative statement is a man called Ivan. His father's name is Horatio Claude (they are, I feel, that sort of family).

Now Ivan has plainly told us, and we have to believe him, that he has neither brothers nor sisters. Therefore Horatio Claude has only one child — to wit, Ivan. Fair enough so far?

Now he says, "This man's father is my father's son." Let's start at the end of the sentence and work back. My father's son is "me," in other words, Ivan.

And "my father's son" (Ivan) is plainly stated to be the father of the man he is looking at. Therefore, he is looking at the picture of his own son.

The son AND grandson of Horatio Claude?

IF, using the same names and the same system, you try to prove that he's looking at himself in a mirror, you get this result:

This man's father (i.e., Ivan's father, Horatio Claude) is my (Ivan's) father's (Horatio Claude's) son (Ivan). Which, anyway you look at it, makes Ivan a bit of a nut who believes himself to be both the son and grandson of Horatio Claude.

So, as I said, I don't like your chance of converting anyone once they've made up their mind, but he's definitely looking at a picture of his own son, whose name (the family having gone downhill by wasting so much time in futile argument) is probably Joe Blow.

When you've got somebody completely confused with that one it's a good time to pop the question "If a goose weighs 7 lb. and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?"

Either they'll give you the correct answer as quick as a flash (14 lb.) or they'll dig their heels in and try to prove by algebra and argument that it's something different altogether.

If that doesn't catch anyone, try this one: On his way to work every morning, Horatio Claude drives his car up a gentle half-mile slope at 30 miles an hour.

How fast must he drive his car down the other side of the slope (another half mile) to average 60 m.p.h. for the whole journey?

The answer? He can't do it. It's impossible for him to average a mile a minute, because he has already taken a minute for the first half mile.



Seems like yesterday for Hilary and Peter. Probably because they've both been working flat out for a home of their own. They now have a dear little son, so Hilary's twice as busy. Yet they still love a night out.

Hilary and Peter — happy and vital as the day they were married

Hilary's the one who makes sure her family is healthy and happy. She serves All-Bran every morning. "We have it with Corn Flakes or fruit," she said. "Preferably peaches!" added Peter, "but All-Bran tastes good however you eat it."

"I also use All-Bran to make delicious muffins," said Hilary. The great thing about All-Bran is it tastes good and it's nature's guard against irregularity. Keeps the young and the not-so-young sparkling! Try some.



Look who still gets a kick out of a game of squash, even after a long hard day as a salesman!



Hilary's day starts from the moment young Tim wakes. Then it's breakfast (with All-Bran), dishes, tidy-up, dress baby and off to work. No wonder the Roberts are an All-Bran family. Such energy!



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The hard and newly
gained friendship
with her stepson was
suddenly threatened

A QUESTION OF HONOR

BY BARBARA HOLLAND

KENNY let the screen door snap shut behind him and dropped his books on the hall table. "Mum? I'm home."

"Hi, Sport," Jean said. She was hemming curtains with a blue-and-yellow pattern of ducks and kittens for the nursery. "How did the Latin test go?"

"OK, I guess."
"Good. There's a sandwich and milk for you in the kitchen."

"Neat."
Jean heard several small crashes in the kitchen, and she wondered if all 14-year-olds were so clumsy. Kenny reappeared with a line of milk over his lip, chewing the sandwich. "Seen my bat?"

"Where'd you leave it?"
"In the hall."
"Try the cupboard."

There were more crashes, as ice skates and a hockey stick were turned over in the cupboard. Then Kenny stood in the doorway holding his much-taped baseball bat. "I'm going up to Ted's," he said.

Jean looked up from the curtains at her stepson, trying to hide the familiar clutch of uncertainty. Still, after two years, it made her uncomfortable to ask him to do things. Their friendship was so delicate, so carefully balanced. She had worked so hard for it, but she was always afraid some careless word would bring it tumbling down like piles of blocks and she would have to start over from the beginning. At

fourteen, Kenny was glassed in behind the fragile crust of adolescence.

"How about changing your clothes before you go?"

He looked down, as if it had not occurred to him that he was wearing clothes. "These are OK."

"No, they're not." She kept her voice confident. "Those are school clothes. Put on your jeans."

He wavered a minute, uncertain whether to make an issue of it, and then he shrugged and took the stairs two at a time.

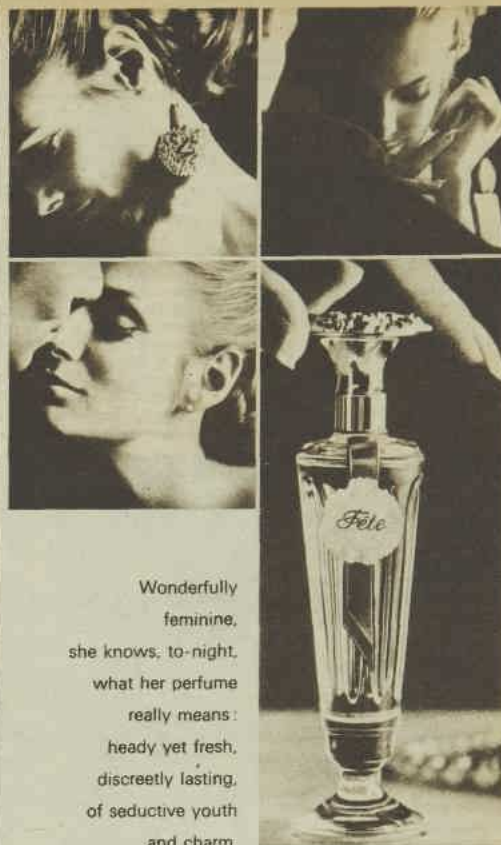
Drawers banged in his room overhead, then he came back on the run, and Jean caught a flash of blue jeans and a corduroy jacket before the door slammed.

She folded the curtains and stood up carefully, as if the child she carried were made of porcelain. It was her first child, and already she was deeply awed by it, although it would be three months before she would see its face.

She was worried about Kenny's reactions, too: how would he take having a baby in the house? Would he see it as another abandonment, another mother turning away from him, this one to a new baby as the other one had to death? Doubt nibbled at her constantly.

To page 68

Jean could see by the expression
on Kenny's face, that he knew the
reason she wanted to speak to him.



Wonderfully
feminine,
she knows; to-night,
what her perfume
really means:
heady yet fresh,
discreetly lasting,
of seductive youth
and charm.

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- The powerful "fume-action" of the pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu, penetrates deep into every crack and crevice, killing all insect pests and retains its killing effectiveness long after spraying. Supplies of Pea-Beu are now available at leading stores and chemists.

A QUESTION OF HONOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

She remembered Kenny as he'd been when she had first met him. Sullen, shy, morose, he had answered her questions in polite monosyllables. His mother's death had still been a shock to him then. Like his father, he had never expected tragedy to fall.

She had felt so inadequate then. She almost told Martin, no, she couldn't marry him; she loved him, but she felt she was too young and too inexperienced to be a mother to Kenny.

And remembering all this now she began to think of ways she could make it up to Kenny for the baby. He would need more attention, trips to the science museum, ball games. Planning, she went slowly up the stairs holding the banister.

In Kenny's room she found, as she expected, his school clothes

trailed across the floor. She stooped, one hand on her unborn child, and picked up the trousers and shirt.

The cuffs on his long-sleeved sports shirt were rolled up, and she unrolled them. A square of paper drifted to the floor. Curious, she picked it up. She respected Kenny's privacy, but she started to read it without thinking, in the automatic way she would read a road sign or a label on a jar.

At first it made no sense, but then she realised it was Latin. The printing was small and clear, and the square of paper was thickly covered with it; noun endings, irregular verbs, prepositions, all the complex memory work of beginning Latin.

For several seconds she struggled against understanding what it meant. But there was only one

thing it could mean. Today had been the first major Latin test and Kenny had cheated. He had carried the paper to the test in the roll of his cuff, where it could be consulted quickly, inconspicuously.

Her initial shock was followed by a harder one. What was she going to do about it? She had found the paper, there was no use pretending she hadn't, and the burden of doing something settled heavily over her like sorrow.

She folded up the paper and put it in the pocket of her smock. She put away the shirt and trousers. As she left the room she closed the door behind her, and unconsciously tried it to be sure

it was shut, hoping to leave her knowledge and pain on the other side.

Downstairs, she took up her sewing again, but her hands kept forgetting what they were doing, until she gave up and let them lie idle in her lap.

She would have to talk to Kenny. She would have to tell him she knew, and he would have to be punished. Suppose he denied it? Cornered, he might tell a frightened lie and their relationship would tremble, sway, and come crashing down. The school would have to be notified. Suppose they expelled him? They might. Then what? A private school or a military school? What

a place for Kenny. And they could never afford it.

She would have to tell Martin. Martin was a gentle man, and deeply honest. His disappointment would be great and there would be shame in the secret places of his mind.

It was almost time for Martin to be home. Jean roused herself and folded the curtains. Upstairs, she combed her dark hair and put on lipstick. Her skin seemed whiter than usual, and after looking at herself critically for a moment she touched her fingertips with lipstick and rubbed it on her cheekbones. It seemed important to be pretty tonight. How silly, she thought, but it's a womanly instinct. In time of trouble, look as pretty as possible. Not that it would help; there was no protection against this trouble.

"Hey, you look pretty," Martin said, dropping the evening paper on Kenny's books. "Got a kiss for the old man?"

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," she said. "I used them all up."

"Used them? On whom, pray tell?"

"Well, you know." She waved her hand vaguely. "The postman. Someone selling encyclopedias. The gas man. It all adds up." I mustn't talk this way, she thought. I'm only making it harder for later. I must tell him now, right away.

"Not a single kiss left? Not even a peck?"

"What did you do with the one I gave you this morning?"

"I spent it," he said. "On my secretary." He kissed her, and whacked her gently. "Where's Kenny?"

Her voice sounded high to her. "Up at Ted's. Playing ball." I have to do it now, she told herself, this minute. "Martin?"

"Hm?"

"About Kenny."

SHE was silent. All her early misgivings came back. Completely honest himself, Martin could never believe in the dishonesty of others. He trusted everyone. She could not stand there, looking at his face, and tell him his son had cheated on a test. I'll tell him later, she thought, feeling cowardly. Not now, later.

"What about Kenny?"

"Nothing. Nothing important. I'll tell you later. Would you like a drink?"

"I'll have a sherry, if you're having one. I'll get them, you rest."

"Oh, sit down. I'm not an invalid, darling. Just slightly pregnant." As she stood pouring the sherry she could feel his eyes looking anxiously over the curve of her body. She was proud of how well she had been, and she knew he was afraid her pride made her do too much.

"Cheers," she said, handing him a glass.

"Cheers," he answered gravely.

"Where are you going?"

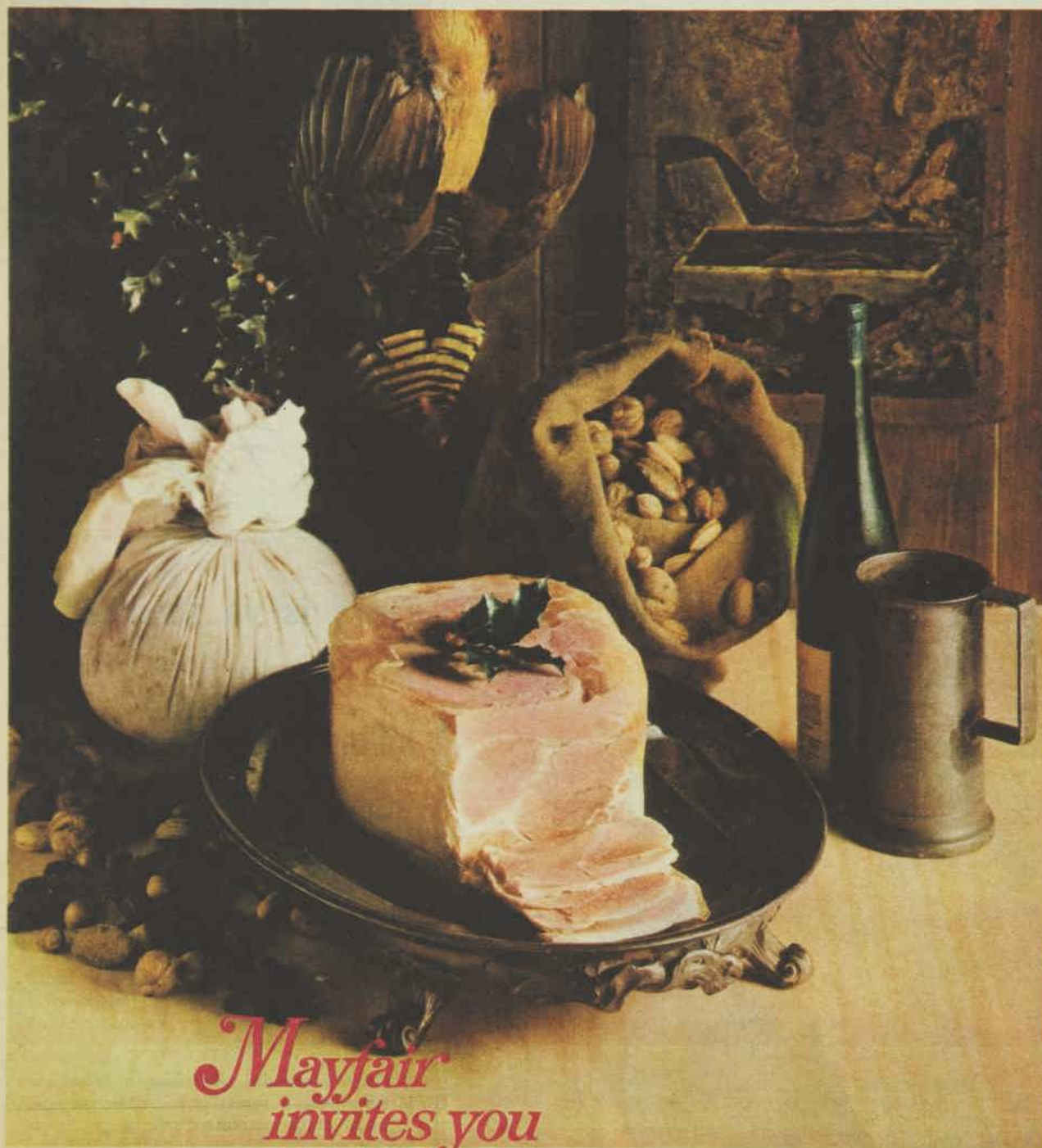
"I have to watch the dinner. It's a sort of mixture of leftovers, my own invention. Is that all right?" She paused in the doorway, uncertain. It was so important that she manage. She was not competing with Kenny's mother, but she felt in some way responsible to her. It seemed as if, without knowing Jean's face or her name, she had died entrusting her family into Jean's care.

"Of course it's all right," Martin said. "Anything's all right. Jean, you do too much. We could just have things from the delicatessen, you know, and you could take it easy."

"I do take it easy. I'm the laziest woman in town." She kissed the back of his neck and went out to the kitchen.

Alone, the discovery she had made came back to her. Kenny. Something new to worry Martin. Something darker than her health or his business. If she made a false move it could break a heart — Kenny's, Martin's, or both. At that moment the front door slammed and she heard Kenny and Martin talking in the living-room.

To page 70



Mayfair
invites you
to enjoy
a good
old fashioned
Christmas



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And with no bone, there's no waste. Just slice after slice of lean, tender, juicy ham.

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antique vases and other treasures.

I AM hoping you will be able to help me identify two old vases (pictured at right). Each is one of a pair. The vase on the extreme right — patterned with birds and flowers and overpainted in gold, black, and ochre except for one panel — was allegedly housed in the Chinese Imperial Palace prior to the Boxer Rebellion. —Mrs. Margot Titcher, Dandenong, Vic.

Your vase at near right is Chinese—late Ching ware—made about 70 or 80 years ago; vase on the extreme right is Japanese Kaga ware—made 1875 to 1885.



● Doulton ewer



● Ching-ware vase



● Kaga-ware vase

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best feeling.
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best for baby, best for you.

Johnson's
baby
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PUREST PROTECTION

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I WAS fortunate in acquiring this lovely jug and would like some background information about it. The markings on the base are "Doulton — silicon — Lambeth, W 8630 E. — A.O." — Mrs. E. L. Pithard, Ivanhoe, Vic.

This elegant ewer-shaped vase of neo-classical form — obviously inspired by the Greek prototype. It is a good example of silicon ware, and is an original Doulton example. It was made between 1881 and 1891.

WOULD you give me some information about a lady's card case. The symbols are: b, within shield, circular, slightly flat on top; anchor — lying lengthwise, but upright; lion — within rectangular shield with rounded corners; Queen's head — within circle with rounded corners; D and S letters erased by rubbing of gold. The case is two and a half by three and three-quarters and is beautifully engraved with ivy leaves, scrolls, etc.

I also have a matchbox for which chain with the engraving: B S; a lion; a badge; A — within shield nearly square with rounded corners. I hope this is sufficiently clear. I have tried to trace the markings from a silver book, but without much success. — Miss E. M. Miethle, Woodville, S.A.

Your Victorian silver card case was made in Birmingham in 1874 to 1877. I am assuming that the 'N' is not a capital letter. If it is, then it dates 1850 to 1851. The late Victorian silver matchbox was made in Chester and bears the date letter mark for 1901 to 1902.

MY mother has an unusual brick-red earthen or stone jar. It has a hunting scene in black around it. I have enclosed a rough drawing of the registration mark. By strange coincidence I have a friend who also has a similar jar with the seven ages of man depicted on it. —Mrs. N. Bailey, Baywater, Vic.

Your "vase" is actually an example of Pratt pottery and was originally used as a pomade jar. The registration mark which is illustrated with your query indicates that the design which embellishes your pomade jar was registered on the 19th September, 1857. Pratts of Fenton, Staffordshire, also made your friend's example.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.

WHEN making raffia yarn handbags, give them an extra lining of foam rubber. It adds a professional look and also keeps the bag in good shape.—Mrs. Joan Adams, 13 Sanananda Ave., Allambie Heights, N.S.W.

Press a drawing-pin in each corner of the back of the frame when hanging pictures. The pins will slide, will not mark the wall, and less dust will collect behind pictures.—Mrs. R. Metcalf, 5 Imperial Ave., Emu Plains, N.S.W.

Stop a leak of gas until the plumber

Readers' household hints

● These useful hints from readers win a \$2 prize each.

arrives by covering the hole with a mixture of damp soap and whiting. — Edward John Reilly, 44 Mitford St., Elwood S.3, Vic.

Make good use of worn T-shirts that have gone out of shape round the bottom edge. Cut off required length from under armholes, hem and thread with elastic,

and you have a midriff top to wear with shorts.—Mrs. E. Blanch, P.O. Box 73, Coff's Harbor Jetty, N.S.W.

If your husband is making a drain down the side of a concrete drive, tell him to press and slide a bottle along the wet cement. The curve of a large bottle gives just the right depth for easy

flow, and results in a smooth finish.—Mrs. Sylvia Annison, 24 Lynch St., Sunshine, Vic.

A razor blade is a useful addition to your sewing basket, but to avoid a cut finger remove the matches from a match-finder and rest the blade in between the stubs.—Mrs. M. B. Maddison, 32 East St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

To overcome the difficulties of opening food cans with recessed lids, use a five-cent bicycle tyre lever.—Mrs. M. H. Hyland, "Benalta," Jackson, Qld.

A QUESTION OF HONOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

She put the brass candlesticks on the dinner table and lit the candles. Their pale light wavered over the plates and silver.

"Candles," Kenny said, when they sat down for dinner. "Is it somebody's birthday or something?"

"I just thought it would be nice," said Jean. "Did you wash your hands?"

"Yeah. But I can't see what I'm eating."

"Guess," said his father.

"Eye of newt," said Kenny.

"Mixed with toe of frog." The candles, she realised guiltily, were to keep her from having to see Kenny and Martin too clearly. And to keep them from seeing her. Her silence had put her in the wrong. She had not talked to Martin or to Kenny, and every word she said now seemed false.

She examined Kenny's bent head. Why had he left the paper in his shirt? Why hadn't he thrown it away? Unreasonably she blamed him for letting her find it.

KENNY looked up. "Ted's father's going to fix up their garage for basketball, for when it's too cold to play outside," he said, his eyes, moving confidently from his father to his step-mother. Jean could see the pure extraordinary sweetness in his face, the look that sometimes surprised her in his father. Kenny took another bite and said, through it, "Isn't that neat?"

"Very neat," said Martin.

They ate in silence for a while. "I had lunch with Doug Perkins today," said Martin. "He wants us to come out for a barbecue on Sunday. I said I'd have to see how you were feeling."

"Sunday?" Jean considered. "I think I invited Aunt Angie for dinner on Sunday. I can put her off if you'd like."

"Of course not. I'll tell Doug some other time." And Martin bent over his plate. His hair, like Kenny's, was fair and gleamed in the candlelight.

In her pocket Jean could feel the folded square of paper burning and burning like a fuse.

After dinner she washed the dishes, and the mindless repetitive job soothed her. Perhaps, after all, she was exaggerating the thing. All children cheat. They were only trying to get along in a world that expected impossible things. She would tell Martin, and Martin would handle it all.

In the living-room Martin and Kenny had divided the evening paper, and Kenny was biting his nails over the sports page.

"Homework, sport?" asked Jean.

"Yeah." "Hadden't you better get on with it, then?" she asked casually.

"When you've finished the paper?" "I'm going to watch TV a while," he said, not looking up. He was not resisting her authority. It was only that her authority did not quite exist. Their friendship trembled between them like a reflection of light; she could not issue orders through it.

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Like her to remember this Christmas?

LADY SUNBEAM'S CARRYING CASE CAN BE USED AS OVERNIGHT BAG

LADY SUNBEAM HAIRDRYER... HAS A SPECIAL BONNET FOR ALL OVER HEAT

Martin lowered his paper. "That's the rule. Hop to it, son." Reluctantly, Kenny put the paper aside. "OK." His father invariably meant just what he said, and Kenny knew better than to argue. He trudged up the stairs.

In the silence he left behind, Jean pretended to read the sports section while she worked her mind for an opening. Suddenly, her eye was caught by a headline: College Basketball Star Seizes this opportunity, she said. "Martin, when you were a boy, in school, did you ever cheat on an exam?"

He put the paper down to stare at her. "What a funny question! Of course not."

A QUESTION OF HONOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

"I just wondered. What about in business?"

"Business?"

"I mean, suppose you were bidding on a job, say. And suppose you knew of a way to find out what the other bids would be. And if you found out, you could adjust your own bid and get the job. Would you?"

"Jean, what on earth is this all about?"

"Well, then, what if you found out that someone you were fond of, your partner maybe, if you had a partner; suppose you found out that he had got a big job for your company by pretending to have something he didn't? If he said he had certain materials on hand,

ready to use, but he didn't. He just thought he could get them if he was promised the job."

"Jean, I love you, but you have the strangest ideas about my business!"

"Please, Martin, I'm serious. How would you feel about this man then?"

Martin held a match to his pipe, and considered, and then said, "I wouldn't work with him any more, I know that."

"Why?"

Martin looked as if he might lose patience, but something in her face seemed to change his mind. He went over to the window and stood looking out into the spring darkness.

"People who cheat make me uncomfortable," he said at last. "People who lie. It embarrasses me to be with them, if I know they've done something like that, and I never know what to say. It's as if their identity had slipped somehow. There's no stability in a liar. He isn't who you thought he was. It's like meeting a man without a name. You haven't got anything to take hold of, you think he's there, and you've got your hand on him, but he's not there at all, he's somewhere else. I'm sorry. I'm not explaining this well at all."

"Lying and cheating are the same thing, then?"

"Of course. A lie is a verbal cheat. A cheat is a lie turned solid." His voice was calm, but the words rang heavy with conviction.

Nervousness made her say foolishly, "Heavens, Martin, you expect too much of people!"

"Maybe you're right." He knocked his pipe out against the fireplace bricks. "But it isn't something I've thought about, and decided, morally. It's just the way I feel. Like the way I feel about apple dumplings or rain. Now will you tell me what started all this? Something in the paper?"

"Yes," said Jean softly, almost inaudibly. "Here — this piece in the sports section — I was just curious."

As he read the paper, Jean made her decision. Right or wrong, she could not tell him about Kenny. If he had to know later, if the school took some definite action, then it would be worse. But unless she had to, she could not spoil his pleasure in his son. She would have to take the chance and handle it alone.

Later, before she went to bed, Jean opened the door to Kenny's room to make sure he had gone to sleep. The light from the hall fell across the floor and on the narrow bed where he lay curled up in a small knot. He was small for his age. He had not, as they say, "begun to grow."

THE room seemed cluttered and comfortable to her. She stood with her hand on the door and looked at the bare walls, with no pictures but a chart of the elements and another chart of the planets in their orbits. His collection of rocks was neatly arranged on its shelf.

Kenny's blue jeans and T-shirt and underwear lay in a heap beside the bed, over the bulges that were his shoes. A depressing place to live, she thought, and yet Kenny, asleep, surrounded by his gods and treasures, found it warmly comforting. His world had been profoundly shaken by his mother's death, but piece by piece he was rebuilding it.

It must be very difficult to be fourteen years old, she thought, and very remote; Kenny was not simply an unfinished adult, but another species, solitary and struggling in the world. And she stood there, pregnant with his rival, his paper in her pocket, preparing herself to attack the small safety he had.

What would his mother have done? If only she could know. It was terrible to have so deep a responsibility to someone so irrevocably gone.

Troubled, she closed the door, and went to bed.

The next day, when she finished the grocery shopping, she decided to visit her Aunt Angie. Angie was her favorite relative and she had often gone to her for advice.

Jean found her working in the garden. Angie's cheeks were pink, and she was wearing an old denim jacket. "Hello, Jean dear," her aunt said. "What a nice surprise. How are you feeling?"

"I feel fine." Jean pushed aside some seed packages on the iron garden seat and sat down heavily.

Her aunt leaned on her trowel, frowning at her. "You don't look

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THE BOYFRIEND



"They make a handsome couple, don't they?"

A QUESTION OF HONOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

fine. You look as pale as a ghost. Do you want some coffee?"

"No, thanks," she said. "I've got a problem. Look." She unfolded the paper. The words were still there; she had almost hoped they would be magically gone. She handed the paper to her aunt, who held it at arm's length, squinting.

"I don't have my reading glasses. What is it? Looks like nonsense to me. Is it a game?"

"Latin. I found it in Kenny's shirt sleeve. He had a Latin test yesterday."

Her aunt's look was blank.

"It's to cheat with, Aunt Angie." Angie looked at it again, and

handed it back. "Well, what's your problem?"

"That. Don't you see? Kenny cheated, and now I don't know what to do."

"Has Martin said anything?"

"I didn't tell him. I couldn't. I'm afraid he'd never be able to feel quite the same about Kenny."

Her aunt dug deeply under some weeds. "So what are you going to do?"

"I have to speak to Kenny, but I'm scared. Remember how he was two years ago? And now the baby coming, and all. And then, of course, I have to notify the school."

"Notify the school?" Her aunt lost her balance and tipped over

a flowerpot. "Darling, you must be out of your mind! They might put in on his permanent record. Or they might expel him!"

"But if he doesn't deserve the grade he got..."

"Nonsense! Kenny's a bright boy."

"But he cheated."

"Now, Jean. Be careful. Why that poor little fellow, losing his mother like that, you have to be a little easy with him. Particularly at this age. It's the school's business, anyway, not yours. Sometimes we have to live and let live, darling."

Jean was silent. She looked around her at the garden coming to life while Angie removed weeds she could keep it from being choked later on. Kenny is like this garden, she thought, and if he's going to grow at all, I have to help give him solid soil to build on.

Reluctantly, but with conviction coming into her voice, she said, "But it's a question of honor, Aunt Angie."

Angie put down her trowel. "Honor," she said. "You mean to tell me you're going to take away that boy's emotional security and hold him up to public disgrace in his school — all for something right out of King Arthur? Jean, this is the twentieth century!"

Jean hung her head, fiddling with her wedding ring. She loved her aunt. She had respected her advice on so many other occasions, why couldn't she go along with her this time? She felt stuffy and old-fashioned. If she could agree with Angie, then life could go on in peace and happiness. Why was she going to spoil it? Because she was not convinced. She could not make herself be. The word "honor" echoed over the new garden and refused to fade. There was no way around it.

She got up awkwardly and turned to go.

"Wait, Jean, what are you going to do?"

"Talk to Kenny. I have to. Thanks, anyway, Aunt Angie. I'll let you know what happens."

On her own front walk she paused, her arms full of groceries. She remembered how helpless she had felt when Martin carried her over the threshold. A house had seemed so complicated, and running it was like piloting an ocean liner through shoals and heavy seas. But she had managed, after all. They hadn't run aground. Yet.

When Kenny came home, Jean was waiting for him. She heard the screen door slam and his voice.

"Mum? I'm home."

"Kenny," Jean said. "Come here a minute. I want to talk to you."

Kenny came into the living-room reluctantly. "Sit," she said, moving her feet from the footstool. His face was solemn. Then, slowly, she saw him remember. He knew. The knowledge spread over his face and engulfed it completely, until the freckles stood out darkly against his cheeks.

Jean took the paper from her pocket and handed it to him. He closed his fingers around it without looking at it.

At least he isn't denying it, she thought. "I found it yesterday," she said. "I've been trying to think what to do ever since. What do you think I should do?"

He looked up at her for an instant. "Did you tell my father?"

My father, she thought. She was hurt; why does he call him that? To remind me that, while Martin is his father, I'm not his mother? "No. I didn't. I should have, but I didn't. You know how disappointed he'd be, don't you?"

Kenny looked down again. He jerked his head in a short nod.

"Why did you do it?"

"To get a good grade on the test," he muttered.

"Don't you think maybe it's more important to be honest?"

He shrugged, angrily. "You and my father said I should get a good grade in Latin. For college."

"I'm sorry if we made you think it was important enough to cheat for. Nothing's that important."

To page 73



GIFT HER

with a Bond's gift set . . . in a Bond's gift box

What a sweet idea! Beautiful nylon undies ready boxed for gift giving. This is 'Charm'. White, pink or blue. Style 91602 ssw to os nylon slip and briefs \$5 (50/-). Style 91603 sw to os with slip and panties \$5 (50/-).

Other Bond's gift boxes: 'M'amabelle' Style 91601. SSW-OS slip, briefs, pink, white, blue, \$6 (60/-)

BOND'S
CAMEO COLLECTION

'Paulette' Style 91604, a magnificent lace-covered shortie nightie. Pink or blue SSW-OS, \$4 (40/-)

Recipes win prizes

CONSOLATION prize of \$2 is awarded for a luscious Chocolate Brazil Fudge.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD

½ pint treacle	1 tablespoon ground ginger
½ pint boiling water	pinch salt
12oz. plain flour	1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
4oz. butter	½ cup castor sugar
1 egg	
1 teaspoon cinnamon	

Sift together all dry ingredients, except bicarbonate

● A recipe for old-fashioned, well-flavored gingerbread wins our \$10 prize.

of soda. Cream together butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Dissolve bicarb. soda in ½ cup boiling water. Add to treacle, stir well. While still fizzing, add to creamed mixture. Stir in dry ingredients, then remaining water (a thin batter results). Pour batter into well-greased and paper-lined 8in.-square cake tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 to 1½ hours. Leave in tin 15 minutes to cool. Turn on to cake-cooler. Serve, cut in slices and buttered.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. D. Foote, 28 Junction St., Sherwood, Brisbane.

CHOCOLATE BRAZIL FUDGE

2oz. cream cheese	½ cup coarsely chopped brazil nuts
2 cups sifted icing sugar	little milk
5 dessertspoons cocoa	
½ teaspoon vanilla	

Have cream cheese at room temperature. Beat until smooth. Gradually work in the sifted icing sugar and cocoa; mix well. Add vanilla, chopped nuts, and little milk, if necessary, to make smooth mixture. Press into well-greased lamington tin; chill. Cut into squares to serve. Keep refrigerated.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. R. Giractz, Strathalbyn, S.A.

A QUESTION OF HONOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

He looked up, pleading. "I only asked it once! Just once, that's all!"

"I'm glad you've been studying. But that doesn't make any difference. 'Just once' doesn't make it right." Her own voice, a voice of authority she was using without thinking, startled her. There was no use pretending any more that they were friends. Her voice was that of an adult to a child.

"I know," he said. "Are you going to tell the school?"

"No. You are. You're going to tell your Latin teacher, Kenny. Tomorrow. He'll decide what to do about it."

"No!"

"Yes. Don't you see, Kenny? You have to."

"Why? Everybody cheats."

"I don't care about anybody else. These things are private. You're the one I'm interested in." She hesitated, remembering her aunt's reaction. "Kenny, it's—well—it's dishonorable."

But Kenny did not laugh. He only said, "What do you care? It's not you."

"I care because I love you."

IT'S true, she thought. I love Kenny; I'm anxious for his honor. I've been so worried about whether I was doing right. I never realised such a simple thing.

Something like fear had stood between Kenny and love. But now she had faced him, alone, and she was no longer afraid.

He shot her a suspicious glance and then, embarrassed, looked down at his hands. After a minute he looked up again and a small, shaky smile answered hers.

"Kenny, call me tomorrow," he said, "the minute it's over. I'll be waiting."

The next day was endless. She ran to the telephone every time it rang. It was Martin, it was a tappy service, it was a wrong number. And then the phone rang at a time she knew was Kenny's lunch period.

"Mum?" He sounded subdued.

What have I done to him, she thought sadly. "How did it go? What did he say?"

"He said it was bad. He said the purpose of education was to learn, and not just to get good grades and stuff like that."

"Yes. What else?"

"He's going to give me an F on my first report. He's going to think me this period, but it's only one report, and he says I can pull it up easy by the end of the term. And he says, since I came and told him, he won't tell the office. So it won't go on my permanent record. He says it's between him and me."

"That's wonderful," she said warmly. "He must be a very nice man. Did he ask you why you came to tell him?"

"Yeah," Kenny's voice lifted and strengthened and rang with a sudden unmistakable pride. "I told my mother wanted me to. I told him she said it was a question of honor."

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Carnaby! Philips new record player is "in" for Christmas!

Brilliant styling... new fashion colours... Mini-Module power chassis

Spinalong with Carnaby—exciting new fashion in record players. Carnaby. Styled for today and all your entertaining tomorrows. Big 8" elliptical speaker for superlative sound. Four-speed selector. Separate tone control—compact storage for your favourite discs. Sturdy light-

weight case in colourful leatherette. Carnaby. New from Philips! Carnaby! Great for giving—tops for every record in the book. More power to you too, with Philips mighty Mini-Module performance. Looking for the special one? Go for Carnaby—for Christmas!




PHILIPS
gifts of lasting value

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Page 73



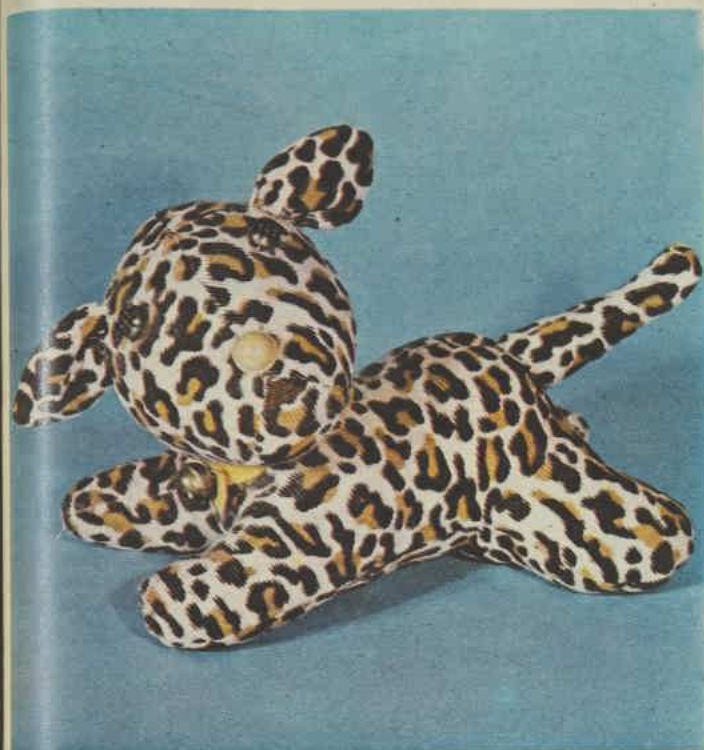
ACF 61/P

Delectable Canned Peaches
cost only  a serve
and they taste like a million dollars



Canned peaches make 'Perfect Partners' with ice-cream, jelly, custard, evaporated milk, pastry or cornflakes. And they're just peachy straight from the can.
Canned fruit . . . Nature's own instant dessert.

TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS



SPOTTED leopard (above) will delight any tiny tot.

Appealing animal toy

● This cute toy leopard would be an ideal Christmas gift for a child. It is made in one of the fake fur fabrics now so popular.

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. velveteen (leopard-spot design); $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. unbleached calico; 3 buttons; 1 bell; scrap of felt; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. kapok for filling.

From graph diagrams, draw up pattern pieces. From fabric and calico lining, cut 1 underbody piece; 2 top-body pieces; 2 side-body pieces; 1 front-head piece; 2 side-head pieces; 2 back-head pieces; 2 tail pieces; and 4 ear pieces. Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ in. all round for seams.

Stitch through the centre of each underbody dart to prevent fabric slipping when sewing darts.

Wrong sides facing, stitch

top-body pieces together; then stitch top body to underbody piece, beginning at front neck.

Wrong sides facing, stitch tail pieces together and fill with kapok.

Stitch centre back seam of back-head pieces, joining them together.

Stitch top seam of side-head pieces to pattern mark (see diagram below). Join back-head piece to side pieces.

Join in lower front-head piece, matching pattern marks.

Press seams and turn head

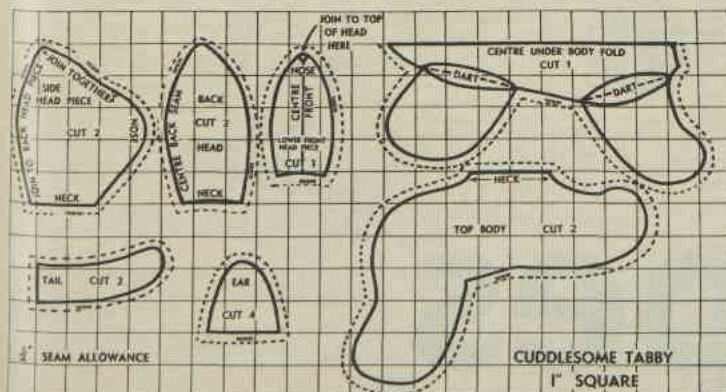
to right side. Fill firmly with kapok.

Seam ear pieces together, turn to right side and fill lightly with kapok to give a padded look. Turn in lower edges and join to head piece on side seams.

Stitch head to body securely at angle shown in picture above. Attach buttons for eyes and nose. Embroider mouth.

Join on tail in position. Cut length of felt $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide to fit round neck. Fold softly round neck and finish with a bell.

More ideas page 77



A word to the man who wants to get fresh



TANG

Freshness that

stays with a man

Pamper his pride with a gift of **TANG** for Christmas



Choose from the full range of **TANG** grooming aids.

TALCUM • DEODORANT • AFTER-SHAVE LOTION • PRE-SHAVE LOTION • COLOGNE

Page 75



Years may separate them, but Schweppes unites them.



Sparkling Orange: Palato.



And we promise: it tastes even better than it looks.



Schweppes

If they can pronounce Schweppes, they deserve it.

TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS . . . continued

Crocheted pot mitts (Shown at right)

Materials: 1 ball main color; 1 ball contrasting color Patons Patonyle 4-ply knitting yarn; No. 10 crochet hook.

Measurement: To fit 6-6½ in. hand.

Tension: 1 medallion measures 2 in. square.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; m.c., main color; c.c., contrasting color.

Make 14 m.c. and 12 c.c. medallions as follows:

(Note 3 ch. stands for 1 tr.) Make 5 ch., join in ring with a sl-st.

1st Round: 3 ch., 23 tr. in ring, join with a sl-st.

2nd Round: 3 ch., 2 tr. in same space, * 1 tr. in each of next 5 tr., 3 tr. in next tr., rep. from * to end of round, join with a sl-st.

3rd Round: 3 ch., 2 tr. into same space, * 1 tr. into each of next 7 tr., 3 tr. into next tr., rep. from * to end of round, join with a sl-st. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join medallions as illustrated. With m.c., work 1 row of d.c. round cuff edge. Finally, press all seams.

Lay mitten flat on paper, and cut out pattern, allowing ¼ in. for seams.

From lining, cut two pattern pieces and sew together round edges, leaving wrist edges open. Insert lining into mitten and sew to mitten round wrist edges.



● Kitchen mitts are washable

Tray has pockets for storage for cutlery, etc.

Handy snack tray (Shown above)

(Shown above)

Materials: Approx. ½ yd. lightly patterned furnishing fabric; 1-3rd yard unbleached muslin for lining; bias binding; 1/2 in. of hardboard or very thick cardboard 16½ in. x 10 in.

From pattern (see graph below) cut main piece 11 in. x 11 in., allowing ¼ in. on all short ends for seams.

Cut two pocket pieces 8 in. x 10 in.

Turn a hem to wrong side of long edge of main piece and trim on right side with rickrack braid, if desired.

With wrong side of centre piece facing right side of pocket piece, seam pocket to centre piece at both ends, using a flat, welted seam.

Fold pockets back to right side of centre piece, making pocket 5 in. from fold 5 in.

Put lining piece approx. 11 in. x 11 in., sew ¼ in. hems on both short ends, then place lining on wrong side of main piece, matching centres. Tack raw edges together.

Fold bias binding in half and press along longer ends of tray, encasing cut edges and closing pockets at either ends.

Divide one pocket in half with a strip of stitching to hold salt and pepper shakers. The other larger pocket will hold cutlery.

Put piece of hardboard or very thick cardboard into casing between lining and main piece. This can be removed for laundering.

More ideas overleaf

TV SNACK TRAY



**18 INCHES WIDE
EXTRA HEAVY
STRENGTH**

The only foil wide enough, strong enough for Christmas cooking

COOK simply delicious CHRISTMAS CHICKEN AND TURKEY

The Christmas poultry is at its best when simply cooked in its own juices. It is so succulent when Comalco Alfoil seals in the juices and brings out the natural flavour.

Simply take a 3½ lb. roasting bird, 2 ozs. butter, salt and pepper, choice of stuffing, quilted Comalco aluminium foil. Lightly fill neck and cavity and truss bird. Rub salt and pepper over skin, then spread softened butter over breast and legs. Tear off a strip of quilted aluminium foil large enough to tent wrap (see packet for instructions) around bird. Place in moderate oven, breast side up, roast 1½ hours. Open foil to expose breast and roast a further 30 minutes to brown and crisp skin. Remove bird to warm platter. To make gravy, pour drippings from foil into small saucepan, blend 1 level dessertspoon butter with 1 dessertspoon flour, add to drippings, stir until thick. If necessary, add chicken stock or soup cube dissolved in water to bring to right consistency. Wrap any leftover stuffing in quilted aluminium foil and bake with bird the last 30 minutes of cooking.

J481A

Only 18-inch wide Quilted Comalco Alfoil is wide enough, strong enough for the kitchen at Christmas time. Make sure your Christmas "stocking" list is headed by the one foil with use-again strength, the one that won't tear at a touch, 18-inch Quilted Comalco Alfoil.



WRAP your Christmas presents in Comalco Alfoil, the most luxurious yet most economical gift wrap you'll ever have.



COVER the Christmas table with a centrepiece of gay, sparkling Comalco Alfoil (only 18" width will do). A conversation piece.



CAP the kids with simple cut-out Christmas caps of Comalco Alfoil. The kids of all ages will enjoy the fun all the more.

WARRANTY: Quilted Comalco Alfoil carries full warranty — your guarantee of reliable quality

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"it lasts longer... it's stronger" "Quilted" cooking foil... 15 ft. long - 18 ins. wide

QUILTED brand COMALCO ALFOIL TRAPS JUICES, SEALS IN FLAVOUR, PREVENTS STICKING, IN THE EXTRA HEAVY STRENGTH 18" WIDE ROLLS

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For the table

● Here are a few easy-to-make suggestions for decorating your Christmas table.

BONBON (at left) is made of tulle, aluminium foil, and cardboard cylinder (e.g., a lunch-wrap centre). Cut foil 4in. longer than cylinder and wrap round cylinder, folding over ends. Cover with tulle; tie each end with narrow ribbon. Wrap two wide frills round ends and finish with holly spray or small bells. Fill cylinders with gifts or sweets for a special treat.

TUMBLER DECORATION (at left) is made from tulle, cardboard, aluminium foil. Cut cardboard half depth of tumbler and wrap round tumbler loosely enough for tumbler to be taken out again. Cover cardboard strip with foil; then cover this with strips of tulle wound round foil. Finally make narrow frill and stitch or glue to bottom of cardboard. Decorate with holly.



NOW! FASTEST DRYING EVER

New 'instant heat' hair dryer



Look! G-E. puts the heating unit at the top of the dryer hose next to the bonnet! Now you get 'instant heat' to dry hair faster than ever before. Keeps the hose cool, too, where it may touch your back or shoulders. You get four heats . . . soft-dry, low, medium and speed-dry. **'STAND-AWAY' BONNET:** Bouffant bonnet fits over your largest rollers, has 'stand-away' ring so warmth flows evenly through hair for faster, more comfortable drying; special 'reach-in' top lets you check your set. **'WALKABOUT' FEATURE:** Extra long flex and adjustable waist or shoulder strap lets you move around as your hair dries. **LUXURY CARRY CASE:** Operates in or out of its richly embossed oyster white carry and storage case . . . so fashionable you'll want to use it also for travel or overnight case. **DRIES NAILS, TOO!**—This is the dryer you've been waiting for—the dryer with everything—naturally from the world's largest electrical enterprise.

TERRIFIC VALUE AT \$29.95 (£14.19.6)



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*TRADE MARK GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY—U.S.A.

Manufacturing Plant: Australian General Electric (Appliances) Pty. Ltd., Notting Hill, Vic.

UNUSUAL CENTREPIECE (above) is made of banded garden rakes. Remove handle of two rakes and keep one for trunk of tree. Paint front and back of rakes with gold enamel in any bright color.

Just before paint is dry, sprinkle with glitter, then leave rakes until paint is completely dry.

When dry, place rakes together to form tree shape with long prongs inward. Join together at top with fine wire and at bottom with ring of heavy wire to hold tree in shape.

Cut handle for trunk of tree size and paint. Insert up centre of tree, push it through top, and secure firmly in place with wire. Stand tree in suitable base and secure in place with sand or plaster of paris. Finally, decorate with tinsel and baubles.

This tree and the table decorations shown above left were made by Mrs. Dorothy Cornall of Caulfield, Vic.



ELEGANT DECORATION (above) would make a suitable centrepiece for a formal Christmas dinner party. All you need to make the delicate tree is a silver fruit stand or similar container, a wire netting cone, fine pieces of fern (asparagus fern was used here), and decorations.

Spray the fern fronds with silver paint, and when dry attach them to the wire cone, using fine florist's wire.

Intersperse the fern with bunches of small Christmas baubles in green and gold.

Finally, attach a large green satin bow to the base.

Using your own imagination, you can create other color schemes to suit your table setting. You could spray fern with gold paint and use bright red baubles for a colorful decoration.

The arrangement shown above was made by the Flower Club of N.S.W.

TWO HANDKERCHIEF EDGINGS

Crinoline lady

Materials: 1 reel blue, 1 reel pink Dewhurst's Sylko No. 40; 1 hemstitched handkerchief; cotton crochet hook No. 6½.

With blue make 12 ch. for start of bonnet, turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 5 ch., turn.

Next Row: Miss 1 tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., * 5 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 4 tr. in 1st loop, * 1 ch., 4 tr. in next loop, rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 3 tr. in 1st tr., * 4 tr., 1 ch. in ch. loop of previous row, rep. from * once, (6 tr., 1 ch.) in next 2 loops to complete brim. Fasten off blue. Join pink to last tr. of previous row. Cont. thus for bodice:

Next Row: * 7 ch., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp. between 6 tr. grs., rep. from * once, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: Work 15 tr. in each 1 ch. loop, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in each tr. of previous row, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in each tr. of previous row, 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each of 1st 3 tr., 4 ch., sl-st. to 1st of 4 ch. (picot), d.c. to 5th tr. from end, make another picot, d.c. to end. Break yarn.

To Shape Waist: Join yarn to 4th d.c. inside picot, 3 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 9 d.c., 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: Work 9 tr.

To Start Skirt—Next Row: 5 ch., (1 tr., 1 ch.) in each tr. of previous row, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: (2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.—shell made) in each loop to end, 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: * 1 shell in 1 ch. space of former shell, 1 ch., rep. from * to end. Cont. in shell pattern, working one more ch. between shells on each row until 6 rows worked. 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: * (3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr.) in 1 ch. sp. of former shell, 6 ch., rep. from * to end. Rep. last row, working one more ch. between shells on each row until skirt is required length. End off. Stitch to handkerchief corner. Trim material behind skirt.

EDGING

1st Row: Using blue, commencing at right-hand side of skirt, work 1 d.c. in each hole, round handkerchief (working 3 d.c. in corners) to beg. of skirt, 1 ch., work in shell patt. across skirt as before.

2nd Row: * 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., miss 1 d.c. (3 ch., 2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr.) in next d.c., rep. from * to beginning of skirt, work in shell patt. across skirt as before.

3rd Row: * 4 ch., miss next ch. loop, 1 d.c. in next loop, 5 ch., sl-st. to 2nd of 5 ch. (picot), 1 ch., 1 d.c. in same loop, 4 ch., 3 tr. picot, 3 tr. in 2 ch. sp. of previous shell. Rep. from * to beg. of skirt.

* 3 tr. picot, 3 tr. in shell, 3 ch., picot, 3 ch. in ch. loop, 3 ch., rep. from * across skirt. End off.

Butterfly

Materials: 1 reel selected color Dewhurst's Sylko; 1 hemstitched handkerchief; hook No. 6½.

Make 10 ch., join into ring with sl-st. Next Row: 4 ch. for turn, (1 ch., 1 tr.) in ring 10 times.

Next Row: 3 ch. for turn, (2 tr., 1 ch.) in each 1 ch. sp. of previous row.

Next Row: 3 ch. for turn, 3 tr., 2 ch., 3 tr. (shell made) into each 1 ch. sp. of previous row.

Next Row: 3 ch. for turn, * 1 shell over previous shell, 3 ch., 10 tr. in next shell, 3 ch., rep. from * to end.

Next Row: 3 ch. for turn, 1 shell, * 4 ch., (1 tr., 1 ch.) into 10 tr. of previous round, 4 ch., 1 shell, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: 3 ch. for turn, 1 shell over shell of previous row, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in ch. between tr., (3 ch., 1 d.c.) in each 1 ch. sp., 5 ch., into shell, work 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. (double shell made), rep. from *, ending with single shell.

Next Row: 3 ch. for turn, 1 shell over shell of previous row, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st 3 ch. sp., (4 ch., 1 d.c.) in each 3 ch. loop of previous row, 5 ch., 1 shell over 1st half of double shell, turn. Rep. last row until one 4 ch. loop

rem. Work 1 shell to join each side shell tog. Join yarn at double shell and work another pineapple. Rep. until 4 pineapples are made.

Place on corner of handkerchief, trim excess material, and stitch neatly into place. Embroider 2 ch. st. feelers.

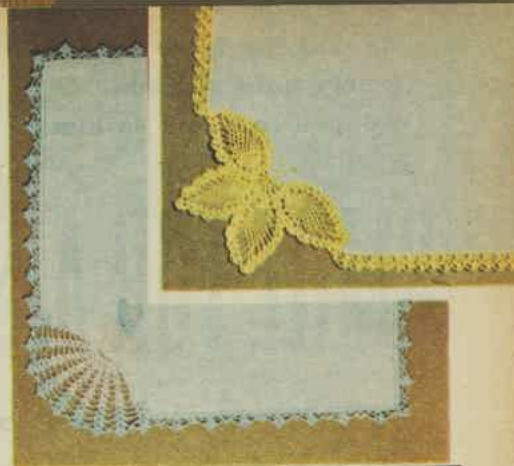
EDGING

1st Row: 1 d.c. in each hole, 3 d.c. in corners, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st st., * miss next st., 3 tr. in next st., 5 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch. loop, 7 ch., 1 d.c. between d.c. and tr., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: * 3 tr. in 7 ch. loop, 7 ch., 1 d.c. in 5 ch. loop, rep. from * to end. Fasten off.



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GREAT

NEW TEA TASTE!



Want to taste the best thing that's happened to popular priced tea since 'Old Tommy Lipton' first put tea in a packet? One packet will convince you.

Give Lipton's new yellow pack a try!



1423

He was far from home and
lonely until she had
stopped to speak to him

SMILE FOR A STRANGER

BY DAN ROSS



Cussons CHRISTMAS TREASURE CHEST

This Christmas give Cussons Gift Sets. The precious, personal gifts for him and her that please more and more as time goes by. A host of different combinations of bathroom luxuries—with new lines, new fragrances, new colours. Brilliant new packaging too. Cussons world-famous Gift Sets 69c to \$2.25. Now at your chemist or department store.

GLANCING around her, Jane Black saw that nearly all the patients in the hospital ward had visitors. The lone exception was the red-haired young man in the bed to the right of the main entrance. She had come to visit her uncle, who was recuperating from chest surgery.

Uncle Ralph was not in a talkative mood. Indeed, he was a poor conversationalist at best, but tonight he'd said little beyond mentioning he was glad she had come and thanks for the fruit she had brought him.

Jane turned to the old man and said: "That fellow near the door is the only one without a visitor."

"Never has any," her uncle murmured. "He's from the West Coast. Touring this part of the country and smashed up his sports car."

"Was he badly injured?"

"Broken up a bit," her uncle said. "But he's mending. Suppose it won't teach him a lesson. He'll go right on and get another car and try to break his fool neck all over again."

"He doesn't look the reckless type to me," she said.

"They're all alike," her uncle complained. "Speed idiots! The roads aren't safe for sensible drivers these days."

She knew he was off on a favorite subject and she wasn't anxious to hear it all over again. She knew her uncle's views were for word. He might not talk a lot, but he had a habit of repeating himself.

She rose from the chair beside his bed and promised her mother would have his room ready when he came home the next day. Since her father's death Uncle Ralph had lived with them, and his room and board money contributed a good deal to their slim budget.

Visiting hours were nearly over and she made her way to the door. Just as she came opposite the bed in which the young man was propped up against his pillows he smiled at her. It was a deliberate, friendly smile and she saw no harm in returning it.

"There's still a little time left," the young man said. "Why don't you talk with me a moment?"

Jane was caught by surprise, and as she hesitated she noticed her uncle was regarding her with interest from his bed on the other side of the ward. She had an idea he mightn't approve, but on the other hand she could see no harm in being friendly to this injured stranger so far from home.

She asked: "Are you feeling better?"

He nodded. "I was supposed to be out of here a fortnight ago, but I have a thighbone giving me some trouble. But the doctors say they're on the right track now."

"You have no friends here?"

"I'm afraid not. I drove across country on my summer vacation. I'm a teacher back in California."

I should be there now, but I guess they'll hold my job open for me."

"I'm glad," she said.

"So am I," he agreed. "I'll have a new car to buy and my bills to pay here."

"What happened?"

"A tyre blew at exactly the wrong moment," he said. "I was rounding a turn and going pretty fast."

"My uncle has some nasty opinions of sports-car drivers," she told him.

"I'd like to hear all about them," he grinned. And then the bell rang signalling it was time for visitors to leave. He said: "Come back again and talk to me."

"I won't be coming back," she explained. "My uncle is going home tomorrow."

"Come to visit me," he begged. "I'm lonely, and if you don't take pity on me I'll go on having no visitors. By the way, my name is Chris Winter."

Jane smiled. "I'll think about it," she said. And even as she left she'd already made up her mind. He was a friendly, likable young man and it would be heartless of her to turn down his request. So the next evening she presented herself at the hospital again with a small basket of fruit. This one for Chris Winter.

Of course, he was delighted. He told her all about himself and he was interested in her name. It seemed his mother had relatives by the name of Black in the East. He made it clear to Jane that he liked her and she found herself enjoying his company a great deal. As a result she visited the hospital almost every night.

Her uncle, who now spent his evenings in the easy-chair by the television at home, questioned her about this. "You serious about that redheaded fellow?" he wanted to know.

Jane blushed. "Chris is a nice boy," she said.

"You don't know much about him," her uncle said. "I feel responsible for your meeting him."

"Not at all," she protested. "I talked to him on my own. And don't worry. He's nice and reliable."

"Sports-car driver!" her uncle growled. "None of them are reliable! And you are practically engaged to Miles Small. What is he going to say if he finds out?"

"I'll manage Miles," Jane said. As a matter of fact the situation was not as well in hand as she pretended. Miles had taken her to task about her repeated visits to the hospital and really lost his temper when he'd discovered her uncle had been home for days.

As a result he was having a walking spell and they weren't speaking. She regarded this as a ridiculous exhibition of jealousy on his part and intended going on visiting the convalescing Chris Winter. If Miles was going to be so unreasonable, it was better to find it out before there was a marriage.

When she arrived at the hospital that night she was shocked to find Chris gone.

Jane made her way to the nurses' desk and asked about him.

"Christopher Winter was discharged this morning. We had expected him to be here a few more days, but the doctor felt he could leave," she was told.

"Thank you," Jane replied in a small voice as she turned to go. It was over and she might as well accept it. She realised miserably that, in spite of the long, friendly talks with Chris, neither

of them had exchanged addresses or given anything but the vaguest information about themselves.

So now he was gone and she would likely never see him again. Uncle Ralph had been right!

She was desperately unhappy in the days that followed.

Then a nurse from the hospital phoned Uncle Ralph. The old man listened indignantly and gruffly thanked the woman at the other end of the line. After he'd put down the phone he gave his attention to Jane.

"The message was really for you," he said. "From that sports-

car idiot! He left a telephone number with that nurse for you and she somehow missed you. She didn't know who you were or where to get you, but she knew you had come to the hospital to visit me!"

Jane was trembling with excitement. "Did you get Chris' number?"

"Do you think I'm an idiot as well?" the old man demanded, and then he rattled it off for her. And he added: "Take my advice and you won't call him!"

But Jane was already dialling the number, her face radiantly happy.

(Copyright)



Why do you get so much more fresh apricot taste in KRAFT Apricot Conserve?

For a start, KRAFT use more fresh apricots. One spoonful proves it. Then there's the secret way KRAFT 'quick cook' these juicy apricots—at temperatures 'way below boiling

point, to keep in the fresh-fruit flavour that's so often boiled away.

This wonderful taste is one good reason you should try KRAFT pure Apricot Conserve. Another is that now you can buy it, and nine other KRAFT Conserves and Jellies, at new lower prices. Why not try them all?

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

*Reg'd Trade Mark KRAFT

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Ideas for your recipe file

CHICKEN PICKLE SALAD

1½ cups diced cooked Chicken
½ cup diced celery
1 tsp. chopped onion
½ cup chopped Bread and Butter Cucumbers
½ cup Mayonnaise
Salt and pepper to taste
Combine chicken, celery, onion, pickles and mayonnaise. Chill. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with overlapping slices of Bread and Butter Cucumbers.



PICKLE HAMBURGERS

Makes 4 servings.

½ lb. Hamburger steak
2 tbs. chopped onions
2 tbs. tomato sauce
½ cup diced Bread and Butter Cucumbers
½ tsp. Garlic Salt
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper

Combine steak, onion, pickle and seasonings. Mix well. Spread thickly on slices of bread and grill 3 to 4 inches from the grill for approximately 5 minutes.



Save your Bread & Butter Cucumber liquid for these delicious recipes.

PICKLED SHRIMP

Shell ½ to 1 lb. of prawns. Cover with liquid from Bread and Butter Cucumbers. Keep chilled in refrigerator for an hour or longer. Drain and serve with cocktail picks.



PICKLED TOMATO JUICE

Combine 2 cups of Tomato Juice with ½ cup of liquid from Bread and Butter Cucumbers. Add 1 tsp. full of lemon juice and dash of pepper. Chill. Pour into glasses and garnish with slice of Bread and Butter Cucumbers on side of glass.



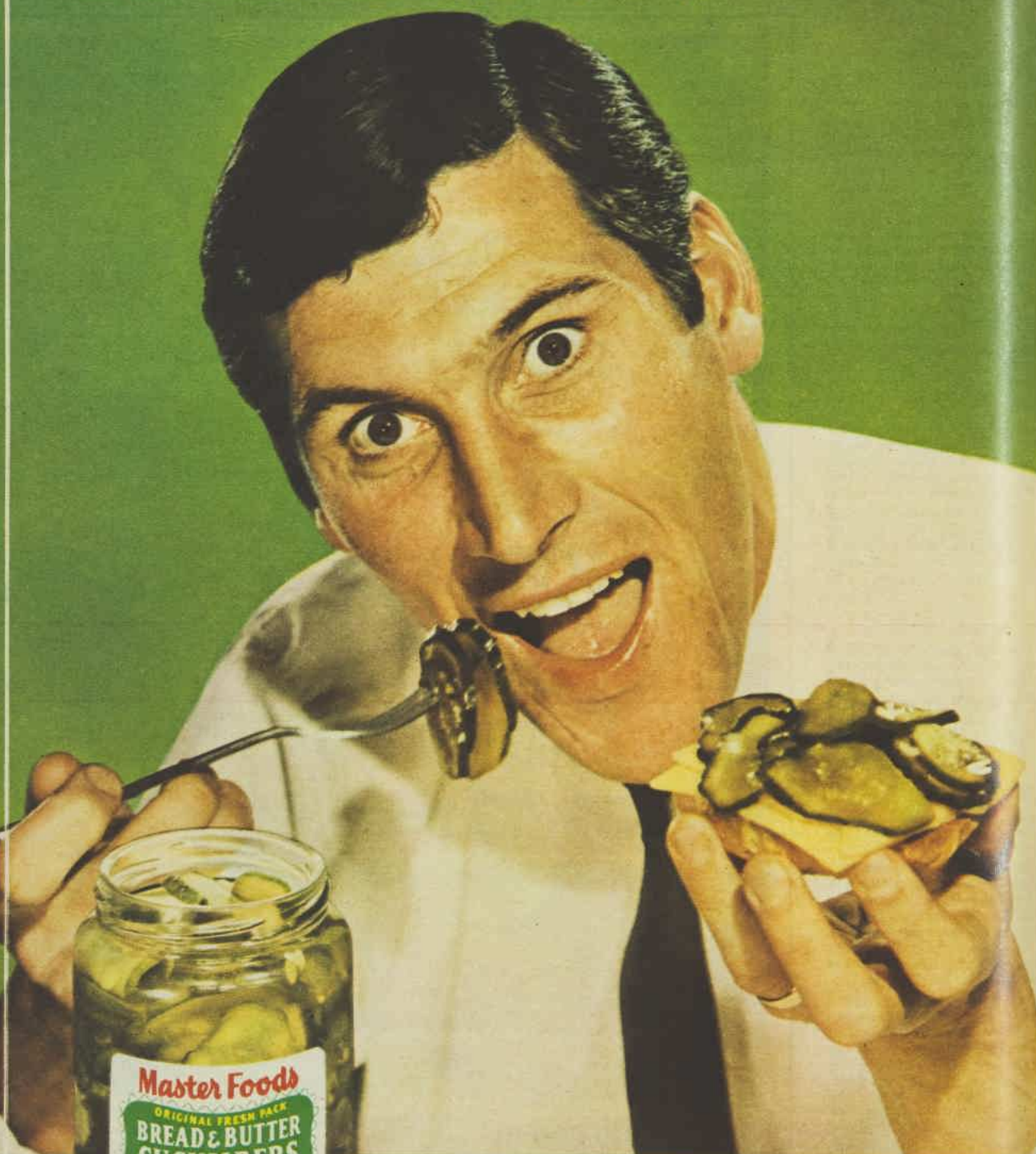
BARBECUED PICKLED CHICKEN

Cut a small chicken in half. Place in bowl with 1 cup of liquid from Bread and Butter Cucumbers. Keep in refrigerator for 2-4 hours turning chicken occasionally. Drain. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and grill under grill or on barbecue until browned on both sides.

from the 'good taste' people

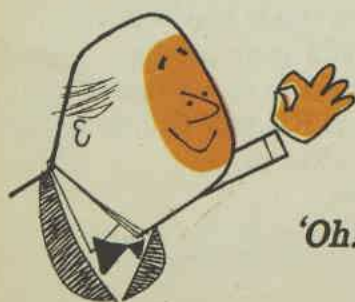
Master Foods

Wow! Cucumbers you can't stop eating. Crisply fresh, delicately spiced and as good to look at as they are to eat. They add a zingy lift to bread and butter (that's where the name comes from), biscuits and cheese, salads, hamburgers—anything!



There's a real knack to pickling — particularly cucumbers. If one is not careful enough (or skillful enough) they lose their crispness. Master Foods are masters of the art. But, if you've never tasted their Bread and Butter Cucumbers — you'll never know. So buy a jar today. It might be wise to buy the biggest you can see, because once you — and your family — taste them, you'll discover why we call them "cucumbers you can't stop eating."

'Oh! those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name'



The intruders had
come to stay and
with them came
an air of progress

WITH GOLDEN TRUMPETS

By JILL HELLYER

MISS FLINN stepped carefully across the harsh coils of the pumpkin vine and thought, as she always did, that it seemed like nothing so much as one of those monstrous plants from a science-fiction thriller. An insidious man-eater tethered to the earth by a single fibrous stem. Now, you mustn't let your imagination run away with you, she told herself sternly, pulling back part of the vine that had thrust a tenuous arm through the delicate shrubbery and another piece that had entwined itself coarsely about the finer loops of the passionfruit.

Never mind. Soon it would bear large, firm pumpkins, and pumpkin, as everyone knows, goes a long way. Baked on Sundays, mashed on weekdays. That was not forgetting pumpkin pie. For a woman of her limited means this could represent a considerable saving.

The crude yellow flowers she saw as golden trumpets. They might have been the trumpets of the Archangel Gabriel himself come to call her to rest. That was how she saw death, as a time of rest, and Miss Flinn was sometimes very tired. She had, after all, lived a long time. Not for her these newfangled theories of the hereafter, of an incomprehensible Being born of awe and wonder. She had formed her own image, simple, straightforward, and tangible. Her God dwelt in the heavens above, solid, white-bearded, and surrounded by a host of trumpeting angels. She alone, in this street of atheistic teenagers and flippant parents and cloudy intellectuals, clung to her clear beliefs.

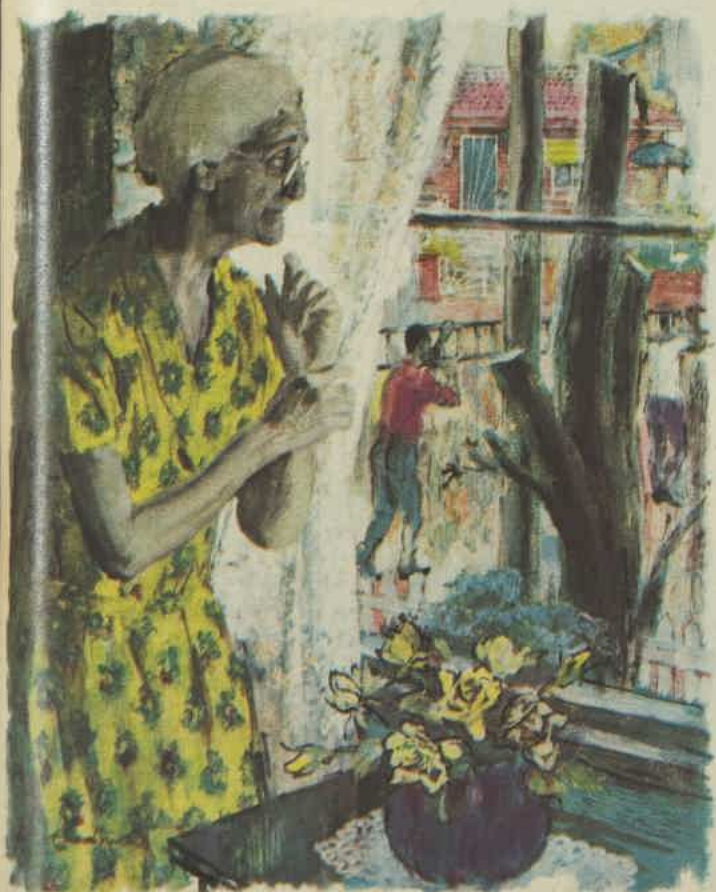
It was, unfortunately, not only her thoughts that were incongruous. Her home, the oldest in the district, stood now as it always had, an old-fashioned faded weatherboard set in its prim and tiny garden in a sloping avenue of unusually constructed and expensive houses, part of what was fast becoming a fashionable suburb.

Miss Flinn's house was an eyesore, the residents agreed, and spoiled the whole effect of the street. Various neighbors and agents had approached her from time to time, offering to buy her home and provide alternative accommodation.

At first she had been a little contemptuous, regarding them as the intruders and privately snorting at the odd structures they were erecting. But gradually her faith had become shaken until it seemed that she, who had lived here all her life, was in fact intruding, intruding into their grand modern world with its startling new concepts of beauty and morality. That woman next door, for instance, with her blonded hair. There were times when Miss Flinn had been utterly shocked.

It was not that they were unkind to her. Rather, it was something she felt, as though they were waiting for her to die so that they could pull down her home and erect in its place some outlandish dwelling in keeping with the rest of the street.

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Miss Flinn drew back the curtain and watched the men as they walked away.



Take care of your family's
health with

HANSEN'S Junket

(so easy to prepare)

There's never been a healthier food than pure, wholesome junket. Serve it daily for dessert with tinned or fresh fruit — make junket trifles — junket ice-cream. Directions and recipes in every pack at all good grocers and self-service stores.



CHOCOLATE BISCUIT DESSERT

Break chocolate biscuits into dessert glasses. Prepare plain junket as directed and pour whilst still liquid over biscuits. Set aside to firm then chill. Decorate with whipped cream.



BANANA VELVET

Cover bottom of glasses with sliced bananas, spread with raspberry jam. Prepare plain junket as directed and pour into glasses whilst still liquid. Set aside to firm. Chill. Decorate top with jam or cream.

4 DELICIOUS FLAVORS AND PLAIN IN BRIGHT NEW PACKS



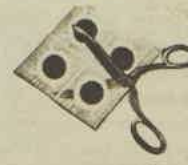
12 Plain
Tablets



6 Pineapple
6 Raspberry



6 Strawberry
6 Fruit Salad



SEALED FOR YOUR PROTECTION.
JUST TEAR OFF OR SNIP.

HANSEN'S

JUNKET TABLETS

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A HEALTHIER DESSERT

Of course, she had to admit to herself, the old place was a bit big for her now and it was becoming increasingly difficult for her to keep clean rooms she seldom used. Miss Flinn was a fastidious housekeeper. It had been different when her mother was alive and they had sat each evening in the big plush lounge by the fire. Now the room lay like a dark memory while she kept warm by the kitchen stove or beneath the quilt on the old iron bed.

But there was no need to keep warm today. Miss Flinn, trowel in hand, felt flushed and uncomfortable as she weeded the bed of phlox with workmanlike precision. Her garden was, like her home, uninspired and immaculate.

"I say, lady," boomed a voice behind her. "Wouldya mind moving out of the way a bit?"

Two PMG men were at the

WITH GOLDEN TRUMPETS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

fence with a ladder against the pole outside and equipment strewn on the footpath. "We have to lop off the top of your tree there. Interfering with the wires. Don't want it toppling on you," he said cheerfully.

That was the trouble with being old and a little hard of hearing, Miss Flinn thought regretfully. These people would creep up on you without your knowing. "It's you who are interfering," she said fretfully; too fretfully perhaps, but she was hot and more than usually tired. "You mustn't touch that tree. Not that one."

"Now why would you say that?" They looked down on her kindly, a kindness that was tinged with

that amused patience reserved for the very old and very stubborn. They saw a frail, white-haired woman in a blousy floral frock and a limp-brimmed hat that almost hid from view her finely wrinkled face and faded eyes.

"That tree," she told them, rising unsteadily to her feet, "is the home of some little birds. I love to see them come every day. Life can be rather . . . lonely."

"You've got other trees," the man said brusquely. He rested one hand on the ladder and directed his gaze to other parts of the crowded garden. He had met plenty of lonely old people.

"But it was this one. They're honeyeaters, you see. It is the

blossom on this tree they love. So pretty, too, hanging upside down in the sun. Such a joy to see. I don't have very much, you see." She stated it simply, not seeking pity or understanding. There would be no understanding, she knew. They would take up the saw in a moment and the tree would be mutilated. Her day also.

She looked down the narrow side path of her house as though searching for an alternative haven for the honeyeaters, but knowing in her heart that there would be no other tree in her garden that would be the same to them. Toward the back, she could see the golden trumpets of the pumpkin vine spread triumphantly in the sun. They were to her a symbol. The day would come when she would pass on to the glory of an

immortal garden where the birds sang in the timeless hours and no mortal hand could reach out to spoil and destroy.

She had no doubt she would reach that garden. Others might find the going there more difficult, they might become lost without ever finding it. There was no self-righteousness in her thoughts, only a self-justification for a life that had been almost without incident. In a way the thoughts were infinitely sad.

"You will be judged," Miss Flinn said impetuously, foolishly. She wished she had not said it.

The man on the ladder muttered from the corner of his mouth. "Oh, strewth, listen to her." But his eyes gave away nothing. His mate looked on, saying nothing, but with an expression touched with an elemental compassion. As though to shut out the reality, the old woman had turned her back to them. She was also blotting out her shame, hurtfully aware of the way her words and gestures sometimes seemed pitiable to others. The awareness was her tragedy. Far better, she thought, never to know. People sometimes told her she was imagining things, but she knew how to interpret the look, the nudge, the quickly whispered remark.

SLOWLY she went indoors. Never again would she be able to take her morning cup of tea to the bleached wicker chair on the tiny front veranda and sit there, sipping and watching as the birds, too, sipped, their long beaks darting in and out of the creamy blossom. Never again would she see them from the kitchen window at midday or later in the long, quiet afternoons. Of course, as the man had said, there were other birds and other trees. But the honeyeaters had become very special to her. They had become part of her existence. She did not realise till the moment just how deeply important a part.

For a moment the pumpkin flowers seemed like a mockery. It was not their flamboyant splendour the birds sought. And yet how simple they were, really, not grotesque like the split-level timber and glasshouses, but primal in color and design. Yes, it was the simple things that counted, whether they be flowers or houses or beliefs. The golden trumpets would, one day, sound for her in an everlasting reaffirmation of her values.

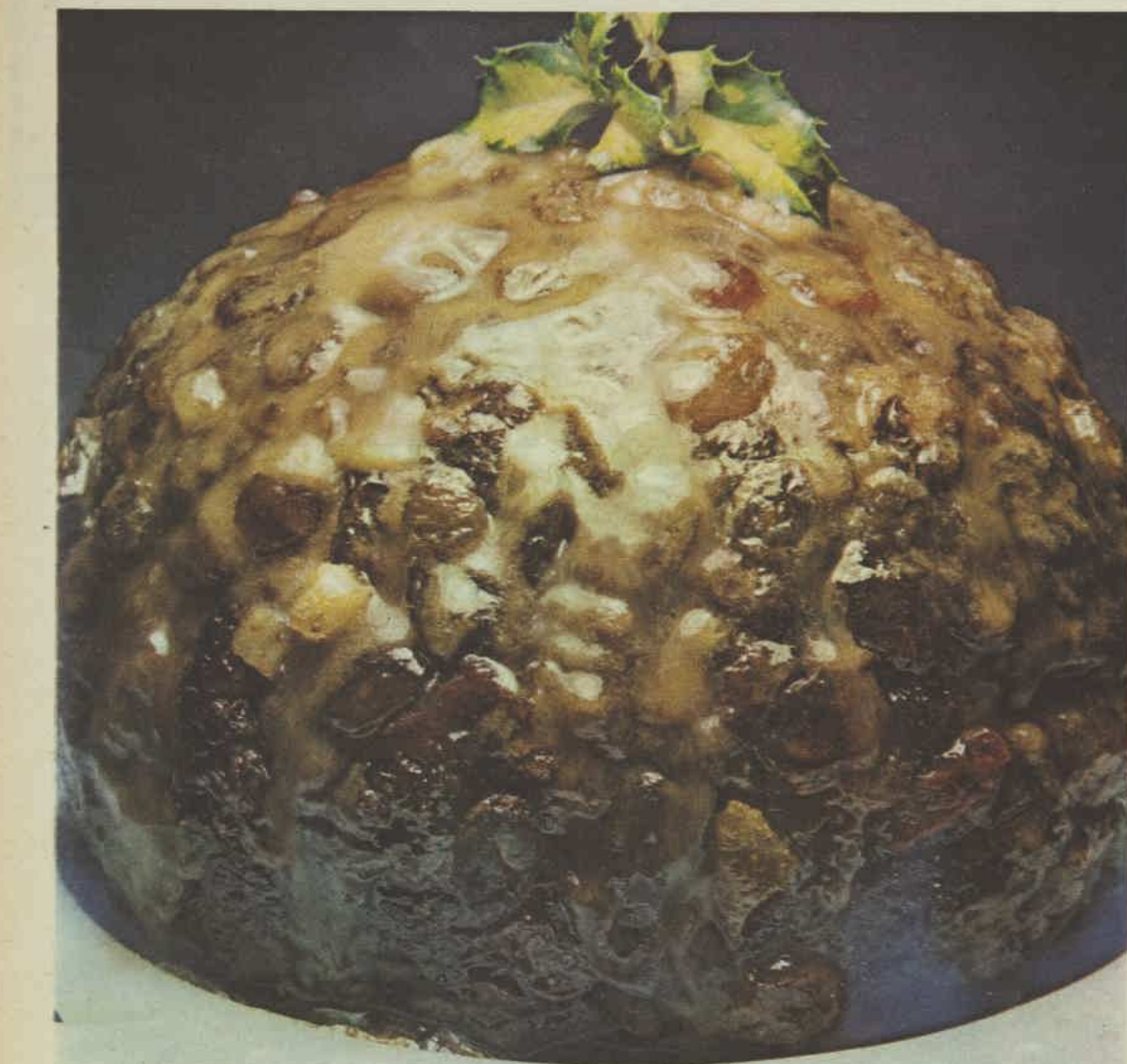
When she drew back the starched lace curtains of the front window she saw that the men were going and that they had quite ruthlessly pruned back the tree. A strip of bark hung from the sawn stump like a tattered bandage. Although several branches remained near the base, it would be many months before the tree ever again bore new leaves or blossom.

She took her midday pot of tea to the front veranda and the one sandwich lay on the pink-patterned plate, becoming stale and dry in the sun, her pale blue eyes staring out for a glimpse of the birds. After a while they appeared, hovering uncertainly in the space above the tree, and it was quite plain to her that their grief was as real as her own. They flew about the garden briefly, darted among several shrubs, and were quickly off.

"They oughtn't to have been allowed," she murmured. "They oughtn't to have been allowed." She sensed, rather than heard, the children at the gate. Turning her head sharply, she saw the two small boys whispering together and laughing.

"You were talking to yourself," the smaller one told her frankly. She recognised him as the son of her neighbor, the woman with the blond hair. How the child had grown. She had not noticed. It seemed only yesterday that he had been a mere baby, kicking happily in the sun in the bassinet. She liked them at that age, though later, when they reached the talking stage, she was somehow wary and ill at ease with them.

To page 85



Christmas fare needs Butter's goodness

When your Christmas Pudding sails through a darkened room, the dancing flames will bring oos and ahs from around the table. And when the flames die out and the feasting begins, more oos and ahs for the once-a-year wonder of rich Brandy Butter on a merry Christmas Pudding.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING:

Standard 8 oz. measuring cup is used. Spoon measurements are level.
8 ozs. (1 cup) butter 8 ozs. (1 cup) castor sugar 5 eggs
1 dessertspoon vanilla essence 6 ozs. (1½ cups) plain flour
pinch of salt ½ teaspoon soda 6 ozs. breadcrumbs
8 ozs. chopped raisins 8 ozs. sultanas 4 ozs. currants
8 ozs. chopped dates 4 ozs. mixed peel 2 ozs. chopped
glace cherries ½ teaspoon cinnamon 2 ozs. chopped
blanched almonds

Cream butter and sugar, beat in eggs and vanilla. Sift flour, salt and soda and fold into the mixture. Add breadcrumbs, fruit, cinnamon and nuts, mix thoroughly. Boil in a cloth or basin for 4 hours taking care to add boiling water as water in the saucepan boils away. If storing, hang pudding in a clean cloth in a dry place. If a basin has been used — remove its cover and allow surface to dry out and then store. Reboil pudding in cloth or basin for 1 hour before serving. Yields 20 serves. Serve with Brandy Butter.

For extra excitement, pour on heated brandy and light.



Try this easy-to-make Brandy Butter

BRANDY BUTTER:

4 ozs. butter 8 ozs. (1 cup) castor sugar or
6 ozs. (1 cup) soft brown sugar 2 tablespoons
brandy 1 teaspoon vanilla essence
few drops lemon essence little cinnamon
Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Add
flavourings and chill. The beaten white of an
egg may be added before chilling.
*Brandy may be substituted with fruit juices
such as pineapple or orange.



Inset in the interests
of better nutrition
by the Australian Dairy
Produce Board



Butter
a health food
only nature
can provide

The older boy, whom she did not recognise, added cheekily: "My dad says that people who talk to themselves are nuts." Miss Flinn thought him rather rude. In her day a boy would not have been allowed to speak to his elders in that manner.

"She is not nuts, neither," the younger one defended her. "My mother said so. She's just a bit odd, that's all."

The old lady flushed. So that's what they all thought of her. Just a bit odd. Well, it might have been worse. The younger generation these days were completely out of sympathy with the elderly. It might have been worse.

But it was still hurtful.

"What do you want?" She mustn't let the hurt show. The boys were lingering, as though they had a mission. "What is it you want?"

"We're selling tickets."

"For the school fete, you know."

"Shouldn't you be at school?" "We're going back tomorrow. We've had chicken pox but we're better." More whispering among themselves. They held out the raffle book. "Would you write your name down there? And one'll be five cents."

She took the chewed and dirty stub of pencil and wrote her name. The boys waited while she went in and found her purse. The older boy looked at the proffered coin eagerly.

"Two'll be ten cents," he said.

The younger one put in quickly, "Mum said we were only to ask her for one."

MISS FLINN put out a thin hand and touched the younger boy's shoulder. "You're quite right to listen to your mother. You're a good boy. If I'd done what my mother said . . ." she faltered. She had said enough to the child, and he was such a nice boy, after all. Not as she had thought him. As they left, he even turned and said goodbye to her. She felt a brief warm glow, her eyes misting.

If I'd done what my mother said . . . she could never forget . . . You should get married, her mother had said. Why don't you marry that nice young man while you've got the chance? You mightn't get another one. You're no beauty, you know. And her mother had been so right, in a way. She was, indeed, no beauty, but how could her mother, so strong-minded and forthright, have understood her feelings? How could she have understood her intense dislike of that insufferable "nice young man"? He had been a "good prospect." Those considerations had been important in those days.

And now she was a spinster. She sometimes wondered would it have been worth it? She was so particular now, and so set in her ways, that she was not unhappy in her aloneness. But, had she taken the other path, would she not have found some companionship? Even if not with him, then with her children? She might even have had with her now a fine strong young son who could have talked to those men this morning, defending her and the tree and all that was right and good.

In time she became used to not seeing the honeyeaters about, but her mornings were never quite the same without them. There was one small compensation, however. The little boy next door who had sold her the raffle ticket occasionally stopped to speak to her. She discovered that his name was Simon and that it was not so difficult to talk to him as she had once thought.

Her neighbors on the other side were the unsmiling Mr. Dixon and his wife and their three almost grown-up children. They had never spoken; there had seemed no need. So it was with quite a shock that Miss Flinn looked out one morning and saw Mr. Dixon walking purposefully up to her door.

A brusque man, he came to the point quickly.

"You see, my daughter is getting married early next year. A

WITH GOLDEN TRUMPETS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

good block of land's hard to find these days. My son-in-law, future son-in-law, that is, is keen to build here next door to us. It's a fine block, this one. Better than ours, as a matter of fact. So what I wanted to approach you about, Miss Flinn . . ."

The price he was offering was generous, remarkably so. The flat he had found her, self-contained and with a beautiful view and all conveniences, was made to sound like an elderly person's dream.

For the first time Miss Flinn felt defeated. It was as though the whole world was against her. She was conscious of a tremendous exhaustion. Perhaps, after all, she was being foolish about all this.

Perhaps, after all, she needed to take things easier. Though they didn't understand about the garden, she thought defensively. Even though the work tired her she loved it. She needed it. But, on the other hand, it had never really been quite the same without the honeyeaters.

Mr. Dixon moved impatiently.

She searched his eyes slowly. "They'll paint the house, then?" she asked. "Do it up?"

"They'll pull it down. I thought you understood that."

"Pull it down. Oh, yes. Yes, they'd want to do that, wouldn't they? How foolish of me."

"I have my car outside. I thought, if you cared to come now,

I could show you the flat today."

It was all so fast, so bewildering. Now they were standing in the flat, looking about, and she could hear him talking, explaining things, in a hurry, as though frightened she would change her mind.

She didn't really want to go any more than she had wanted the tree to be lopped. But she was too weary to protest.

"You just leave everything to me," he was saying, opening the car door when he had driven her home. "I'll arrange everything, help you move and all that. Don't you worry about a thing."

She remembered the golden trumpets. "The pumpkins aren't quite ripe. I will be able to come back and pick them? It would be such a waste."

To page 86

RIVETS



Popmaster! Terrific, new, feature-packed Philips portable (It's a Christmas Stampede to the great Philips portable sound!)

You'll go, go, go for the great portable sound of Popmaster. New! Compact—a mere 15 ounces! Check these wonderful Popmaster features. Handsome detachable carry case with adjustable hand strap. Slide-out base panel for battery replacement. Personal

listening ear-piece (with own on/off switch) in convenient hide-away compartment. Philips matchless quality. Join the summer stampede to Philips fabulous new Popmaster portable. Tremendous value at this low low price . . . only \$33.95.



MALIBU—Mini-Module power chassis, 7 transistors. Black and silver carry case.



PARISIENNE—Elegant! New! Handbag fashion in a portable—Mini-Module performance.



COSMOPOLITAN—Mini-Module power chassis, 8 transistors, big 5" x 3" speaker—long, sleek styling.



NEW "AUTOMATE"—portable is a car radio too. 8 transistors, Mini-Module power chassis, simple installation.



PHILIPS
gifts of lasting value

Page 85

38.3755

"Pumpkins. Oh, yes, of course, of course."

Just as he had promised, Mr. Dixon arranged everything. All she had to do, in the end, was to step into his car and follow the truck ahead of them that carried all her personal possessions. But later, alone in her new surroundings, she saw at once that her personal treasures she had owned and cherished for so long didn't fit into this flat at all. Any more than she did. And she cried, very quietly, for a long time.

Miss Flinn tried to be philosophic about things. Mr. Dixon had told her she was lucky to have this flat. And it was certainly pleasant, with every convenience and comfort. She had not nearly so much to do, and felt less tired than she had for a long time. It

WITH GOLDEN TRUMPETS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

would all have been quite perfect except for one thing. It was not home, and she could never think of it as such.

Home was still the faded old cottage she had left behind, with its neat flowerbeds and tiny shrubs and the pumpkin vine.

Yes, the pumpkins. She must go and have a look at them. They would, no doubt, be ripe by now, and it would be an excuse to have a look once more at her familiar world.

At first she thought she had come to the wrong street, but a quick glance around assured her that the houses on either side were indeed those belonging to her

neighbors. Her former neighbors. Not only was the house gone, but every leaf, every blade of living green, every flower. She need not have wasted tears over the honey-eaters' tree. It, too, had gone.

And then she saw it. The withered, pale green coils of the pumpkin vine, uprooted and dying with the almost ripe fruit scattered about it. The golden trumpets, crushed and desiccated, lay there, too. She picked one up and held it with trembling fingers.

"Miss Flinn . . . Oh, Miss Flinn . . ." the woman with blonded hair, who had once been her neighbor, was calling to her from her fence. In her hands was a posy of fragrant flowers.

"Miss Flinn, I thought you might like these. I know how you must miss your garden, you used to spend so much time there."

The old woman walked across and looked at the flowers wonderingly. "You are good," she whispered. "Like your little boy. I used to talk to him, you know. You are kind."

"Not at all. I'm happy to do it." Then she noticed the trembling hands, the white exhausted face, and the unutterably sad eyes. "Miss Flinn, do come in for a while and rest. I'm just about to make myself a cup of tea. You'll have one, won't you?"

"Yes, I'd like that." The blonde woman took her arm and led her into the cool rooms. All air-conditioned, no doubt, Miss Flinn thought. Even the kitchen was cool. But so untidy. Oh, yes, it was not like

the way she kept her place. Children's toys scattered about, some washing-up not done, several magazines lying on the bench. One of them opened. How terrible, with dirty dishes still to be done. And yet the woman herself was being so kind, so friendly.

"I'm afraid I haven't always been very neighborly to you," she was saying. "I suppose all of us keep meaning to do things that never get done. I was going to ask you in so many times, but somehow you never seemed lonely and I never liked to interfere. In the garden, you know, you always seemed so contented. We're all of us a bit careless. Selfish, I suppose," she added with a light laugh.

CARELESS, yes, Miss Flinn thought, watching her at the stove and seeing where the milk had boiled over earlier and never been cleaned off. She also could not help noticing where the children had scribbled with crayons on the wall. Miss Flinn could never have stood for that. She was always so tidy. It had been for the best, after all, that she had never married.

But selfish? Watching the younger woman, she thought that the blonde hair seemed finer, softer than she had remembered. The face seemed younger and more vulnerable. There was a genuine warmth about her. Miss Flinn, surprised, took the cup of tea and the scones with real enjoyment. She found she was still holding the crumpled yellow flower and put it awkwardly on the edge of the table.

"What's that? Oh, I know, it's a flower from the pumpkin vine, isn't it? What a shame, just as it was coming along so nicely."

Miss Flinn stared at the flower. Such a common flower, she thought. Not a golden trumpet at all. And not nearly so pretty as the ones that lay waiting for her in a glass of water nearby. Perhaps, after all, one should not live one's life waiting for the golden trumpets to sound. Perhaps, in a way, it did not matter so much what happened to one in the end. What mattered more was what happened each day, the cup of tea, the gift of words, the gift of flowers. She had been lonely all those years without even knowing it, and she was partly to blame.

"I'd like to have asked you in, too," she ventured. "Just once in a while, knowing how busy you must be. It takes two, doesn't it? I've enjoyed talking, meeting you. But now it's too late."

"I don't think so," the blonde woman said quickly, with sudden understanding. "It's not so very far to walk and I can always run you back in the car."

"Oh, no, it's too much trouble." "Nonsense. I have to run up to the shops, anyway. Come on, you pop in while I put my shoes on." Yes, Miss Flinn told herself, it is quite all right for a grown woman to run about barefooted in the house, and it is quite all right for her to leave the dishes till lunchtime if she wants to. You have no right to pass judgment and you have become a fussy old woman.

"Seeing I'm driving you back, would you like to take one of the pumpkins with you? After all, you grew them, and there are still a couple of them that are all right."

Miss Flinn hesitated. "No, thank you," she said. "I don't think so. But I would be so pleased, my dear, if you picked them. So pleased."

The blonde woman looked at her curiously. Then she smiled. "I'll do that," she said.

"You see, it was the flowers I liked, really. But they have to make way for the fruit. Just as I had to make way for what was to come. I used to call them . . . golden trumpets. That was silly, wasn't it?"

"I don't think it was silly at all," the blonde woman told her. And she started the car and took Miss Flinn home.

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Cash for Christmas

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

Go to any branch of the Commonwealth Savings Bank. Tell them you want to join the Christmas Club.

You will be given a book with 50 coupons in it. These coupons are in four values—\$1, \$2, \$5 and \$10.

You specify the coupon you want.

Each week go to the Bank and hand in the value of one coupon. The Bank will give you a receipt for each amount.

Early in December you will receive a cheque for the total amount you have saved, PLUS interest.

So for a Happy Christmas free from money worries, join the Commonwealth Savings Bank's big, nation-wide Christmas Club NOW.

It costs nothing to join; enquire at any Commonwealth branch



Cash for Christmas - 1967

What a beautiful thought!

Every year at the beginning of December, a cheque arrives in the mail—just in time for you to plan your Christmas shopping. Whether the cheque is \$50, \$100, \$250 or \$500 is up to you.

What do YOU have to do to receive this cheque next year?

Join our Christmas Club

Get with the Strength.

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BUTTERICK PATTERNS



4051

4051 — Two-piece dress has high scoop-necked overblouse, with or without bias rolled collar and bow trim, and slim skirt gathered at waistline. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3862

3862—Pretty maternity dress with inverted side pleats and self-tie bows. Sleeveless version with collar, plus overblouse, also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3951

3951—Fitted blouse with long sleeves, contrasting cuffs, neckband, and tie trim. A-line skirt, darted at waistline, with lace trim at hemline. Ankle-length skirt and pin-tucked blouse also provided in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3012

3012—Raglan-sleeved dress and jacket. Dress has bloused bodice and slim skirt. Jacket has semi-fitted front, box back, and ring collar detail. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 57 cents includes postage.



4000

4000—Little girl's slightly A-line dress and kerchief with self-ruffle trim. Full-length version also provided, with long and three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

NARDA'S plane is held up by the astro-pirates. They cut off the plane's radio links with the ground and threaten to destroy the passengers unless they surrender. NOW READ ON...



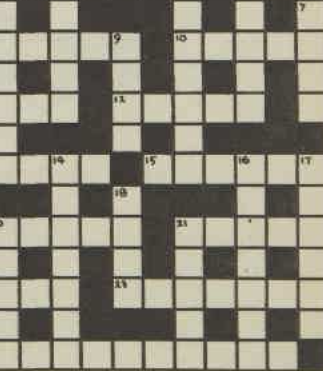
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- For anything that cools, ring a ferret (11).
- Laborious, though two makes the centre (7).
- Woven fabric made mostly with a will (5).
- Apollo and Artemis killed her fourteen children (5).
- For telling something he used nothing but dots and dashes (5).
- Unfasten and remove the cad (6).
- Desire eagerly a venomous snake with rage (6).
- A donkey and the French form an item of property (5).
- The art of expressing feelings and thoughts in sound (5).
- I care for a genus of the heath family (5).
- Hopelessness (7).
- Murder two donkeys in tea (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Tom's den can be the farthest (7).
- French river with one ending (5).
- Answers sharply concerning legal wrongs (7).
- One is or can be an unmusical sound (5).
- Ned can produce this kind of food (6).
- Amusement of the top layer (4).
- Ditto (4).
- A tree bark used as laxative (7).
- Urgent (7).
- Calling for repetition (6).
- Large-headed nail (4).
- Prognostic of no human beings (4).
- Out of order (5).
- Worker in stone may be anything else, if free (5).

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Sao biscuits make all the difference



Arnott's *famous* Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**
presents

POULTRY AND HAM

**CHRISTMAS
COOK BOOK**



The Australian Women's Weekly — December 14, 1966

CHRISTMAS COOK BOOK — Page 1

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

THE ROASTED BIRD

DIRECTIONS on this page will help you cook your Christmas poultry to perfection. Recipes for the stuffings and sauces are on pages 6 and 7.

ROAST TURKEY

1 turkey, with giblets
4oz. softened butter
pepper

about 1 pint stock made
from turkey giblets
1 teaspoon flour

Stuff turkey with desired filling, truss, sprinkle with pepper. Spread the softened butter over breast and legs of bird, then cover it with piece of well-buttered greaseproof paper. Place in baking dish with the stock, cook in moderate oven, basting frequently. Remove paper halfway through cooking to allow bird to brown. When turkey is thoroughly browned and cooked, transfer to heated serving dish. Strain into saucepan the liquid in which bird was cooked. Skim off a little of the fat, mix to paste with the flour. Add this gradually to gravy and bring to boil, stirring. Simmer a few minutes, adjust seasoning, and serve with the turkey.

Method 2 (Under a cloth): Take large piece of cheesecloth or muslin, dip in mixture of melted butter and water. Fold to double thickness, drape over breast of bird. Baste occasionally, because cloth dries out.

Method 3 (Wrapped in aluminium foil): Use heavy foil. Butter turkey and wrap in well-buttered foil. Turn up ends securely to prevent juices escaping. Cook in hot oven for first hour. Reduce to moderate. Thirty minutes before end of cooking time, turn back foil; baste.

Method 4 (In paper bag): Rub inside of large, heavy paper bag with softened butter. (You may need to slit one side of bag.) Carefully place turkey inside bag, fold ends up securely. Place in baking dish, brush outside of bag with melted butter or oil. Roast in moderate oven. Thirty minutes before end of cooking time, remove paper to allow bird to brown; baste.

Chickens, ducklings, and geese can also be cooked successfully by methods 3 and 4.

Note: Turkey is generally a firm bird with little surplus fat. It needs to be watched carefully through cooking time and basted often (except when cooked in foil).

Allow 1 cup stuffing to every pound of turkey.

ROAST GOOSE

(Picture on page 1)

1 goose (9 to 10lb.)
prepared stuffing
1 quartered cooking apple

little flour
little melted butter

Stuff goose at vent end with prepared stuffing; truss. Place in baking dish with quartered apple, brush with little melted butter. Put little extra melted butter in base of baking dish. Roast in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes, prick skin with fork or skewer (as for duck); reduce heat to moderate. Cook bird until well browned and almost tender, basting occasionally. Dredge breast lightly with flour, baste with hot fat, and continue cooking until tender. Spoon off excess fat.

Transfer cooked goose to serving dish, serve with well-seasoned gravy made from pan drippings. If bird appears to be browning too rapidly, cover with piece of well-buttered greaseproof paper.

ROAST DUCK

1 medium-sized duck
prepared stuffing
little melted butter or fat
little melted honey

½ oz. flour
½ pint chicken stock
salt and pepper

Fill duck at vent end with prepared stuffing, truss; place in baking dish, brush with melted butter or fat. Place little extra butter or fat in base of baking dish. Roast in hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to

Picture on Page 1 shows roast goose (see method, this page) with red cabbage (page 12) and ham (page 10). Picture by Don Cameron.

moderate and cook until tender. During cooking, baste and turn bird occasionally; brush with melted honey (this helps to make skin crisp). After first 30 minutes cooking time, prick skin gently with fork or skewer (making sure only skin and not flesh is pierced); this will enable any surplus fat to run out and also helps to give crispness to cooked bird. Remove duck to a warm serving dish, keep hot.

Pour excess fat from baking dish, sprinkle in flour, stir over gentle heat until brown. Stir in stock, simmer, stirring, 3 to 4 minutes. Season to taste, strain.

ROAST CHICKEN

1 chicken (3½ to 4lb.)
prepared stuffing
salt and pepper

2 to 3 rashers bacon
1 cup chicken stock
butter

Fill chicken at neck end with prepared stuffing, truss; place in baking dish. Dot breast and legs with butter, and arrange bacon rashers across bird. Roast in moderate oven 1½ hours or until bird is tender. Remove bacon 15 minutes before end of cooking time.

When bird is tender, transfer to warm serving dish, keep hot. Remove fat from pan drippings. Add stock to baking dish and simmer, stirring, 2 to 3 minutes. Season and strain into sauce boat.

ROAST CHICKEN (French Method)

1 chicken (3½ to 4lb.)
giblets
prepared stuffing

4oz. softened butter
½ pint stock or water
salt and pepper

Fill chicken at neck end with prepared stuffing, truss; spread legs and breast with softened butter. Place in baking dish with giblets and stock or water. Roast in moderately hot oven until chicken is well browned and tender, basting and turning frequently and adding extra water or stock if this reduces too much. Transfer cooked bird to serving platter. Strain pan juices into saucepan, skim well, bring to the boil, cook 1 or 2 minutes, season to taste, then pour into sauce boat.

More poultry recipes, pages 4 and 5

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TIMES AND TEMPERATURES

Bird	Cooking Time (per pound)	Oven Temperature
Chicken	20 to 25min.	Moderate
Chicken (French Method)	15 to 20min.	Moderately hot
Duck	25 to 30min.	Moderate
Goose	20 to 25min.	Moderate
Turkey (10 to 12lb.)	25min.	Moderate
Turkey (Over 12lb.)	20min.	Moderate



RICHLy BROWNED, the roast turkey above is served with broccoli and golden roasted potatoes. Directions are on opposite page.

ROASTED to juicy succulence, the chickens at right make a wonderful meal, can be roasted in several ways. See opposite.



SERVING QUANTITIES

MAJORITY of recipes in this booklet will serve 4 to 6. Below is an approximate guide to serving quantities for poultry and ham:

- 3lb. chicken will give approximately 4 servings.
- 4lb. duck will give approximately 4 servings.
- 9lb. canned ham (without bone) will give up to 30 servings.
- 12lb. whole ham (with bone) will give up to 25 servings.

Quantities, of course, depend on size of serving and, especially with ham, thickness of slices cut.



POULTRY FOR DINNER

ALTHOUGH the roasted bird forms part of the traditional Christmas dinner, there are many other wonderful ways of serving chicken or duck; an interesting selection of recipes is given on these two pages. They are ideal dishes, too, for holiday entertaining.

CHICKEN PARTY DISH

(Picture on page 8)

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 large cooked chicken | 4 or 5 sticks sliced celery |
| 1½ lb. long-grain rice | 1 sliced red pepper or |
| boiling salted water | 2 sliced canned pimentos |
| 3 tablespoons olive or | ¼ bunch shallots |
| salad oil | 1 lb. shelled prawns |
| 2 sliced carrots | salt and pepper |

Cut meat from chicken, discard skin and bones. Cut flesh into bite-sized pieces. Cook rice until barely tender in plenty of boiling salted water; drain. Heat oil in large saucepan. Add carrots, celery, and red pepper (if used). Cook over gentle heat, stirring occasionally, until almost tender. Add chopped shallots (with green part), pimento (if used), prawns, and chicken. Cook a few minutes, stirring occasionally; add rice, season to taste. Cook, stirring with large fork, until heated through. Transfer to warm serving dish.

SAUTEED CHICKEN CHASSEUR

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 chicken (about 3½ lb.) | ½ cup dry white wine |
| 2oz. butter | 2 peeled and chopped |
| ½ lb. sliced mushrooms | tomatoes |
| 1oz. extra butter | salt and pepper |
| 2 chopped shallots | 1 teaspoon chopped parsley |
| 1 teaspoon flour | |

Joint the chicken. Heat butter in thick saucepan, brown the joints on all sides. Add mushrooms, sauté over gentle heat until tender. Remove chicken joints; add extra butter and flour to pan. Stir until flour is golden. Gradually blend in wine off the heat. Return and cook, stirring, until wine has reduced by half. Add tomatoes, simmer 5 minutes. Return chicken to saucepan with shallots, simmer 15 to 20 minutes or until chicken is tender. Arrange joints on warm serving dish. Season sauce, add the parsley. Spoon over chicken.

DUCK WITH CHERRIES

(Picture on pages 8 and 9)

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 duck (about 4 to 5 lb.) | 4 peppercorns |
| salt and pepper | 1½ cups water |
| ½ teaspoon dried rosemary | 16oz. can cherries |
| ¼ cup oil | 1 tablespoon arrowroot |
| 2 tablespoons honey | 2 tablespoons extra water |
| duck giblets | watercress or parsley |
| 1 bayleaf | to garnish |
| 1 onion | |

Rub duck with salt, sprinkle with pepper and rosemary. Heat oil in large saucepan, brown bird on all sides. Transfer contents of saucepan to baking dish; brush duck with warmed honey. Roast in moderate oven 30 minutes, basting occasionally. Prick skin to release excess fat.

Place giblets in saucepan with bayleaf, onion, peppercorns, and water. Simmer gently until reduced to 1 cup of liquid; strain. Add ½ cup syrup from can of cherries, simmer again until 1 cup remains. Blend arrowroot with the extra water, add to sauce, stir over heat until thickened. Drain fat from duck, place bird in deep casserole. Spoon over sauce, cover, and return to moderately slow oven for 1½ hours or until duck is tender. Add drained cherries to casserole 10 minutes before end of cooking time.

Arrange duck on serving dish, spoon over sauce. Arrange cherries on either side, garnish with watercress or parsley.

CHICKEN WITH CREAM

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 chicken (about 3½ lb.) | hot water or stock |
| 4oz. butter | 1 cup cream |
| 1 finely chopped onion | 4 egg-yolks |
| salt and pepper | |

Joint chicken. Heat butter in saucepan, add chicken, and sauté over low heat, without allowing skin to brown. Add onion and seasoning to taste. Add sufficient hot water or stock barely to cover; simmer, covered, until chicken pieces are tender. Remove, keep warm.

Combine cream and beaten egg-yolks. Blend with little of chicken cooking liquid, return to saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until sauce thickens. Do not allow it to boil. Adjust seasoning, spoon over chicken, serve immediately.

DUCK WITH APRICOT SAUCE

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 duck (about 5½ lb.) | water |
| melted butter or fat | 1½ dessertspoons arrowroot |
| little melted honey | or cornflour |
| 16oz. can apricots | nut of butter |
| juice 1 lemon | ¼ cup brandy |

Roast duck until tender (see method for Roast Duck on page 2), brushing with melted butter and honey and pricking skin to release excess fat; keep bird hot.

Drain apricots, reserving syrup. To the syrup, add lemon juice and sufficient cold water to make 1 cup. Blend arrowroot or cornflour with ¼ cup cold water, add to apricot mixture and cook, stirring, over low heat until sauce has thickened. Add butter and apricot halves. Cook until heated through, then add brandy. Place duck on warmed serving dish, arrange apricot halves round it, spoon over sauce.

CHINESE BRAISED DUCK

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 6 dried mushrooms | pepper |
| 1 plump young duck | 1 extra teaspoon soy sauce |
| (3½ to 4 lb.) | 1 tablespoon oil |
| 1 dessertspoon soy sauce | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 tablespoon dry sherry | 2 crushed cloves garlic |
| 1 teaspoon very finely | 1 cup sliced bamboo shoots |
| chopped green ginger | 1 cup sliced water chest- |
| water | nuts |
| 1½ dessertspoons cornflour | 2 cups stock or water |
| ½ teaspoon sugar | |

Wash mushrooms, soak in hot water 20 minutes. Rinse, squeeze dry, cut in halves. Wash duck, cut into joints. Combine dessertspoon soy sauce, the sherry, and ginger; add 1 dessertspoon water. Mix together the cornflour, sugar, pepper, and extra soy sauce; stir in ¼ cup water. Heat oil with salt and garlic, add duck pieces, and fry, stirring until well browned. Add mushrooms, bamboo shoots, and water chestnuts; cook further 2 minutes. Stir in soy sauce mixture; cook 2 minutes, stirring. Add stock, cover, bring to boil. Reduce heat, simmer until duck is tender. Stir in cornflour mixture and cook, stirring, until sauce thickens. Transfer duck to serving dish, spoon sauce over.

Serve with hot, fluffy rice.



BRAISED DUCK WITH OLIVES

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 duck (about 5lb.) | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chicken stock |
| 4oz. butter | 3 rashers bacon |
| 2 quartered onions | salt and pepper |
| 2 quartered carrots | bouquet garni |
| 1 sliced stick celery | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. black olives |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint dry white wine | |

Heat butter in heavy saucepan, add duck, brown well on all sides; remove. Add onions, carrots, and celery, cook until pale brown in color. Return duck to pan, pour over wine, cook until reduced by about half; add stock. Place bacon rashers over breast of bird, add bouquet garni. Cover and simmer gently, basting duck occasionally, until bird is tender. Remove and keep warm.

Blanch olives in boiling water 2 or 3 minutes; drain. Strain liquid in which duck was cooked, remove excess fat. Return to rinsed-out saucepan, reduce to desired consistency. Add olives, allow to heat through; adjust seasoning. Place duck on heated serving dish, pour over sauce.

ROAST DUCK WITH ORANGE

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1 duck (about 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6lb.) | $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. extra butter |
| 1 orange | orange segments to garnish |
| butter | salt and pepper |
| 1 cup dry white wine | juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon |
| 1 cup water | |
| 1 tablespoon plain flour | |

Wash and dry duck, reserving giblets. Dust inside and out with salt and pepper, sprinkle with lemon juice.

Cut peel thinly from orange, and reserve. Remove pith, place peeled orange inside duck. Place in baking dish, dot bird with butter. Roast in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until tender, basting occasionally.

Place reserved orange peel in saucepan with little cold water. Bring to the boil, simmer 10 minutes; drain and chop peel. Transfer to saucepan with the wine, 1 cup water, and chopped giblets; simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Melt extra butter in saucepan, add flour, stir over low heat 3 to 4 minutes. Add the strained wine mixture gradually. Cook, stirring, until sauce thickens and boils; pass through sieve. Adjust seasoning, reheat. Serve with the duck and garnish with orange segments.

CHICKEN MARYLAND

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 6 Maryland chicken legs or chicken thighs | 2oz. butter |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seasoned flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil |
| 1 egg | fried bananas |
| little milk | sweet corn fritters |
| 1 cup breadcrumbs | bacon rolls |

Roll chicken pieces in seasoned flour, dip in egg beaten with a little milk, and coat with breadcrumbs. Heat butter and oil in deep frying-pan; add chicken pieces, cook until golden brown on both sides. Drain chicken, transfer to greased, heatproof casserole. Cover, and cook in moderate oven until tender. Serve with fried bananas, corn fritters, and bacon rolls.

If using electric frypan, drain off excess oil after browning joints. Cover, and cook slowly until chicken is tender.

FRIED BANANAS

- | | |
|---------|----------------|
| bananas | breadcrumbs |
| egg | fat for frying |

Peel bananas, cut in halves crosswise, dip in lightly beaten egg, and roll in crumbs. Fry in heated fat until golden brown on both sides. Drain well.

CORN FRITTERS

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1 cup plain flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | 1 cup canned or frozen whole kernel corn |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | oil for deep frying |
| pinch pepper | |
| 1 separated egg | |

Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder, salt and pepper. Beat egg-yolk with milk; mix with corn, turn into dry ingredients; mix thoroughly. Beat egg-white until stiff, fold in. Deep-fry dessertspoonsful of mixture in hot oil until golden. Drain well; serve with Chicken Maryland.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes in this book.

SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| 1 chicken (about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) | 1-3rd cup milk |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seasoned flour | oil for frying |
| 1 beaten egg | Cream Gravy |

Rinse and dry chicken, cut into joints. Sift seasoned flour. Combine beaten egg and milk, stir into dry ingredients; mix thoroughly, coat chicken pieces, fry in hot, heated oil in heavy frying-pan until brown on all sides. Cover pan, reduce heat, cook slowly until chicken is tender (about 30 to 45 minutes). Drain well, serve with Cream Gravy.

CREAM GRAVY

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| pan drippings from chicken | 1 cup cream |
| 2 tablespoons plain flour | salt and pepper |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock | |

Drain off most of drippings from pan, leaving about 2 tablespoons. Stir in flour and cook, stirring, until smooth. Combine cream and stock; slowly add to flour mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until gravy is smooth and boiling. Season to taste, serve immediately.

CHICKEN A LA KING

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper | salt |
| 1oz. butter | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk or cream |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chicken stock |
| 1 dessertspoon grated onion | 3 egg-yolks |
| 3 cups diced cooked chicken | 1 dessertspoon lemon juice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt |
| | 2 tablespoons dry sherry |

Remove pith and seeds from green pepper; blanch in boiling water 5 minutes. Drain and chop finely.

Heat butter in saucepan, add green pepper, mushrooms, and grated onion. Saute a few minutes. Sprinkle in flour and salt. Cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Gradually blend in milk or cream and stock; add chicken. Stir over gentle heat until sauce thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Stir a little of sauce into beaten egg-yolks, return to saucepan. Add lemon juice, paprika, and celery salt. Reheat very gently, stirring, but do not allow to boil. Just before serving, stir in sherry.



Savory stuffings and sauces



A SAVORY stuffing and a smooth, well-flavored sauce add extra taste and interest to your roast poultry. Packaged stuffing mixtures save time and trouble and can be used as shortcuts in many of the stuffing recipes given in this section.

Cranberry sauce, bought in cans or jars ready to serve, is another time-saver and is very popular as an accompaniment to roast turkey.

SIMPLE HERB STUFFING (For chicken)

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 cups fresh breadcrumbs | 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs |
| 1oz. softened butter | 1 small chopped onion |
| 2 tablespoons chopped parsley | salt and pepper |
| 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind | beaten egg to bind |

Mix together all ingredients except egg. Add sufficient beaten egg to bind.

CHESTNUT STUFFING (For turkey)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 16oz. can unsweetened chestnut puree | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| 8oz. fresh breadcrumbs | 1½oz. melted butter |
| 1 finely chopped onion | 1 beaten egg |
| | salt and pepper |

Sieve chestnut puree into bowl. Blend with remaining ingredients.

HAM AND PIMENTO STUFFING

Make up Simple Herb Stuffing recipe above, adding 4oz. chopped, cooked ham, 1 chopped canned pimento, and 1 tablespoon tomato sauce.

SAGE AND ONION STUFFING (For duck and goose)

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 2 chopped onions | salt and pepper |
| ½lb. fresh breadcrumbs | little nutmeg |
| 1½ teaspoons dried sage | ½ teaspoon sugar |
| 1oz. melted butter | |

Place onions in saucepan. Add cold water to cover, and salt. Bring to boil; reduce heat and simmer until almost tender; drain, reserving liquid. Combine with remaining ingredients. Add sufficient onion water to bind, about 1 tablespoon.

RICE AND MUSHROOM STUFFING (For turkey)

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 6oz. long-grain rice | 1 crushed clove garlic |
| boiling, salted water | salt and pepper |
| ½lb. sliced mushrooms | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| 2 finely chopped celery sticks | beaten egg to bind |
| butter for frying | |

Place rice in a sieve, rinse under cold running water. Cook in plenty of boiling, salted water until just tender; drain, cool. Fry mushrooms and celery in a little butter 5 minutes; add to rice with remaining ingredients. Mix well.

FRUIT AND NUT STUFFING (For turkey)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 4 cups toasted bread cubes | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| 4 tart apples | salt and pepper |
| 1 cup chopped celery | 1 teaspoon dried sage |
| ½ cup chopped walnuts | 1 teaspoon dried marjoram |
| ½ cup chopped raisins | 4oz. melted butter |
| 1 finely chopped onion | 1 cup stock or water |

Peel, core and dice apples. Combine first 10 ingredients; bind with melted butter and stock.

VEAL FORCEMEAT (For turkey)

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ½lb. lean veal | 4oz. butter |
| 6oz. lean bacon | 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley |
| 1 finely chopped onion | salt and pepper |
| 6oz. stale white breadcrumbs | little cayenne |
| milk | pinch grated nutmeg |
| 2 large chopped mushrooms | 1 large egg |
| | 1½oz. melted butter |

Cut veal and bacon into 2in. chunks and pass through mincer twice. Heat 4oz. butter in small saucepan, add onion, and saute over gentle heat until softened. Cool, add to meat. Place the breadcrumbs in basin; add sufficient milk to moisten them. Leave 30 minutes, then place in cloth and wring out as much liquid as possible. Add to meat mixture, pound well. Add mushrooms, parsley, seasonings, and melted butter. Lastly add beaten egg, a little at a time.

SAUSAGE MEAT STUFFING (For turkey)

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1lb. pork sausage meat | 5 cups soft white breadcrumbs |
| 1 chopped onion | 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs |
| 2 cups chopped celery | 1 beaten egg |
| 1 chopped green pepper | |
| 2 teaspoons salt | |

Place sausage meat in large greased frying-pan; cook, stirring, until lightly browned. Remove and drain, reserving 2 tablespoons of dripping. Saute onion, celery, and green pepper in reserved dripping until soft (about 5 minutes). Cool, combine with remaining ingredients.

MUSHROOM STUFFING

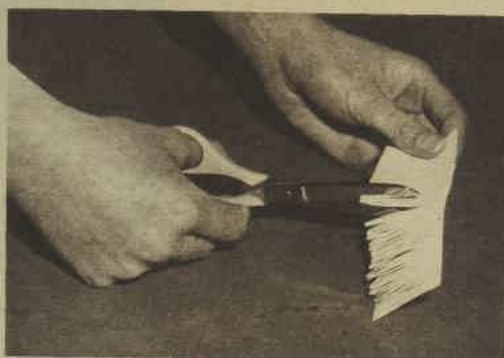
Saute ½lb. chopped mushrooms in 2oz. butter. Add ½ teaspoon paprika. Make up the Simple Herb Stuffing at left, above, and add mushroom mixture.

HOW TO MAKE A PAPER FRILL

• Well-made frills round the legs of the cooked bird give an attractive finish.



1. Cut a piece of plain white or greaseproof paper into an oblong approximately 5in. by 3½in. Fold this into half along its longest side, then press it flat.



2. Leave ¼in. margin at each end of folded paper. Make cuts through folded edge of paper, approximately 1-12th in. apart, to within ¼in. of edges.



3. Open the paper out flat. Then turn the paper over on to the other side and gently press out fold, using the handle of a wooden spoon to smooth it out.

APPLE STUFFING

(For goose)

2oz. butter
1 tart apple
2 chopped bacon rashers
pinch each dried thyme and sage
½ chopped onion
2 cups fresh breadcrumbs
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
salt and pepper
1 tablespoon (approx.) stock or water

Heat the butter in frying-pan. Add the onion, bacon, and peeled, cored, and chopped apple. Cook, stirring occasionally, 4 minutes. Transfer to basin and add remaining ingredients. Bind with a little stock or water.

BREAD SAUCE

(Serve with chicken, turkey)

1 onion
2 cloves
½ bayleaf
2 cups milk
salt and pepper
1 cup fresh white bread-crumbs
little butter or cream

Peel onion and stud with the cloves. Place in saucepan with bayleaf and milk. Bring slowly to boil, cover, and simmer 5 minutes; strain. Return to rinsed-out saucepan, add breadcrumbs; season to taste. Simmer, stirring, 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in a little butter or cream before serving.

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APPLE SAUCE

(Serve with duck, goose)

4 large tart apples
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons water
pinch salt
squeeze lemon juice
nut of butter

Peel, core, and slice apples. Place in saucepan with the sugar, water, salt, lemon juice, and butter. Cook until soft, stirring occasionally; beat until smooth. Serve hot.

ORANGE SAUCE

(Serve with duck)

liver of duck
1 small chopped onion
¼lb. finely chopped mushrooms
3 dessertspoons duck fat
3 teaspoons flour
½ teaspoon tomato paste
½ teaspoon beef extract
1 cup stock
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
½ cup red wine
1 tablespoon brandy
skinned sections from 2 oranges
salt and pepper

Saute liver, onion, and mushrooms in 2 dessertspoons of the duck fat until onion is soft. Remove liver, add remaining fat. Take off heat, add flour, tomato paste, and beef extract. Add stock, wine, and brandy, bring to boil, stirring. Add orange rind, salt, pepper. Just before serving, add skinned orange sections.



4. Wrap frill loosely round finger with uncut edge of paper on fingertip. Use a little sticky tape to hold frill. Or wrap it round bird's leg, and secure.

CHRISTMAS COOK BOOK — Page 7

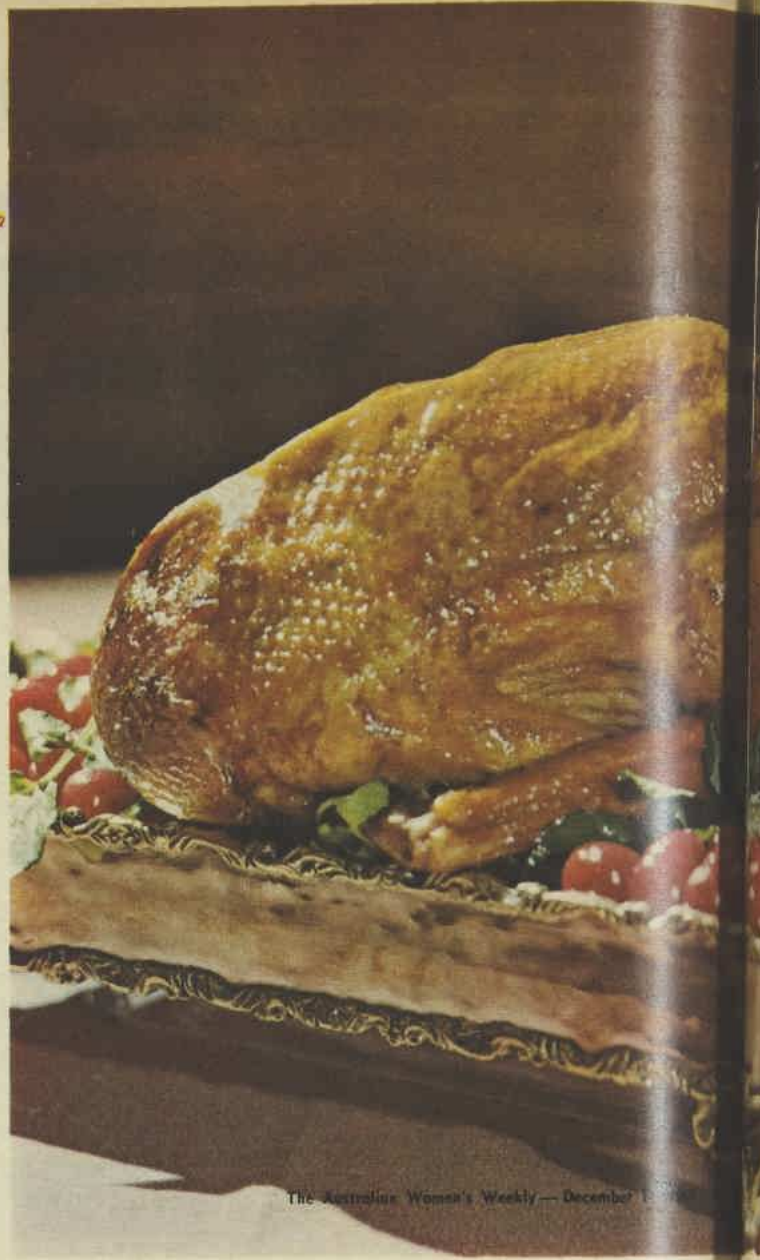


CHICKEN LIVER
PATE (left), decor-
ated with pimento
and olives, is ideal
for a party or a
first course of a
dinner menu. Recipe
is on page 13.

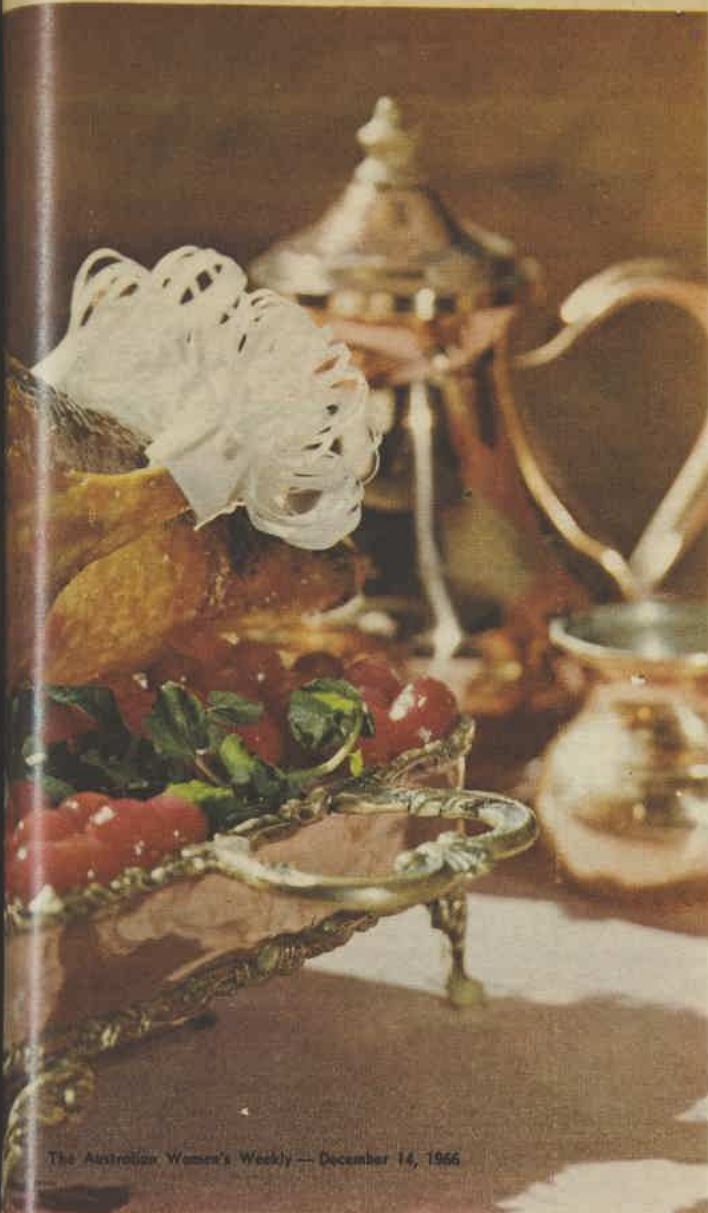
THE CHRISTMAS FEAST



CHICKEN PARTY
DISH (left) com-
bines chicken and
prawns, is colorful,
and an excellent
fork dish to serve at
a buffet party.
Recipe, page 4.

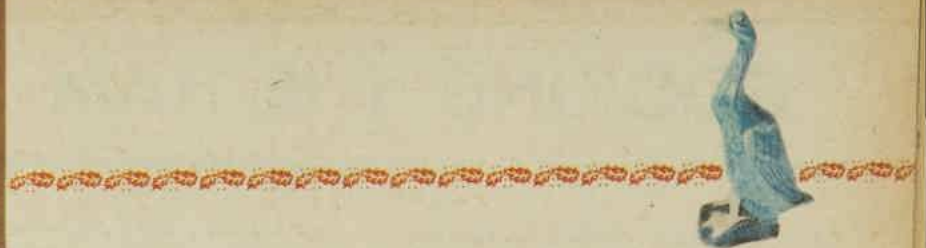


The Australian Women's Weekly — December 1, 1971



The Australian Women's Weekly — December 14, 1955

and gave himself for me.



DUCK WITH CHERRIES (left) makes a wonderful main-course dish on the Christmas table. See page 4.

CANNED HAM (above) is sliced and served with pineapple rings and asparagus. See page 10.

CHRISTMAS COOK BOOK — Page 9

COOKING THE HAM



HAM can provide excellent eating right through the Christmas season. A whole ham, prettily decorated, makes a wonderful centrepiece for the party table.

BAKED HAM

METHOD 1: Wipe ham with clean cloth, wrap loosely in aluminium foil or paper, and place fat side up in shallow pan. Do not cover pan or add water. Bake in moderately slow oven (see table of cooking times below). Forty-five minutes before end of total baking time remove paper or foil. Allow to cool slightly, then pull or cut away rind. Make series of shallow cuts across fat to form squares or diamonds, then spread with desired glaze. Insert cloves if desired. Bake, uncovered, in slow oven for remaining 45 minutes.

METHOD 2: Soak strongly cured ham 12 hours, scrub the rind, and rinse it well. Roll 2lb. scone dough (unsweetened) to barely $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness and mould it round ham. Place in thickly greased baking dish and bake, uncovered, in slow oven (see chart for cooking times). Test with fine knitting needle about 30 minutes before end of cooking time. If tender, strip off paste, then peel or cut away rind of ham; cover ham with any glaze desired. Return to oven and continue baking, basting regularly with glaze for the final 30 minutes.

Note: If baking a ham that has been already cooked (by boiling), simply peel off skin as suggested in baked ham recipes; score fat into squares or diamonds with sharp knife. Place ham in large baking dish, glaze as desired; bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

BOILED HAM

Soak ham for several hours in cold water, then drain, and dry. Place in large vessel with enough tepid water to cover. Add a little parsley, thyme, and marjoram (preferably fresh, but $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of the dried variety can be substituted), and 4 peppercorns. Bring slowly to the boil, taking at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Simmer gently (never boil) for time required according to size.

To test whether ham is cooked, pull the small bone at the shank end that lies alongside the large one; when it is loose and slips out easily, the ham is done. Allow to cool in liquid, then peel off skin, and glaze as desired.

If boiled ham is to be eaten cold, remove skin, then return to water in which it was cooked and leave until

quite cold. This helps to keep it juicy. Before serving, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and brown sugar.

BOILED HAM (Copper Method)

1 large ham (12 to 15lb.) 1 cup brown sugar
1 large green apple 1 cup chopped celery
6 cloves water

Place enamel plate or dish upside down in bottom of thoroughly scrubbed laundry copper. Half fill copper with cold water, add apple stuck with cloves, chopped celery, brown sugar. Rest ham on enamel plate; add extra water to cover well. Pack round lid of copper with old blanket, bags, etc., to prevent steam escaping. Bring very slowly to boil, boil $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Turn off heat, leave 12 hours, still covered, in liquid. Lift out ham, drain, wipe dry. Remove skin, glaze as desired.

CIDER BAKED HAM

1 ham 6 cups hot water
cloves 2 bayleaves
1 cup treacle 1 dessertspoon worcester-
1 cup vinegar shire sauce
1 cup cider

Stud ham generously with cloves. Place on rack in baking dish. Combine remaining ingredients, pour over ham. Place in moderately slow oven and bake, basting frequently. When tender, remove skin, serve unglazed.

TIMES AND TEMPERATURES

BAKED HAM		
Ham	Cooking Time (per pound)	Oven Temperatures
Up to 12lb.	20min.	Moderately slow
12lb. and over	15min.	Moderately slow
BOILED HAM		
Ham	Cooking Time (per pound)	
Up to 12lb.	20 minutes	
12lb. and over	15 minutes	
Copper Method	See method this page.	

BACON

Bacon joints can be boiled, baked, and glazed. Methods and cooking times are the same as for ham.

GLAZES FOR HAM

- Stud ham with whole cloves, coat with brown sugar. Bake, basting frequently with mixture of $\frac{3}{4}$ cup champagne or white wine and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup pineapple juice.
- Stud ham with whole cloves, coat with brown sugar which has been mixed with a little mixed spice. Bake, basting frequently with apple cider, apple juice, or orange juice.
- Combine 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon vinegar, and sufficient beer to make a smooth paste. Spread over ham. Stud with cloves; return to oven.
- Spread $\frac{3}{4}$ cup orange marmalade over scored ham. Bake, baste with pan drippings.
- Arrange pineapple rings and glace cherries on ham, secure with whole cloves or cocktail sticks. Sprinkle with brown sugar; bake.
- Mix 1 cup red-currant jelly with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine, spread over ham. Bake and baste occasionally with pan drippings.
- Blend together 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon dry mustard; mix to a thick paste with dry sherry. Spread over scored ham; bake.
- Spread 1 cup honey over ham; bake.
- Spread scored ham with 1 cup brown sugar and the juice and grated rind of 1 orange; bake.
- Blend 1 cup brown sugar with 1 dessertspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, and enough apricot syrup (from canned apricots) to moisten. Spread over ham and decorate with apricot halves, speared to ham with whole cloves; bake.

CANNED HAM

(Picture on page 9)

Whole canned hams, apart from being time-savers, are an invaluable addition to the store cupboard.

When confronted with unexpected guests, remove ham from tin and serve in slices with a salad.

Given more time, the canned ham can be glazed and baked as follows:

GLAZED CANNED HAM: Open can at both ends, push ham out into baking dish. Place in moderate oven a few minutes to allow jelly to melt. Pour this jelly mixture off, glaze in any of the methods given above. Bake in moderate oven about 15 to 20 minutes, basting if necessary.

COOL SALADS

SERVE a cool salad with the ham or poultry. Here are some new ideas, some old favorites, and recipes for mayonnaise and french dressing to give them the essential tang.

MAYONNAISE

1 egg-yolk
salt and pepper
little french mustard
Place egg-yolk in basin with salt, pepper, and mustard. Drip in oil very slowly, stirring constantly. Allow mixture to stiffen after each addition of oil. As it becomes thicker, add a little vinegar to correct the consistency. When all the oil has been added, adjust seasoning, adding more vinegar if necessary.

Mayonnaise is easier to make if egg-yolk and oil are allowed to come to room temperature before being used.

FRENCH DRESSING

1 tablespoon wine or tarragon vinegar
3 tablespoons olive or salad oil
salt and pepper
1 small crushed clove garlic
little dry mustard, if desired

Place vinegar in a small bowl with seasonings and garlic. Blend in oil, whisking with a fork.

SUCCOTASH

(Picture on this page)

1 packet quick-frozen or 1 can lima beans
1 small can whole kernel corn
french dressing

Cook lima beans according to directions on packet or can, but allow a little less cooking time than stated; drain. Combine with drained corn. While beans are still hot, coat well with french dressing; cool, then refrigerate. This salad is nice with any cold or hot meats.

CELERY SALAD

1 head celery
grated onion
1 cup mayonnaise
2 tomatoes
chopped parsley

Wash the celery and slice thinly. Blend with the onion and mayonnaise. Turn into salad bowl. Decorate with slices of tomato and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

AMERICAN in origin, this Succotash is a mixture of lima beans and corn. Recipe below.



LIMA BEAN SALAD

2 packets frozen lima beans
1 tablespoon chopped chives
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
3 or 4 rashers bacon
french dressing

Cook beans according to directions on packet. Drain, mix with parsley, chives, and sufficient dressing to moisten; cool.

Grill or fry bacon until crisp; crumble and cool. Sprinkle over beans before serving.

GREEN BEAN AND ONION SALAD

1lb. green beans
boiling salted water
12 tiny onions
1 cup blanched split almonds
french dressing

Remove strings from beans, slice beans thinly. Cook until just tender in boiling salted water.

Peel onions and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Allow beans and onions to become quite cold. Combine with split almonds and toss in french dressing.

POTATO SALAD

4 or 5 firm cooked potatoes
3 chopped shallots
mayonnaise
chopped parsley

Dice the potatoes or cut into slices. Combine with the shallots, add sufficient mayonnaise to coat thinly. Arrange in serving dish and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

CHICKEN AVOCADO SALAD

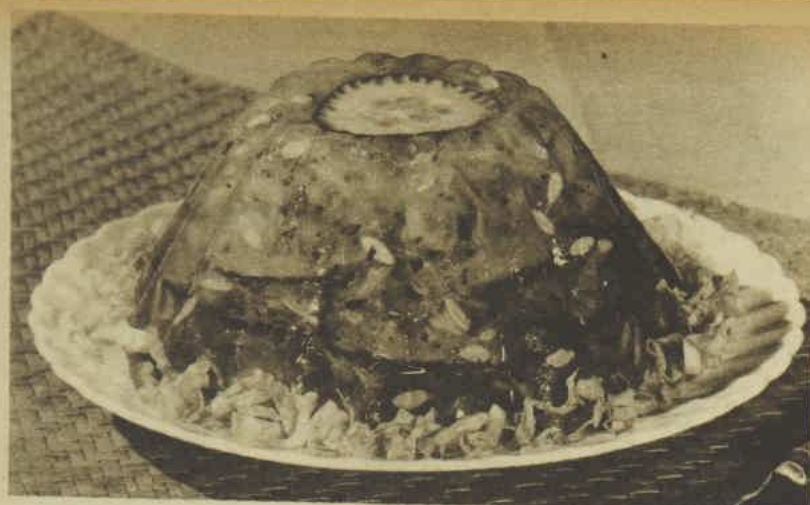
3 ripe avocados
2 cooked chicken breasts

DRESSING

1 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon cream
1 chopped stick celery
4 chopped shallots
1 diced canned pimento
salt and pepper

Halve avocados lengthwise, removing stones. Combine all dressing ingredients. Spoon a little dressing into the hollow of each avocado half. Slice the meat from chicken breasts and arrange a few slices on each half of avocado. Spoon over a little more dressing.

Continued overleaf



CUCUMBER in jelly makes a luscious and unusual salad. See the recipe below.

COOL SALADS . . . continued

JELLIED CUCUMBER

(Picture above)

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 large green cucumber | 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint |
| 1 onion | 1 dessertspoon vinegar |
| 1 packet lemon jelly | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 1 pint boiling water | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 dessertspoon gelatine | |

Prepare jelly with hot water in usual way; set aside to cool.

Wash cucumber, cut in half crosswise. Score one half well with fork, cut into thin slices. Peel remaining cucumber half, grate on coarse grater; grate onion. Put into basin the grated cucumber and onion, mint, vinegar, salt, pepper, cooled jelly, and the gelatine, which has been dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the hot jelly liquid. Blend together well. When thickened slightly, arrange some sliced cucumber in base of wetted mould, spoon in some jelly. Continue spooning in jelly and arranging some cucumber slices in layers. Refrigerate until set, then unmould on to serving plate. Small individual moulds can be used in place of large mould.

ZUCCHINI AND TOMATO SALAD

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1lb. zucchini | 8 black olives |
| boiling salted water | french dressing |
| 3 tomatoes | 1 tablespoon chopped mint |

Cook the zucchini in boiling, salted water until tender; drain, slice, and allow to cool. Peel and slice tomatoes. Stone and chop the olives. Add the chopped mint to the french dressing. Blend zucchini, tomatoes, olives, and toss in the dressing.

MIXED GREEN SALAD

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 lettuce | 1 grated small onion |
| 1 large ripe avocado | french dressing |
| 1 green pepper | |

Wash and dry lettuce leaves, tear into bite-sized pieces. Halve avocado, removing stone; extract flesh and cut into slices. Halve green pepper, remove seeds and pith, slice thinly. Place lettuce, avocado, green pepper, and onion in salad bowl. Just before serving, pour over dressing and toss carefully until evenly coated.

COLESLAW

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 shredded small cabbage | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| salt and pepper | french dressing |
| 1 grated carrot | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ grated small onion | |

Place shredded cabbage in salad bowl with carrot, onion, and parsley. Season with salt and pepper, pour over sufficient french dressing to moisten; toss lightly. Serve at once.

ORANGE AND CUCUMBER SALAD

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------------------|
| 3 large oranges | french dressing made without garlic |
| 1 cucumber | |
| lettuce leaves | |

Peel oranges, removing all pith and membrane. Cut into thin slices. Peel and slice cucumber. Arrange lettuce leaves in base of salad bowl. Place orange and cucumber slices on top. Just before serving, pour over french dressing and toss thoroughly.

TO SERVE WITH POULTRY

RED CABBAGE

(Serve with goose. Picture, page 1.)

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 small red cabbage | 1 grated onion |
| 3oz. butter or substitute | 1 apple |
| 1 tablespoon brown sugar | juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon |
| | salt, pepper |

Shred cabbage very finely. Melt butter over low heat. Add cabbage, onion, brown sugar, lemon juice, and apple, peeled and sliced. Saute gently over low heat, so cabbage steam-cooks (about 20 to 25 minutes). Do not overcook. Season to taste.

CUCUMBERS WITH CREAM

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 2 or 3 cucumbers | 1 tablespoon plain flour |
| butter for frying | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream |
| salt and pepper | |

Peel cucumbers, dice the flesh. Heat butter in frying pan, saute cucumber until tender (about 15 minutes), shaking pan from time to time. Remove, drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle flour into pan, stir over low heat a few minutes. Gradually blend in cream, continue stirring until sauce thickens. Return cucumbers to pan to heat through. Adjust seasoning, serve.

CARROTS WITH MINT

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1lb. carrots | salt and pepper |
| boiling salted water | 1 tablespoon chopped mint |
| 2oz. butter | |
| 1 teaspoon sugar | |

Scrape carrots, cut into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Blanch in boiling, salted water 5 minutes; drain. Heat butter in saucepan, add sugar and carrots. Shake over gentle heat until carrots are tender. Season to taste, stir in chopped mint.

PEAS WITH HAM

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 2lb. fresh peas | 2oz. butter |
| 2oz. cooked ham | boiling water |
| 1 teaspoon sugar | 2 tablespoons cream |
| salt | |

Shell the peas. Heat butter in saucepan, add the ham (cut into strips), peas, little salt, and the sugar. Shake over gentle heat a few moments, then add sufficient boiling water just to cover peas. Cover, cook very gently until peas are tender. Drain, leaving about 3 tablespoons cooking liquid in saucepan. Stir in cream.

Using chicken livers



CHICKEN livers are inexpensive and can be served for a light meal during the holiday period or as delightful party foods.

It is important to remove the small gall bladder from the livers before cooking, otherwise the finished dish may have a bitter taste. This more particularly applies to home-killed poultry; most chicken livers, bought by the pound, have already been cleaned and prepared for cooking.

CURRIED CHICKEN LIVER OMELETS

1 lb. chicken livers	2oz. butter
2 finely chopped onions	1/4 teaspoon dried basil
1 chopped clove garlic	2 cups chopped canned tomatoes
1 dessertspoon curry powder or to taste	salt and pepper

OMELETS

2 eggs per person	salt and pepper
water	butter

Remove gall bladders from livers, discard. Slice livers thinly. Place in saucepan with cold water to cover. Bring to boil; drain.

Heat butter in saucepan, add onions, garlic, curry powder, and basil; saute until onion is tender. Stir in tomatoes. Simmer until mixture reduces to thick sauce. Add livers, cook further 2 minutes. Season to taste.

For each omelet: Break 2 eggs into bowl, add 2 tablespoons cold water, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat lightly with fork until yolk and white are just combined. Heat nut of butter in frying-pan; when hot, add egg mixture. Using fork, draw the cooked egg into centre of pan, tilting it so uncooked mixture can take its place. Continue this action until underside is lightly browned and top is barely set. Spoon some of the chicken liver mixture on one side of omelet. Fold other side over and turn on to warm plate. Serve with a little more of the liver mixture.

This quantity of filling is sufficient for 6 omelets.

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 14, 1966

SAUTEED CHICKEN LIVERS

2oz. butter	2 cups chicken stock
2 finely chopped onions	salt and pepper
1lb. chicken livers	little grated nutmeg
seasoned flour	1/2 cup sour cream
2oz. extra butter	1-3rd cup dry sherry
1/2lb. sliced mushrooms	2 bacon rashers
1 to 1 1/2 tablespoons flour	

Heat butter in frying-pan, saute onions until transparent. Cut livers into 2 or 3 pieces, discarding any gall bladders; toss in seasoned flour. Saute until tender in frying-pan with the onions. In another saucepan, heat the extra butter, saute mushrooms until tender.

Sprinkle flour over chicken livers and cook, stirring, 2 to 3 minutes. Draw aside, gradually blend in stock. Slowly bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add mushrooms, salt, pepper, nutmeg, sour cream, and sherry. Simmer 3 minutes.

Fry bacon until crisp; crumble. Turn chicken livers into serving dish, sprinkle over bacon.

CHICKEN LIVER PATE

(Picture on page 8)

1 medium-sized onion	3 beaten eggs
1 1/2oz. butter	2 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup dry sherry	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1lb. minced lean pork	1/2 cup cream
1lb. grated pork fat	1/2 cup flour
1lb. minced veal	1 1/2 tablespoons brandy
1lb. chicken livers	2 crushed cloves garlic
pinch each ground cloves, grated nutmeg, and ground ginger	1 packet aspic jelly
	pimento and black olives to decorate

Place chicken livers in saucepan and just cover with cold water. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes; drain and mince.

Grate onion; heat butter and saute onion until transparent. Stir in sherry, continue cooking until sherry has almost evaporated. Combine minced chicken livers, pork, and veal and grated fat. Add remaining ingredients (except aspic and decorations) and onion mixture; beat well. Fill into ovenproof dish with 4-pint capacity or 2

2-pint dishes. Stand in baking dish containing hot water. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 2 hours or until mixture shrinks from sides of dish and juices no longer look pink; drain off fat. Weigh down pate, leave to cool.

Turn out when cool; wash dish. Make up aspic according to directions on packet. Pour sufficient into base of dish to raise top of pate level with top of dish; refrigerate until set. Return pate to dish, spoon aspic (that has almost reached setting point) down sides of dish and spread thinly over top of pate. Refrigerate until set. Before serving, decorate top with pimento, cut into decorative shapes, and slices of black olive.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH APPLES

1 1/2lb. chicken livers	3 thinly sliced onions
seasoned flour	3 tart apples
butter for frying	

Heat some butter in frying-pan. Add onions, cook over gentle heat, stirring occasionally, until tender. Remove and keep warm. Remove gall bladders from livers, discard. Toss livers in seasoned flour. Add more butter to frying-pan if necessary. Add livers and saute until tender. Return onions to pan.

Meanwhile, peel and core apples, cut into thick rings. Heat some butter in saucepan, saute apples until tender. Arrange chicken liver and onion mixture on serving dish, place apple rings round edge of plate.

CHICKEN LIVER RISOTTO

4lb. chicken livers	3 sliced sticks celery
2 finely chopped onions	4 1/2 cups chicken stock
4oz. butter	salt and pepper
1lb. long-grain rice	1/2 cup freshly grated parmesan cheese

Heat half the butter in large saucepan. Add onion and celery; saute 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cut chicken livers into quarters, discarding gall bladders. Add to pan, cook further 5 minutes. Stir in well-rinsed rice and remaining butter and stir over heat 5 minutes. Add stock, bring to boil; reduce heat and simmer, covered, until rice is tender and liquid absorbed (about 20 to 25 minutes). Stir in parmesan cheese, adjust seasoning.

CHRISTMAS COOK BOOK — Page 13

Leftovers make delicious dishes..



If you've a little of the Christmas poultry or ham left over, you can present it as an entirely new and delicious dish, as shown by the recipes on these two pages.

HAM AND CHEESE PIZZA

(Picture on this page)

PASTRY

10oz. self-raising flour 1½ tablespoons butter or
½ teaspoon salt substitute
4 to 5oz. milk

Sift flour and salt into basin. Rub in butter. Mix to stiff dough with milk, using more milk if necessary. Roll out on lightly floured board to fit large pizza tin approximately 10in. in diameter; trim edge. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until pastry is golden.

FILLING

4 large tomatoes ½ lb. sliced ham
6 shallots ½ packet sliced cheese
1oz. butter stuffed olives
salt and pepper chopped parsley
herbs

Peel and chop 2 tomatoes. Chop half the shallots. Melt butter in pan, saute shallots a few minutes; add chopped tomatoes. Cook, stirring occasionally, until tomatoes are cooked and nearly all liquid has evaporated. Season to taste with salt and pepper; add herbs. Cool slightly. Spread into prepared pastry case. Top with remaining sliced tomatoes and chopped shallots. Season again, if desired. Top with overlapping slices of ham and cheese. Place under grill or in moderate oven, cook until cheese melts and browns.

Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley and garnished with sliced, stuffed olives.

HAM SALAD

4 sliced sticks celery mayonnaise
6oz. cubed ham ½ green pepper
1 cubed cucumber little paprika

Combine celery, ham, and cucumber, bind with mayonnaise. Turn into salad bowl. Decorate with slices of green pepper and sprinkle with a little paprika.

TURKEY CREOLE

1 cup long-grain rice 2 chopped sticks celery
turkey or chicken stock salt and pepper
2 finely chopped onions 1 teaspoon sugar
2oz. butter 2 cups diced cooked turkey
½ chopped green pepper 1 large can tomatoes

Rinse rice under cold running water. Cook until tender in plenty of well-seasoned stock; drain.

Heat butter in saucepan, add onions, green pepper, and celery, saute until almost tender. Add roughly chopped, undrained tomatoes, sugar, and turkey. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Add rice, adjust seasoning, and stir over gentle heat further 5 minutes.

STUFFED HAM SLICES

1oz. butter ½ cup fresh breadcrumbs
½ lb. chopped mushrooms 1-2 tablespoons
1 chopped onion chicken stock
1 teaspoon prepared mustard 6 thin slices ham

Heat the butter in saucepan. Add onion, saute until transparent. Add mushrooms, mustard, breadcrumbs, and sufficient chicken stock to moisten. Spread this mixture on ham slices and fold slices in half. Wrap each one in aluminium foil, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Remove from foil to serve.

HAM is combined with cheese and tomato in this savory pizza. It is very good for a luncheon or a supper dish. Recipe is above.



The Australian Women's Weekly, 1956

HAM RISsoles

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 cups minced cooked ham | 2 finely chopped sticks celery |
| butter or oil for frying | 1 cup mashed potato |
| 1 small finely chopped onion | 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce |
| 1 finely chopped green pepper | salt and pepper |
| | flour |

Heat a little butter or oil in frying pan and cook the onion, green pepper, and celery over gentle heat until tender, stirring occasionally.

The mashed potato should be prepared without any liquid and should be very dry. Mix vegetables with ham, potatoes, and worcestershire sauce. Season to taste; refrigerate. Form into 8 round cakes, about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick; coat lightly with flour. Cook in lightly greased frying pan or griddle until browned on both sides and heated through.

CHICKEN MORNAy

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3 cups diced cooked chicken | browned breadcrumbs |
| 1 pint mornay sauce | 1oz. grated cheese |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter |

Grease individual ramekins or 1 large heatproof dish. Blend chicken with mornay sauce, turn into prepared dishes. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs, grated cheese, and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes or until heated through.

MORNAy SAUCE

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter | salt and pepper |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour | 2oz. grated cheese |
| 1 pint milk | |

Melt butter over low heat, remove from heat, stir in flour, working until smooth. Return to low heat, stir a few moments until mixture becomes bubbly. Gradually stir in milk off the heat, then return and cook, stirring constantly, until boiling point is reached. Cook further 3 minutes; stir in cheese off the heat, season to taste.

HAM AND BEAN SALAD

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ham | 1 grated onion |
| 2 cans kidney beans | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise |
| 3 chopped hard-boiled eggs | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery | |

Cut ham into thin strips. Drain kidney beans. Combine all ingredients and chill thoroughly before serving.

SLICES OF HAM
are wrapped round asparagus spears to make these **Ham-Asparagus Rolls**. Recipe on this page.



CHICKEN SALAD

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 cups diced cooked chicken | 1lb. peeled chopped tomatoes |
| 3 sliced sticks celery | 1 sliced cucumber |
| 1 green pepper | salt and pepper |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mayonnaise |
| 1oz. butter | lettuce |
| little lemon juice | |

Cut green pepper in half, remove pith and seeds. Blanch in boiling water 5 minutes, drain, and cut into thin strips.

Saute the sliced mushrooms in butter over gentle heat until tender, adding squeeze of lemon juice. Drain and cool.

Combine chicken, celery, green pepper, mushrooms, tomatoes, and cucumber. Season to taste. Blend with mayonnaise. Serve well chilled in lettuce-lined salad bowl.

HAM AND POTATO LOAF

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. thinly sliced ham | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery |
| 1 tablespoon gelatine | 6 cups cooked diced potato |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water | $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt |
| 1 cup mayonnaise | 1 tablespoon grated onion |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley | |

Line small loaf tin with waxed paper. Cover bottom and sides with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ham slices. Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve over hot water, then place in bowl with mayonnaise, salt, onion, parsley, and celery; mix together. Add potato and remainder of ham, diced. Turn into ham-lined loaf tin and chill until firm. Turn on to plate, remove paper. Cut into thick slices to serve.

HAM-ASPARGUS ROLLS

(Picture above)

- | | |
|------------|-------------------------|
| ham slices | canned asparagus spears |
| | CHEESE SAUCE |

- | | |
|-------------|---------------------------------|
| 2oz. butter | salt, pepper |
| 2oz. flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grated cheese |
| 1 pint milk | |

Drain asparagus spears well. Take 4 or 5 spears and roll these inside a slice of ham. Arrange neatly on serving plate. Prepare sauce, and pour over ham-asparagus rolls.

Sauce: Melt butter over low heat, remove from heat, stir in flour. Work together until smooth. Return to low heat, stir a few minutes until mixture bubbles. Gradually stir in milk off the heat, then return to heat and cook, stirring constantly, until boiling point is reached. Cook further 3 minutes. Add grated cheese, stir until melted in heat of sauce; season to taste.

This quantity of sauce will cover approximately 12 ham-asparagus rolls. Quantities can be halved if desired.

CHICKEN BOUCHEES

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry |
| 1oz. butter | 6 to 8 small vols-au-vent |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced cooked chicken | cases made from puff pastry |
| 2 cups white sauce | |

Saute the sliced mushrooms in the butter. Combine with chicken, sauce, and sherry. Stir over gentle heat until heated through. Place the vols-au-vent cases on baking sheet, place in moderate oven until hot. Fill with hot chicken mixture, replace caps.

**Your Christmas
Poultry will taste
better than ever with...**



**Seasoning
& Stuffing
mix**

There's just the right, balanced blend of seasonings and herbs in White Wings ready-to-use Seasoning and Stuffing mix. Add that taste-tempting flavour that makes poultry—and any stuffed joint—especially good. By the way — you'll find it's great for extra flavour in fried chicken...cutlets...meat balls...and lots of other favourite foods.

